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THE
WORKS
OF
Jonathan Swift, D. D.

Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

VOLUME VI. PART I.

LONDON,

Printed for C. DAVIS, C. HITCH and L. HAWES, C. BATHURST,
R. and J. DODSLEY, and W. BOWYER.

MDCCLV.

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WORKS

OF

Jonathan Swift, D.D.



VOLUME IV. PART I.

LONDON,

Printed by C. D. ...

MDCCLV.

C O N T E N T S

O F

VOLUME VI. PART I.

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JOHN GAY, ESQ. F.R.S. Published at his desire
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N. B. *About the time that the following speech was written, the town was much pestered with Street-Robbers; who, in a barbarous manner, would seize on gentlemen, and take them into remote corners, and after they had robbed them, would leave them bound and gagged. It is remarkable, that this speech had so good an effect, that there have been very few robberies of that kind committed since.*

THE
LAST SPEECH
AND
DYING WORDS

OF
EBENEZER ELLISTON,

Who was executed the Second Day of May, 1722.

Published at his desire for the common good.

I AM now going to suffer the just punishment for my crimes, prescribed by the law of God and my country. I know it is the constant custom, that those who come to this place should have speeches made for them, and cried about in their own hearing, as they are carried to execution; and truly they are such speeches, that, although our fraternity be an ignorant illiterate people, they would make a man ashamed to have such nonsense and false *English* charged upon him, even when he is going to the gallows. They contain a pretended Account of our birth and family, of the fact for which we are to die, of our sincere repentance, and a declaration of our religion. I cannot expect to avoid the same treatment with my predecessors. However,

having had an education one or two degrees better than those of my rank and profession; I have been considering, ever since my commitment, what it might be proper for me to deliver upon this occasion.

And first, I cannot say from the bottom of my heart, that I am truly sorry for the offence I have given to God and the world; but I am very much so, for the bad success of my villainies in bringing me to this untimely end. For it is plainly evident, that after having some time ago obtained a pardon from the crown, I again took up my old trade; my evil habits were so rooted in me, and I was grown so unfit for any other kind of employment. And therefore although in compliance with my friends, I resolve to go to the gallows after the usual manner, kneeling, with a book in my hand, and my eyes lift up; yet I shall feel no more devotion in my heart than I have observed in my comrades, who have been drunk among common whores the very night before their execution. I can say farther from my own knowledge, that two of my fraternity after they had been hanged, and wonderfully came to life, and made their escapes, as it sometimes happens, proved afterwards the wickedst rogues I ever knew, and so continued until they were hanged again for good and all; and yet they had the impudence at both times they went to the gallows to smite their breasts, and lift up their eyes to heaven all the way.

Secondly, From the knowledge I have of my own wicked dispositions, and that of my comrades, I give it as my opinion, that nothing can be more unfortunate to the publick, than the mercy of the government in ever pardoning or transporting us; unless when we betray one another, as we never fail to do, if we are sure to be well paid, and then a pardon may do good; by the same rule, *That it is better to have but one fox in a farm than three or four.* But we generally make a shift to return after being transported, and are ten times greater rogues than before,

fore, and much more cunning. Besides, I know it by experience, that some hope we have of finding mercy, when we are tried, or after we are condemned, is always a great encouragement to us.

Thirdly, Nothing is more dangerous to idle young fellows than the company of those odious common whores we frequent, and of which this town is full: these wretches put us upon all mischief to feed their lusts and extravagancies: they are ten times more bloody and cruel than men, their advice is always not to spare if we are pursued; they get drunk with us, and are common to us all; and yet, if they can get any thing by it, are sure to be our betrayers.

Now as I am a dying man, something I have done which may be of good use to the publick. I have left with an honest man (and indeed the only honest man I was ever acquainted with) the names of all my wicked brethren, the present places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed; in many of which I have been their accomplice, and heard the rest from their own mouths; I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the wicked houses we frequent, and of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man, and have received his promise upon oath, that whenever he hears of any rogue to be tried for robbing, or house-breaking, he will look into his list, and if he finds the name there of the thief concerned, to send the whole paper to the government. Of this I here give my companions fair and publick warning, and hope they will take it.

In the paper abovementioned, which I left with my friend, I have also set down the names of several gentlemen who have been robbed in *Dublin* streets for three years past: I have told the circumstances of those robberies; and shewn plainly that nothing but the want of common courage was the cause of their misfortune. I have therefore desired my friend, that whenever any gentleman happens to be robbed in the streets, he will get that

relation printed and published with the first letters of those gentlemen's names, who by their own want of bravery are likely to be the cause of all the mischief of that kind, which may happen for the future.

I cannot leave the world without a short description of that kind of life, which I have led for some years past; and is exactly the same with the rest of our wicked brethren.

Although we are generally so corrupted from our childhood, as to have no sense of goodness; yet something heavy always hangs about us, I know not what it is, that we are never easy till we are half drunk among our whores and companions; nor sleep sound, unless we drink longer than we can stand. If we go abroad in the day, a wise man would easily find us to be rogues by our faces, we have such a suspicious, fearful, and constrained countenance; often turning back, and flinking through narrow lanes and alleys. I have never failed of knowing a brother thief by his looks, though I never saw him before. Every man among us keeps his particular whore, who is however common to us all, when we have a mind to change. When we have got a booty, if it be in money, we divide it equally among our companions, and soon squander it away on our vices in those houses that receive us; for the master and mistress, and the very tapster, go snacks; and besides make us pay triple reckonings. If our plunder be plate, watches, rings, snuff-boxes, and the like; we have customers in all quarters of the town to take them off. I have seen a tankard worth fifteen pounds sold to a fellow in----street for twenty shillings; and a gold watch for thirty. I have set down his name, and that of several others in the paper already mentioned. We have setters watching in corners, and by dead walls, to give us notice when a gentleman goes by; especially if he be any thing in drink. I believe in my conscience, that if an account were made of a thousand pounds in stolen goods; considering the low rates we sell them at, the bribes we must give for concealment,
the

the extortions of ale-house reckonings, and other necessary charges, there would not remain fifty pounds clear to be divided among the robbers. And out of this we must find cloaths for our whores, besides treating them from morning to night ; who in requital reward us with nothing but treachery and the pox. For when our money is gone, they are every moment threatening to inform against us, if we will not go out and look for more. If any thing in this world be like hell, as I have heard it described by our clergy, the truest picture of it must be in the back-room of one of our ale-houses at midnight ; where a crew of robbers and their whores are met together after a booty, and are beginning to grow drunk ; from which time, until they are past their senses, is such a continued horrible noise of cursing, blasphemy, lewdness, scurrility, and brutish behaviour, such roaring and confusion, such a clutter of mugs and pots at each other's heads ; that *Bedlam*, in comparison, is a sober and orderly place. At last they all tumble from their stools and benches, and sleep away the rest of the night ; and generally the landlord or his wife, or some other whore who has a stronger head than the rest, picks their pockets before they wake. The misfortune is, that we can never be easy till we are drunk ; and our drunkenness constantly exposes us to be more easily betrayed and taken.

This is a short picture of the life I have led ; which is more miserable than that of the poorest labourer who works for four pence a day ; and yet custom is so strong, that I am confident, if I could make my escape at the foot of the gallows, I should be following the same course this very evening. So that upon the whole, we ought to be looked upon as the common enemies of mankind ; whose interest it is to root us out like wolves and other mischievous vermin, against which no fair play is required.

If I have done service to men in what I have said, I shall hope I have done service to God ; and that will be better than a silly speech made for me, full of whining and canting, which I utterly

THE LAST SPEECH OF

terly despise, and have never been used to; yet such a one I expect to have my ears tormented with, as I am passing along the streets.

Good people, fare ye well; bad as I am, I leave many worse behind me. I hope you shall see me die like a man the death of a dog.

E. E.

INTEL-

THE INTELLIGENCER*.

NUMBER I.

IT may be said, without offence to other *cities* of much greater consequence to the world, that our town of *Dublin* doth not want its due proportion of *folly* and *vice* both native and imported; and as to those imported, we have the advantage to receive them last, and consequently, after our happy manner, to improve and refine upon them.

But, because there are many effects of *folly* and *vice* among us, whereof some are *general*, others confined to smaller numbers, and others again perhaps to a few *individuals*; there is a *society* lately established, who at great expence have erected an *office of intelligence*, from which they are to receive weekly information of all *important events* and *singularities*, which this famous *metropolis* can furnish. Strict injunctions are given to have the truest information; in order to which, certain qualified persons are em-

* The *Intelligencer* was a weekly paper undertaken by the Dean and Doctor *Sherridan* in 1728, of which no more than twenty numbers were ever published. The i. iii. v. vii. ix. some verses in the viii. and at the end of the x. the xv. and the xix. were written by the Dean. The v. and vii. are put together and printed as they were published by Mr. *Pope* in the iv. volume of their miscellanies, under the title of *an Essay on the Fates of Clergymen*. The poetry in the viii. is the dialogue between mad *Mullineux* and *Timothy*, which is printed, as it was also classed by Mr. *Pope*, in vol. vi. The ix. he intitled an essay on modern education, and by that name it will be found in vol. iv. the verses at the end of the x. called *Tim* and the Fables, are printed in vol. vii. The xv. is a pamphlet which Dr. *Sherridan*, having written a short introduction,

took into the *Intelligencer* merely to save the labour of writing a paper, it is printed in volume x. and intitled, *a short view of the state of Ireland*. No. xix. is also a tract which has been before published by itself, and was taken into the *Intelligencer* for the same reason as the former. The Dean and the Doctor soon became weary of a periodical work, in which they were disappointed of assistance; the price was but one halfpenny, and so few were sold, that the printer could not afford to engage a young man of proper qualifications to work up such hints as should be sent him, of which there were enough, and which the undertakers hoped thus to communicate with less labour to the publick. The *Intelligencers* were collected into a volume, and reprinted in *England* in 1730. See letter lxi. *Pope's works*, vol. ix.

ployed

ployed to attend upon duty in their several posts; some at the *play-house*, others in *churches*, some at *balls*, *assemblies*, *coffee-houses*, and *meetings* for *quadrille*; some at the several *courts of justice*, both *spiritual* and *temporal*; some at the *college*, some upon my *lord mayor* and *aldermen* in their publick affairs; lastly, some to converse with *favourite chamber-maids*, and to frequent those *ale-houses* and *brandy-shops* where the *footmen* of great families meet in a morning; only the * *Barracks* and *Parliament-House* are excepted; because we have yet found no † *Enfans perdus* bold enough to venture their persons at either. Out of these and some other *store-houses*, we hope to gather materials enough to *inform*, or *divert*, or *correct*, or *vex* the town.

But as *facts*, *passages*, and *adventures* of all kinds are like to have the greatest share in our *paper*, whereof we cannot always answer for the truth; due care shall be taken to have them applied to feigned names, whereby all just offence will be removed; for if none be guilty, none will have cause to blush or be angry; if otherwise, then the guilty person is safe for the future upon his *present* amendment, and safe for the *present* from all but his *own conscience*.

There is another resolution taken among us, which I fear will give a greater and more general discontent, and is of so singular a nature, that I have hardly confidence enough to mention it, although it be absolutely necessary by way of apology for *so bold and unpopular an attempt*. But so it is, that we have taken a desperate counsel to produce into the world every distinguished action either of *justice*, *prudence*, *generosity*, *charity*, *friendship*, or *public spirit*, which comes well attested to us. And although we shall neither here be so daring as to assign names, yet we shall hardly forbear to give some hints, that perhaps, to the great displeasure of such deserving persons, may endanger a discovery.

* Barracks, Buildings for the lodgment of soldiers.

† *Enfans perdus*. Forlorn hope. See preface to the bishop of Sarum's Introduction, Vol. ix.

For we think that even *virtue itself* should submit to such a *mortification*, as by its *visibility* and example will render it more useful to the world. But however, the *readers* of these *papers* need not be in pain of being overcharged with so dull and ungrateful a subject. And yet who knows, but such an occasion may be offered to us once in a year or two, after we have settled a correspondence round the *kingdom*.

But after all our boasts of *materials* sent us by our several *emissaries*, we may probably soon fall short, if the town will not be pleased to lend us further assistance towards entertaining itself. The *world* best knows its own *faults* and *virtues*, and whatever is sent shall be faithfully returned back, only a little embellished according to the custom of *AUTHORS*. We do therefore *demand* and *expect* continual *advertisements* in great numbers to be sent to the *PRINTER* of this *Paper*, who hath employed a *judicious secretary* to collect such as may be most useful for the *Publick*.

And although we do not intend to expose our own persons by mentioning names, yet we are so far from requiring the same caution in our *correspondents*, that on the contrary we expressly *charge* and *command* them, in all the facts they send us to set down the names, titles, and places of abode at length; together with a very particular description of the *persons*, *dress*es, *dispositions* of the several *lords*, *ladies*, *squires*, *madams*, *lawyers*, *gamesters*, *toupees*, *sots*, *wits*, *rakes*, and *informers*, whom they shall have occasion to mention; otherwise it will not be possible for us to adjust our style to the different qualities, and capacities of the persons concerned, and treat them with the *respect* or *familiarity*, that may be due to their *stations* and *characters*, which we are determined to observe with the utmost strictness, that none may have cause to complain.

NUMBER III.

*Ipse per omnes**Ibit personas, et turbam reddet in unam.*

THE *players* having now almost done with the comedy called the *Beggar's Opera* for the season; it may be no unpleasant speculation, to reflect a little upon this *dramatick piece*, so singular in the subject and manner, so much an original, and which hath frequently given so very agreeable an entertainment*.

Although an evil taste be very apt to prevail, both here and in *London*; yet there is a point, which whoever can rightly touch will never fail of pleasing a very great majority; so great, that the dislikers out of dulness or affectation will be silent, and forced to fall in with the herd: The point I mean, is what we call *humour*; which in its perfection is allowed to be much preferable to *wit*; if it be not rather the most useful and agreeable species of it.

I agree with Sir *William Temple*, that the word is peculiar to our *English tongue*; but I differ from him in the opinion, that the thing itself is peculiar to the *English nation*, because the contrary may be found in many *Spanish, Italian, and French* productions: and particularly, whoever hath a *taste for true humour* will find an hundred instances of it in those volumes printed in *France* under the name of *Le Theatre Italien*; to say nothing of *Rabelais, Cervantes*, and many others.

Now I take the *comedy, or farce*, (or whatever name the *criticks* will allow it) called the *Beggar's Opera* to excel in this article of *humour*; and upon that merit to have met with such prodigious success, both here and in *England*.

* See letters to and from Doctor *Swift*, printed at the end of Mr. *Pope's* works.

As to *poetry*, *eloquence*, and *musick*, which are said to have most power over the minds of men; it is certain that very few have a *taste* or *judgment* of the excellencies of the two former; and if a man succeed in either, it is upon the authority of those *few judges*, that lend their *taste* to the bulk of readers, who have none of their own. I am told there are as few good judges in *musick*; and that among those who crowd the *opera's*, nine in ten go thither merely out of *curiosity*, *fashion*, or *affectation*.

But a *taste* for *humour* is in some manner fixed to the very nature of man, and generally obvious to the vulgar, except upon subjects too refined, and superior to their understanding.

And, as this *taste* of *humour* is purely natural, so is *humour* itself; neither is it a *talent* confined to men of *wit* or *learning*; for we observe it sometimes among common servants, and the meanest of the people, while the very owners are often ignorant of the gift they possess.

I know very well, that this happy *talent* is contemptibly treated by *criticks* under the name of *low humour*, or *low comedy*; but I know likewise that the *Spaniards* and *Italians*, who are allowed to have the most wit of any nations in *Europe*, do most excel in it, and do most esteem it.

By what disposition of the mind, what influence of the stars, or what situation of the *climate*, this endowment is bestowed upon mankind, may be a question fit for *philosophers* to discuss. It is certainly the best ingredient towards that kind of satire, which is most useful and gives the least offence; which, instead of lashing, laughs men out of their follies and vices; and is the character, that gives *Horace* the preference to *Juvenal*.

And, although some things are too serious, solemn, or sacred to be turned into ridicule, yet the abuses of them are certainly not; since it is allowed that corruptions in *religion*, *politicks*, and *law*, may be proper *topicks* for this kind of *satire*.

There are two ends, that men propose in writing satire: one of them less noble than the other, as regarding nothing further than the private satisfaction and pleasure of the writer; but without any view towards *personal malice*: the other is a *publick spirit*, prompting men of *genius* and virtue to mend the world as far as they are able. And as both these ends are innocent, so the latter is highly commendable. With regard to the former I demand, whether I have not as good a title to laugh as men have to be ridiculous; and to expose vice, as another hath to be vicious. If I ridicule the follies and corruptions of a *court*, a *ministry*, or a *senate*, are they not amply paid by *pensions*, *titles*, and *power*, while I expect and desire no other reward, than that of laughing with a few friends in a corner? yet if those, who take offence, think me in the wrong, I am ready to change the scene with them, whenever they please.

But, if my design be to make mankind better, then I think it is my duty; at least, I am sure it is the interest of those very *courts* and *ministers*, whose follies or vices I ridicule, to reward me for my good intentions: for if it be reckoned a high point of wisdom to get the laughers on our side; it is much more easy, as well as wise, to get those on our side, who can make millions laugh when they please.

My reason for mentioning *courts*, and *ministers*, (*whom I never think on but with the most profound veneration*) is, because an opinion obtains, that in the *Beggar's Opera* there appears to be some reflection upon *courtiers* and *statesmen*, whereof I am by no means a judge.

It is true indeed, that Mr. GAY, the author of this piece, hath been somewhat singular in the course of his fortunes; for it hath happened, that after fourteen years attending the *court*, with a large stock of real merit, a modest and agreeable conversation, a *hundred promises*, and *five hundred friends*, he hath failed of preferment; and upon a very weighty reason. He lay under the
suspicion

suspicion of having written a libel, or lampoon against a great *minister. It is true, that great minister was demonstratively convinced, and publickly owned his conviction, that Mr. GAY was not the author; but having lain under the suspicion, it seemed very just that he should suffer the punishment; because in this most reformed age, the virtues of a prime minister are no more to be suspected, than the chastity of *Cæsar's* wife.

It must be allowed, that the *Beggars Opera* is not the first of Mr. GAY's works, wherein he hath been faulty with regard to *courtiers* and *statesmen*. For to omit his other pieces; even in his fables, published within two years past, and dedicated to the duke of CUMBERLAND, for which he was promised a reward, he hath been thought somewhat too bold upon the *courtiers*. And although it be highly probable he meant only the courtiers of former times, yet he acted unwarily by not considering, that the malignity of some people might misinterpret what he said to the disadvantage of present *persons* and affairs.

But I have now done with Mr. Gay as a politician; and shall consider him henceforward only as author of the *Beggar's Opera*, wherein he hath by a turn of *humour*, entirely new, placed vices of all kinds in the strongest and most odious light; and thereby done eminent service both to *religion* and *morality*. This appears from the unparalleled success he hath met with. All *ranks*, *parties*, and *denominations* of men either crowding to see his *opera*, or reading it with delight in their closets; even ministers of state, whom he is thought to have most offended, (next to those whom the actors represent) appearing frequently at the *theatre* from a consciousness of their own innocence, and to convince the world how unjust a parallel *malice*, *envy*, and *disaffection to the government* have made.

I am assured that several worthy *clergymen* in this *city* went privately to see the *Beggar's Opera* represented; and that the *fleer-*

* Sir Robert Walpole.

ing

ing coxcombs in the *pit* amused themselves with making discoveries, and spreading the names of those gentlemen round the audience.

I shall not pretend to vindicate a *clergyman*, who would appear openly in his habit at a *theatre* with such a vicious crew as might probably stand round him, at such *comedies* and profane *tragedies* as are often represented. Besides, I know very well, that persons of their function are bound to avoid the appearance of evil, or of giving cause of offence. But when the *lords chancellors*, who are keepers of the king's conscience; when the *judges* of the land, whose title is *reverend*; when *ladies*, who are bound by the rules of their sex to the strictest decency, appear in the *theatre* without censure; I cannot understand, why a young *clergy-man*, who comes concealed out of curiosity to see an innocent and moral play, should be so highly condemned: nor do I much approve the rigour of a great prelate, who said, *he hoped none of his clergy were there*. I am glad to hear there are no weightier objections against that reverend body planted in this city, and I wish there never may. But I should be very sorry that any of them should be so weak, as to imitate a *court-chaplain* in ENGLAND, who preached against the *Beggar's Opera*, which will probably do more good, than a thousand sermons of so stupid, so injudicious, and so prostitute a divine.

In this happy performance of Mr. GAY's all the characters are just, and none of them carried beyond nature, or hardly beyond practice. It discovers the whole system of that common-wealth, or that *imperium in imperio* of iniquity, established among us, by which neither our lives nor our properties are secure, either in the high-ways, or in publick assemblies, or even in our own houses. It shews the miserable lives, and the constant fate of those abandoned wretches: for how little they sell their lives and souls; betrayed by their *whores*, their *comrades*, and the *receivers* and *purchasers* of those thefts and robberies. This *comedy* contains likewise

wife a *satire*, which, without enquiring whether it affects the present age, may possibly be useful in times to come. I mean, where the author takes the occasion of comparing those *common robbers of the publick*, and their several stratagems of betraying, undermining, and hanging each other, to the several arts of *politicians* in times of corruption.

This *comedy* likewise exposeth, with great justice, that unnatural taste for *Italian* musick among us, which is wholly unsuitable to our northern *climate* and the genius of the people, whereby we are over-run with *Italian effeminacy*, and *Italian* nonsense. An old gentleman said to me, that many years ago, when the practice of an unnatural vice grew frequent in *London*, and many were prosecuted for it, he was sure it would be the forerunner of *Italian* opera's and singers; and then we should want nothing but stabbing, or poisoning, to make us perfect *Italians*.

Upon the whole, I deliver my judgment, that nothing but servile attachment to a party, affectation of singularity, lamentable dullness, mistaken zeal, or studied hypocrisy, can have the least reasonable objection against this excellent moral performance of the celebrated Mr. GAY.

NUMBER XIX.

Having on the 12th of October last, received a letter, signed Andrew Dealer, and Patrick Pennyles, I believe the following PAPER, just come to my hands, will be a sufficient answer to it.

Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves.

N. B. In the following discourse the author personates a country gentleman in the north of Ireland. And this letter is supposed as directed to the Drapier.

SIR,

I AM a country gentleman, and a member of *parliament*, with an estate of about 1400*l.* a year; which, as a *northern* landlord, I receive

receive from above two hundred tenants : and my lands having been let near twenty years ago, the rents, until very lately, were esteemed to be not above half value ; yet by the intolerable scarcity of *silver*, I lie under the greatest difficulties in receiving them, as well as in paying my labourers, or buying any thing necessary for my family from *tradesmen*, who are not able to be long out of their *money*. But the sufferings of me, and those of my rank, are trifles in comparison of what the meaner sort undergo ; such as the *buyers* and *sellers* at *fairs* and *markets* ; the *shopkeepers* in every *town* ; the *farmers* in general ; all those who travel with *fish*, *poultry*, *pedlary-ware*, and other conveniencies to sell : but more especially *handicrafts-men*, who work for us by the day ; and common labourers, whom I have already mentioned. Both these kind of people I am forced to employ until their wages amount to a *double pistole*, or a *moidore*, (for we hardly have any *gold* of lower value left us) to divide it among themselves as they can : and this is generally done at an *ale-house*, or *brandy-shop* ; where, besides the cost of getting *drunk*, (which is usually the case) they must pay *ten pence* or a *shilling* for changing their *piece* into *silver* to some *buckstering fellow*, who follows that *trade*. But, what is infinitely worse, those poor men for want of due payment are forced to take up their *oatmeal* and other necessaries of life at almost double value ; and consequently are not able to discharge half their score, especially under the scarceness of *corn* for two years past, and the melancholy disappointment of the present *crop*.

The causes of this, and a thousand other evils, are clear and manifest to you and all thinking men, although hidden from the vulgar : these indeed complain of hard times, the dearth of corn, the want of money, the badness of seasons ; that their goods bear no price, and the poor cannot find work ; but their weak reasonings never carry them to the hatred and contempt born us by our neighbours and brethren without the least grounds of provo-

provocation, who rejoice at our sufferings, although sometimes to their own disadvantage. They consider not the dead weight upon every beneficial branch of our trade; that half our revenues are annually sent to *England*; with many other grievances peculiar to this unhappy kingdom; which keeps us from enjoying the common benefits of mankind; as you and some other lovers of their country have so often observed with such good inclinations, and so little effect.

It is true indeed, that under our circumstances in general this complaint for the want of *silver* may appear as ridiculous, as for a man to be impatient about a *cut finger*, when he is struck with the *plague*: and yet a poor fellow going to the *gallows* may be allowed to feel the smart of *wasps*, while he is upon *Tyburn-Road*. This misfortune is so urging, and vexatious in every kind of small traffick, and so hourly pressing upon all persons in the country whatsoever, that a hundred inconveniencies of perhaps greater moment in themselves have been tamely submitted to with far less disquietude and murmurs. And the case seems yet the harder, if it be true, what many skilful men assert, that nothing is more easy than a remedy; and, that the want of *silver*, in proportion to the little *gold* remaining among us, is altogether as unnecessary, as it is inconvenient. A person of distinction assured me very lately, that, in discoursing with the * *lord lieutenant* before his last return to *England*, his excellency said, *He had pressed the matter often, in proper time and place, and to proper persons; and could not see any difficulty of the least moment, that could prevent us from being made easy upon this article.*

Whoever carries to *England* twenty seven *English* shillings, and brings back one *moidore* of full weight, is a gainer of nine pence *Irish*: In a *guinea*, the advantage is three pence; and two pence in a *pistole*. The BANKERS, who are generally masters of all our *gold* and *silver*, with this advantage, have sent over as much

* The Lord Carteret.

of the latter, as came into their hands. The value of one thousand *moidores* in *silver* would thus amount in clear profit to 37 *l.* 10 *s.* The *shopkeepers*, and other *traders*, who go to *London* to buy goods, followed the same practice; by which we have been driven into this insupportable distress.

To a common thinker it should seem, that nothing would be more easy, than for the *government* to redress this evil, at any time they shall please. When the value of *guineas* was lowered in *England* from 21 *s.* and 6 *d.* to only 21 *s.* the consequences to this kingdom were obvious, and manifest to us all: and a sober man may be allowed at least to wonder, although he dare not complain, why a new regulation of *coin* among us was not then made; much more, why it hath never been since. It would surely require no very profound skill in *Algebra* to reduce the difference of *nine pence* in *thirty shillings*, or *three pence* in a *guinea* to less than a *farthing*; and so small a fraction could be no temptation either to *bankers* to hazard their *silver* at sea, or *traders* to load themselves with it in their journies to *England*. In my humble opinion it would be no unseasonable condescension, if the *government* would graciously please to signify to the *poor loyal Protestant subjects* of *Ireland*, either that this miserable want of *silver* is not possible to be remedied in any degree by the nicest skill in *arithmetick*; or else, that it doth not stand with the good pleasure of *England* to suffer any *silver* at all among us. In the former case it would be madness to expect impossibilities, and in the other, we must submit: for lives and fortunes are always at the mercy of the CONQUEROR.

The question hath been often put in *printed papers*, by the *DRAPIER* and others, or perhaps by the same *WRITER* under different styles, why this kingdom should not be permitted to have a *mint* of its own for the coinage of *gold*, *silver*, and *copper*; which is a power exercised by many *bishops*, and every petty prince in *Germany*?

many? but this question hath never been answered; nor the least application, that I have heard of, made to the *crown* from hence for the grant of a *publick mint*; although it stands upon record, that several cities and corporations here had the liberty of *coining silver*. I can see no reasons, why we alone of all nations are thus restrained, but such as I dare not mention: only thus far I may venture, that *Ireland* is the first imperial kingdom since *Nimrod*, which ever wanted power to *coin* their own *money*.

I know very well, that in *England* it is lawful for any subject to petition either the *prince* or the *parliament*, provided it be done in a dutiful and regular manner: but what is lawful for a subject of *Ireland*, I profess I cannot determine: nor will undertake, that the *printer* shall not be prosecuted in a *court of justice* for publishing my *wishes*, that a poor shop-keeper might be able to change a *guinea* or a *moidore*, when a customer comes for a *crown's* worth of goods. I have known less crimes punished with the utmost severity, under the title of *disaffection*. And I cannot but approve the wisdom of the *ancients*, who, after *Astrea* had fled from the earth, at least took care to provide *three upright judges for hell*. Mens ears among us are indeed grown so nice, that whoever happens to think out of fashion, in what relates to the welfare of this kingdom, dare not so much as complain of the *tooth ach*, lest our weak and busy dabblers in politicks should be ready to swear against him for *disaffection*.

There was a method practised by Sir *Ambrose Crawley*, the great dealer in *iron-works*, which I wonder the gentlemen of our country under this great exigence have not thought fit to imitate. In the several towns and villages where he dealt, and many miles round, he gave *notes* instead of *money* (from *two pence* to *twenty shillings*) which passed current in all shops and markets, as well as in houses, where meat or drink was sold. I see no reason, why the like practice may not be introduced among us with some de-

gree of success ; or at least may not serve as a *poor* expedient in this our *blessed age of paper* ; which as it dischargeth all our greatest payments, may be equally useful in the smaller, and may just keep us alive, until an *English act of parliament shall forbid it*.

I have been told, that among some of our poorest *American* colonies upon the continent, the people enjoy the liberty of cutting the little *money* among them into halves and quarters for the conveniencies of small traffick. How happy should we be in comparison of our present condition, if the like privilege were granted to us of employing the sheers, for want of a *mint*, upon our *foreign gold* by clipping it into *half-crowns*, and *shillings*, and even lower denominations ; for beggars must be content to live upon scraps ; and it would be our felicity, that these scraps could never be exported to other countries, while any thing better was left.

If neither of these projects will avail, I see nothing left us but to truck and barter our goods like the *wild Indians* with each other, or with our too powerful neighbours ; only with this disadvantage on our side, that the *Indians* enjoy the product of their own land ; whereas the better half of ours is sent away, without so much as a recompence in *bugles* or *glass* in return.

It must needs be a very comfortable circumstance in the present juncture, that some thousand families are gone, are going, or preparing to go from hence and settle themselves in *America* : the poorer sort for want of work ; the farmers, whose beneficial bargains are now become a rack-rent too hard to be borne, and those who have any *ready money*, or can purchase any by the sale of their goods or leases, because they find their fortunes hourly decaying, that their goods will bear no price, and that few or none have any *money* to buy the very necessaries of life, are hastening to follow their departed neighbours. It is true, *corn* among us carries a very high price ; but it is for the same reason, that *rats* and *cats* and dead *horses* have been often bought for *gold* in a town besieged.

There

There is a person of quality in my neighbourhood, who twenty years ago, when he was just come to age, being unexperienced and of a generous temper, let his lands, even as times went then, at a low rate to able tenants; and consequently by the rise of land since that time looked upon his estate to be set at half value: but numbers of these tenants or their descendants are now offering to sell their leases by cant *, even those which were for lives, some of them renewable for ever, and some fee-farms, which the landlord himself hath bought in at half the price they would have yielded seven years ago. And some leases let at the same time for lives have been given up to him without any consideration at all.

This is the most favourable face of all things at present among us; I say, among us of the *North*, who are esteemed the only thriving people of the kingdom. And how far, and how soon this misery and desolation may spread, is easy to foresee.

The vast sums of *money* daily carried off by our numerous adventurers to *America* have deprived us of our *gold* in these parts, almost as much as of our *silver*. And the good wives who come to our houses offer us their pieces of linnen, upon which their whole dependance lies, for so little profit, that it can neither half pay their rents, nor half support their families.

It is remarkable, that this enthusiasm spread among our *Northern* people, of sheltering themselves in the continent of *America*, hath no other foundation than their present insupportable condition at home. I have made all possible enquiries to learn what encouragement our people have met with, by any intelligence from those plantations, sufficient to make them undertake so tedious and hazardous a voyage, in all seasons of the year, and so ill accommodated in their ships, that many of them have died miserably in their passage, but could never get one satisfactory answer. Somebody, they know not who, had written a letter to his friend or cousin from thence, inviting him by all means to come over;

* Cant or auction.

over ; that it was a fine fruitful country, and to be held for ever at a *penny* an acre. But the truth of the fact is this : the *English* established in those colonies are in great want of men to inhabit that tract of ground, which lies between them and the *wild Indians*, who are not reduced under their dominion. We read of some barbarous people, whom the *Romans* placed in their army for no other service than to blunt their enemies swords, and afterwards to fill up trenches with their dead bodies. And thus our people, who transport themselves, are settled in those interjacent tracts, as a screen against the insults of the *savages* ; and may have as much lands as they can clear from the woods at a very reasonable rate, if they can afford to pay about a *hundred* years purchase by their labour. Now, besides the *fox's* reason *, which inclines all those who have already ventured thither to represent every thing in a false light, as well for justifying their own conduct, as for getting companions in their misery, the governing people in those plantations have also wisely provided, that no letters shall be suffered to pass from thence hither without being first viewed by the council ; by which our people here are wholly deceived in the opinions they have of the happy condition of their friends gone before them. This was accidentally discovered some months ago by an honest man, who having transported himself and family thither, and finding all things directly contrary to his hope, had the luck to convey a private note by a faithful hand to his relation here, entreating him not to think of such a voyage, and to discourage all his friends from attempting it. Yet this, although it be a truth well known, hath produced very little effect ; which is no manner of wonder : for as it is natural to a man in a *fever* to turn often, although without any hope of ease ; or when he is pursued, to leap down a precipice to avoid an enemy just at his back ; so men in the extremest degree of misery and want will naturally fly to the first appearance of relief, let it be ever so vain or visionary.

* The fox who, having lost his tail, would have persuaded the rest to cut off theirs.

You

You may observe, that I have very superficially touched the subject I began with, and with the utmost caution; for I know how criminal the least complaint hath been thought, however seasonable or just or honestly intended, which hath forced me to offer up my daily prayers, that it may never, at least in my time, be interpreted by *Inuendo's* as a false, scandalous, seditious, and disaffected action for a man to roar under an acute fit of the *gout*; which, besides the loss and the danger, would be very inconvenient to one of my age, so severely afflicted with that distemper.

I wish you good success, but I can promise you little, in an ungrateful office you have taken up without the least view either to reputation or profit. Perhaps your comfort is, that none but *villains* and *betrayers* of their country can be your *enemies*. Upon which I have little to say, having not the honour to be acquainted with many of that sort; and therefore as you may easily believe, am compelled to lead a very retired life.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant,

A. NORTH.

County of Down,
Dec. 2, 1728.

THE

THE

TATLER*.

NUMBER I.

--- *Laceratque, trahitque*
Molle pecus. --- Virg.

From Tuesday Jan 23, to Saturday Jan. 27, 1710.

AMONGST other services I have met with from some criticks, the cruellest for an old man is, that they will not let me be at quiet in my bed, but pursue me to my very dreams. I must not dream but when they please, nor upon long continued subjects, however visionary in their own natures, because there is a manifest moral quite through them, which to produce as a dream is improbable and unnatural. The pain I might have had from this objection, is prevented by considering they have missed another, against which I should have been at a loss to defend myself. They might have asked me, whether the dreams I publish can properly be called *Lucubrations*, which is the name I have given to all my papers, whether in volumes or half-sheets: so manifest a contradiction *in terminis*, that I wonder no sophister ever thought of it. But the other is a cavil. I remember when I was a boy at school, I have often dreamed out the whole passages of a day; that I rode a journey, baited, supped, went to bed, and rose next morning: and I have known young ladies, who could dream a whole contexture of adventures in one night large enough to make a novel. In youth the imagination is strong, not mixed with cares, nor tinged with those passions that most disturb and confound it; such

* N.B. The two following *Tatlers* are not in the four volumes published by Sir Richard Steele.

as avarice, ambition, and many others. Now, as old men are said to grow children again, so in this article of dreaming I am returned to my childhood. My imagination is at full ease, without care, avarice, or ambition to clog it; by which among many others I have this advantage of doubling the small remainder of my time, and living four and twenty hours in the day. However, the dream I am going now to relate is as wild as can well be imagined, and adapted to please these refiners upon sleep, without any moral that I can discover.

“ It happened, that my maid left on the table in my bed-
“ chamber one of her story-books (as she calls them) which I
“ took up, and found full of strange impertinence, fitted to her
“ taste and condition; of poor servants who came to be ladies,
“ and *serving-men of low degree* who married kings daughters.
“ Among other things, I met this sage observation, That a lion
“ would never hurt a true virgin. With this medley of nonsense in
“ my fancy I went to bed, and dreamed that a friend waked me
“ in the morning, and proposed for pastime to spend a few hours
“ in seeing the parish lions, which he had not done since he came
“ to town; and because they shewed but once a week, he would
“ not miss the opportunity. I said I would humour him; al-
“ though to speak the truth, I was not fond of those cruel spec-
“ tacles; and if it were not so antient a custom, founded as I had
“ heard upon the wisest maxims, I should be apt to censure the in-
“ humanity of those who introduced it.” All this will be a riddle
to the waking reader, until I discover the scene my imagination
had formed upon the maxim, That a lion would never hurt a
true virgin. “ I dreamed, that by a law of immemorial time a
“ he lion was kept in every parish at the common charge, and in
“ a place provided adjoining to the church-yard; that before any
“ one of the fair sex was married, if she affirmed herself to be a
“ virgin, she must on her wedding day, and in her wedding
E “ cloaths,

“ cloaths, perform the ceremony of going alone into the den, and
“ stay an hour with the lion let loose and kept fasting four and
“ twenty hours on purpose. At a proper height above the den
“ were convenient galleries for the relations and friends of the
“ young couple, and open to all spectators. No maiden was forced
“ to offer herself to the lion; but if she refused, it was a disgrace
“ to marry her, and every one might have liberty of calling her
“ a whore. And methought it was as usual a diversion to see the
“ parish lions, as with us to go to a play or an opera. And it
“ was reckoned convenient to be near the church either for mar-
“ rying the virgin, if she escaped the trial, or for burying her
“ bones when the lion had devoured the rest, as he constantly
“ did.”

To go on therefore with the dream: “ We called first (as I
“ remember) to see St. *Dunstan*’s lion; but we were told, they
“ did not shew to-day. From thence we went to that of *Covent-*
“ *garden*, which to my great surprize we found as lean as a ske-
“ leton, when I expected quite the contrary; but the keeper said
“ it was no wonder at all, because the poor beast had not got an
“ ounce of woman’s flesh, since he came into the parish. This
“ amazed me more than the other, and I was forming to myself a
“ mighty veneration for the ladies in that quarter of the town; when
“ the keeper went on, and said he wondered the parish would be
“ at the charge of maintaining a lion for nothing. Friend (said I)
“ do you call it nothing to justify the virtue of so many ladies;
“ or hath your lion lost his distinguishing faculty? Can there be
“ any thing more for the honour of your parish, than that all the
“ ladies married in your church were pure virgins? that is true (said
“ he) and the doctor knows it to his sorrow; for there hath not
“ been a couple married in our church since his worship came a-
“ mongst us. The virgins hereabouts are too wise to venture the
“ claws of the lion; and, because nobody will marry them, have
“ all entered into a vow of virginity; so that in proportion we
“ have

“ have much the largest nunnery in the whole town. This man-
“ ner of ladies entering into a vow of *virginity*, because they
“ were not *virgins*, I easily conceived; and my dream told me,
“ that the whole kingdom was full of nunneries plentifully stock-
“ ed from the same reason.

“ We went to see another lion, where we found much company
“ met in the gallery. The keeper told us, we should see *sport*
“ enough, as he called it; and in a little time we saw a young
“ beautiful lady put into the den, who walked up towards the
“ lion with all imaginable security in her countenance, and look-
“ ed smiling upon her lover and friends in the gallery; which I
“ thought nothing extraordinary, because it was never known
“ that any lion had been mistaken. But however, we were all dis-
“ appointed; for the lion lifted up his right paw, which was the
“ fatal sign, and advancing forward seized her by the arm, and
“ began to tear it. The poor lady gave a terrible shriek, and
“ cried out, *The lion is just, I am no virgin! Oh! Sappho,*
“ *Sappho!* she could say no more, for the lion gave her the *coup*
“ *de grace* by a squeeze in the throat, and she expired at his feet.
“ The keeper dragged away her body to feed the animal, after the
“ company should be gone; for the parish lions never used to
“ eat in public. After a little pause, another lady came on to-
“ wards the lion in the same manner as the former. We observed
“ the beast smell her with diligence. He scratched both her
“ hands with lifting them to his nose, and laying one of his claws
“ on her bosom drew blood; however he let her go, and at the
“ same time turned from her with a sort of contempt, at which
“ she was not a little mortified, and retired with some confusion
“ to her friends in the gallery. Methought the whole company
“ immediately understood the meaning of this; that the easiness
“ of the lady had suffered her to admit certain imprudent and
“ dangerous familiarities, bordering too much upon what is cri-
“ minal; neither was it sure, whether the lover then present had

“ not some sharers with him in those freedoms, of which a lady
“ can never be too sparing.

“ This happened to be an extraordinary day ; for a third lady
“ came into the den, laughing loud, playing with her fan, tof-
“ sing her head, and smiling round on the young fellows in the
“ gallery. However the lion leaped on her with great fury, and
“ we gave her for gone ; but on a sudden he let go his hold, and
“ turned from her as if he were nauseated ; then gave her a lash
“ with his tail ; after which she returned to the gallery, not the
“ least out of countenance : and this, it seems, was the usual treat-
“ ment of coquets.

“ I thought we had seen enough ; but my friend would needs
“ have us go and visit one or two lions in the city. We called at
“ two or three dens, where they happened not to shew ; but we
“ generally found half a score young girls between eight and e-
“ leven years old, playing with each lion, sitting on his back, and
“ putting their hands into his mouth ; some of them would now
“ and then get a scratch, but we always discovered upon examin-
“ ing, that they had been hoydening with the young apprentices.
“ One of them was calling to a pretty girl about twelve years old,
“ who stood by us in the gallery, to come down to the lion, and
“ upon her refusal said, *Ah ! miss Betty, we could never get you*
“ *to come near the lion, since you played at hoop and hide with*
“ *my brother in the garret.*

“ We followed a couple, with the wedding folks, going to the
“ church of *St. Mary Ax.* The lady, though well stricken in
“ years, extremely crooked and deformed, was dressed out be-
“ yond the gaiety of fifteen, having jumbled together, as I ima-
“ gined, all the tawdry remains of aunts, god-mothers, and
“ grand-mothers for some generations past. One of the neighbours
“ whispered me, that she was an old maid, and had the clearest
“ reputation of any in the parish. There is nothing strange in
“ that, thought I, but was much surprized when I observed af-
“ terwards,

“ terwards, that she went toward the lion with distrust and con-
“ cern. The beast was lying down ; but upon sight of her snuffed
“ up his nose two or three times, and then giving the sign of death,
“ proceeded instantly to execution. In the midst of her agonies
“ she was heard to name the words *Italy* and *artifices* with the
“ utmost horror, and several repeated execrations ; and at last
“ concluded, *Fool that I was to put so much confidence in the*
“ *toughness of my skin !*

“ The keeper immediately set all in order again for another
“ customer, which happened to be a famous prude, whom her pa-
“ rents, after long threatnings and much persuasion, had with
“ the extremest difficulty prevailed on to accept a young hand-
“ some goldsmith, who might have pretended to five times her
“ fortune. The fathers and mothers in the neighbourhood used to
“ quote her for an example to their daughters ; her elbows were
“ rivetted to her sides, and her whole person so ordered as to in-
“ form every body, that she was afraid they should touch her.
“ She only dreaded to approach the lion because it was a he one,
“ and abhorred to think a male animal should presume to breath
“ on her. The sight of a man at twenty yards distance made her
“ draw back her head. She always sat upon the farther corner of
“ the chair, although there were six chairs between her and her
“ lover, and with the door wide open, and her little sister in the
“ room. She was never saluted but at the tip of the ear ; and her
“ father had much ado to make her dine without her gloves,
“ when there was a man at table. She entered the den with
“ some fear, which we took to proceed from the height of her
“ modesty, offended at the sight of so many men in the gallery.
“ The lion, beholding her at a distance, immediately gave the
“ deadly sign, at which the poor creature (methinks I see her
“ still) miscarried in a fright before us all. The lion seemed to
“ be as much surprized as we, and gave her time to make her
“ confession ; *That she was five months gone by the foreman of her*
“ *father's*

“ *father’s shop ; that this was her third big belly : and when her*
 “ *friends asked, why she would venture the trial ? she said, her*
 “ *nurse told her, that a lion would never hurt a woman with child.*”
 Upon this I immediately awaked, and could not help wishing,
 that the deputy censors of my late institution were in dued with
 the same instinct as these parish lions.

NUMBER XX.

--- *Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*
Emollit mores. ---

Ovid.

From Sat. March 3, to Tuesday March 6, 1710.

From my own Apartment in Channel-row, Mar. 5.

THOSE inferior duties of life, which the *French* call *Les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary conversation fall into the same boisterous familiarities, that one observes amongst them, when a debauch hath quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances it is odd to consider, that for want of common discretion the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted, and civility intended to make us easy is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigns chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was last there, in a
 visit

visit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the mean time the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand; the girl returned instantly with a beer-glass half full of *Aqua Mirabilis* and syrup of gillyflowers. I took as much as I had a mind for, but madam vowed I should drink it off; for she was sure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air; and I was forced to obey, which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, (says the lady) you must eat a wing " to oblige me;" and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal; as often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of *October*. Some time after dinner I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses; but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, What would I have for supper? I said, I never eat any thing at night: but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, "That this was the worst time of the year for provisions; that " they were at a great distance from any market; that they were " afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me " to my loss;" the lady went, and left me to her husband; for they

they took special care I should never be alone: As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backwards and forwards every moment, and constantly as they came in or went out made a courtesy directly at me, which in good manners I was forced to return with a bow and *your humble servant, pretty miss*. Exactly at eight the mother came up, and discovered by the redness of her face, that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired at my usual hour to go to my repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and, upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of *stingo*, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and, after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neats tongues, venison pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of the way, and carry me a short cut through his own ground, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt, when my horse having slipped his bridle ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again.

It is evident, that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication in the rules of it. I cannot so easily excuse the more refined criticks upon behaviour, who having professed no other study are yet infinitely defective in the most material parts of it. *Ned Fashion* hath been bred all his life about court, and understands to a tittle all the punctilios of a drawing-

drawing room. He visits most of the fine women near *St. James's*, and upon every occasion says the civilest and softest things to them of any man breathing. To Mr. *Isaac* * he owes an easy slide in his bow, and a graceful manner of coming into a room: but in some other cases he is very far from being a well-bred person. He laughs at men of far superior understanding to his own for not being as well dressed as himself; despiseth all his acquaintance who are not of quality, and in publick places hath on that account often avoided taking notice of some among the best speakers of the house of commons. He raileth strenuously at both universities before the members of either; and is never heard to swear an oath, or break in upon religion and morality, except in the company of divines. On the other hand, a man of right sense hath all the essentials of good breeding, although he may be wanting in the forms of it. *Horatio* hath spent most of his time at *Oxford*: he hath a great deal of learning, an agreeable wit, and as much modesty as may serve to adorn without concealing his other good qualities. In that retired way of living he seemeth to have formed a notion of human nature, as he hath found it described in the writings of the greatest men, not as he is likely to meet with it in the common course of life. Hence it is that he giveth no offence, but converseth with great deference, candor, and humanity. His bow, I must confess, is somewhat aukward; but then he hath an extensive, universal, and unaffected knowledge, which may perhaps a little excuse him. He would make no extraordinary figure at a ball; but I can assure the ladies in his behalf, and for their own consolation, that he has writ better verses on the sex than any man now living, and is preparing such a poem for the press as will transmit their praises and his own to many generations.

* A famous dancing master in those days.

NUMBER 230.

Thursday, September 28, 1710.**From my own Apartment, September 27.*

THE following letter hath laid before me many great and manifest Evils in the world of letters, which I had over-looked; but it opens to me a very busy scene, and it will require no small care and application to amend errors, which are become so universal. The affectation of politeness is exposed in this epistle with a great deal of wit and discernment; so that, whatever discourses I may fall into hereafter upon the subject the writer treats of, I shall at present lay the matter before the world without the least alteration from the words of my correspondent.

To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, *Esq;*

SIR,

“ There are some abuses among us of great consequence, the
 “ reformation of which is properly your province; although,
 “ as far as I have been conversant in your papers, you have not
 “ yet considered them. These are, the deplorable ignorance that
 “ for some years hath reigned among our *English* writers, the
 “ great depravity of our taste, and the continual corruption of
 “ our stile. I say nothing here of those who handle particular sci-
 “ ences, divinity, law, physick, and the like; I mean the traders
 “ in history, and politicks, and the *Belles Lettres*, together with
 “ those by whom books are not translated, but (as the common
 “ expressions are) *done out of French, Latin*, or other languages,
 “ and *made English*. I cannot but observe to you, that, until of

* The letter to the Lord High Treasurer upon the same subject with this *Tatler* is printed in the third of these volumes. It is said, that the author writ some other *Tatlers* and several *Spectators*, and furnished hints for many more; par-

ticularly *The Tables of Fame, the Life and Adventures of a shilling, the account of England by an Indian king*, and some others: but, as we are informed, he would never tell his best friends the particular papers. *Dublin ed.*

“ late years, a *Grub-street* book was always bound in sheep-skin
 “ with fuitable print and paper, the price never above a shilling,
 “ and taken off wholly by common tradesmen or country pedlars;
 “ but now they appear in all fizes and shapes, and in all places;
 “ they are handed about from lapfuls in every coffee-house to
 “ persons of quality; are shewn in *Westminster-Hall* and the
 “ *Court of Requests*; you may see them gilt, and in royal pa-
 “ per, of five or six hundred pages, and rated accordingly. I
 “ would engage to furnish you with a catalogue of *English* books
 “ published within the compass of seven years past, which at the
 “ first hand would cost you an hundred pounds, wherein you
 “ shall not be able to find ten lines together of common gram-
 “ mar or common sense.

“ These two evils, ignorance and want of taste, have produced
 “ a third, I mean the continual corruption of our *English* tongue,
 “ which without some timely remedy will suffer more by the
 “ false refinements of twenty years past, than it hath been im-
 “ proved in the foregoing hundred. And this is what I design
 “ chiefly to enlarge upon, leaving the former evils to your ani-
 “ madversion.

“ But instead of giving you a list of the late refinements crept
 “ into our language, I here send you the copy of a letter I receiv-
 “ ed some time ago from a most accomplished person in this way
 “ of writing, upon which I shall make some remarks. It is in these
 “ terms:

SIR,

*I cou'dn't get the things you sent for all about town. --- I tho't
 to ha' come down myself, and then I'd ha' bro't 'um; but ha'nt
 don't, and I believe I can't do't, that's pozz. --- Tom begins to
 g'imself airs, because he's going with the plenipo's. --- 'Tis said the
 French king will bamboozel us agen, which causes many specula-
 tions. The Jacks, and others of that kidney, are very uppish and*

alert upon't, *as you may see by their phizz's*. --- Will Hazard *has got the hipps*, having lost to the tune of *five hundr'd pound*, tho' he *understands play very well*, no body better. He has promis't me upon Rep to leave off play; but you know 'tis a weakness he's too apt to give into, tho' he has as much wit as any man, no body more: he has lain incog ever since. --- The mob's very quiet with us now. --- I believe you tho't I banter'd you in my last like a country put. --- I shan't leave town this month, &c.

“ This letter is in every point an admirable pattern of the pre-
 “ sent polite way of writing; nor is it of less authority for being
 “ an epistle: you may gather every flower of it, with a thousand
 “ more of equal sweetness from the books, pamphlets, and single
 “ papers, offered us every day in the coffee-houses. And these
 “ are the beauties introduced to supply the want of wit, sense,
 “ humour, and learning, which formerly were looked upon as
 “ qualifications for a writer. If a man of wit, who died forty years
 “ ago, were to rise from the grave on purpose, how would he be
 “ able to read this letter? and after he had got through that dif-
 “ ficulty, how would he be able to understand it? The first thing
 “ that strikes your eye, is the *breaks* at the end of almost every sen-
 “ tence; of which I know not the use, only that it is a refine-
 “ ment, and very frequently practised. Then you will observe the
 “ abbreviations and elisions, by which consonants of most obdu-
 “ rate sounds are joined together without one softening vowel to
 “ intervene: and all this only to make one syllable of two, di-
 “ rectly contrary to the example of the *Greeks* and *Romans*; al-
 “ together of the *Gothic* strain, and of a natural tendency to-
 “ wards relapsing into barbarity, which delights in monosyllables,
 “ and uniting of mute consonants; as it is observable in all the
 “ *Northern* languages. And this is still more visible in the next
 “ refinement, which consisteth in pronouncing the first syllable
 “ in a word that hath many, and dismissing the rest; such as
 “ *phizz*,

“ *phizz, hipps, mobb, pozz, rep*, and many more; when we are al-
 “ ready over-loaded with monosyllables, which are the disgrace
 “ of our language. Thus we cram one syllable, and cut off the
 “ rest; as the owl fattened her mice after she had bit off their
 “ legs to prevent them from running away; and if ours be the
 “ same reason for maiming of words, it will certainly answer the
 “ end; for I am sure no other nation will desire to borrow them.
 “ Some words are hitherto but fairly split, and therefore only in
 “ their way to perfection, as *incog.* and *plenipo*; but in a short
 “ time, it is to be hoped, they will be further docked to *inc.* and
 “ *plen.* This reflection hath made me of late years very impatient
 “ for a peace, which I believe would save the lives of many brave
 “ words as well as men. The war hath introduced abundance of
 “ polysyllables, which will never be able to live many more cam-
 “ paigns. *Speculations, operations, preliminaries, ambassadors,*
 “ *palisadoes, communications, circumvallations, battalions*, as nu-
 “ merous as they are, if they attack us too frequently in our cof-
 “ fee-houses, we shall certainly put them to flight and cut off the
 “ rear.

“ The third refinement observable in the letter I send you con-
 “ sisteth in the choice of certain words invented by some *pretty*
 “ *fellows*, such as *banter, bamboozle, country put, and kidney*, as
 “ it is there applied; some of which are now struggling for the
 “ vogue, and others are in possession of it. I have done my utmost
 “ for some years past to stop the progress of *mob* and *banter*, but
 “ have been plainly borne down by numbers, and betrayed by those
 “ who promised to assist me.

“ In the last place you are to take notice of certain choice
 “ phrases scattered through the letter; some of them tolerable
 “ enough, till they were worn to rags by servile imitators. You
 “ might easily find them, although they were not in a different
 “ print, and therefore I need not disturb them.

“ These

“ These are the false refinements in our style, which you
“ ought to correct; first, by arguments and fair means; but if
“ those fail, I think you are to make use of your authority as
“ censor, and by an annual *index expurgatorius* expunge all words
“ and phrases that are offensive to good sense, and condemn those
“ barbarous mutilations of vowels and syllables. In this last point
“ the usual pretence is, that they spell as they speak: a noble
“ standard for language! to depend upon the caprice of every
“ coxcomb, who, because words are the cloathing of our thoughts,
“ cuts them out and shapes them as he pleaseth, and changes
“ them oftner than his dress. I believe all reasonable people would
“ be content, that such refiners were more sparing of their words,
“ and liberal in their syllables. On this head I should be glad
“ you would bestow some advice upon several young readers in
“ our churches, who, coming up from the university full fraught
“ with admiration of our town politeness, will needs correct the
“ style of their prayer books. In reading the absolution they are
“ very careful to say *pardons and absolves*, and in the prayer for the
“ royal family it must must be *endue’um, enrich’um, prosper’um,*
“ and *bring’um*; then in their sermons they use all the modern
“ terms of art, *sham, banter, mob, bubble, bully, cutting, shuffling,*
“ and *palming*; all which, and many more of the like stamp, as I
“ have heard them often in the pulpit from some young sophis-
“ ters, so I have read them in some of *those sermons that have made*
“ *a great noise of late*. The design, it seems, is to avoid the dread-
“ ful imputation of pedantry; to shew us that they *know the town,*
“ *understand men and manners*, and have not been poring upon
“ old unfashionable books in the university.

“ I should be glad to see you the instrument of introducing
“ into our style that simplicity which is the best and truest orna-
“ ment of most things in human life, which the politer ages al-
“ ways aimed at in their building and dress (*simplex munditiis*)
“ as well as their productions of wit. It is manifest that all new
“ affected

“ affected modes of speech, whether borrowed from the court, the
“ town, or the theatre, are the first perishing parts in any lan-
“ guage; and, as I could prove by many hundred instances, have
“ been so in ours. The writings of *Hooker*, who was a country cler-
“ gyman, and of *Parsons* the jesuit, both in the reign of Queen
“ *Elizabeth*, are in a style that with very few allowances would
“ not offend any present reader; much more clear and intelligible,
“ than those of Sir *H. Wotton*, Sir *Rob. Naunton*, *Osborn*, *Daniel*
“ the historian, and several others who writ later, but being men
“ of the court, and affecting the phrases then in fashion, they are
“ often either not to be understood, or appear perfectly ridicu-
“ lous.

“ What remedies are to be applied to these evils I have not
“ room to consider, having, I fear, already taken up most of your
“ paper: besides, I think it is our office only to represent abuses,
“ and yours to redress them.

I am, with great respect,

SIR,

Yours, etc.

To

To the Honourable

HOUSE of COMMONS, etc.

The humble Petition of the Footmen in and about the City of *Dublin*.

Written in the year 1732.

Humbly sheweth,

THAT your *petitioners* are a great and numerous *society*, endowed with several privileges time out of mind.

That certain *lewd, idle, and disorderly* persons for several months past, as it is notoriously known, have been daily seen in the public walks of this city habited sometimes in *green coats*, and sometimes *laced*, with long *oaken cudgels* in their hands, and without swords; in hopes to procure favour by that advantage with a great number of ladies who frequent those walks; pretending and giving themselves out to be true genuine *Irish footmen*; whereas they can be proved to be no better than common *toupees*, as a judicious eye may soon discover, by their *awkward, clumsy, ungenteel* gait and behaviour; by their unskilfulness in dress even with the advantage of our habits; by their ill-favoured countenances, with an air of *impudence* and *dulness* peculiar to the rest of their brethren, who have not yet arrived at that transcendent pitch of assurance; although it may be justly apprehended, that they will do so in time, if these *counterfeits* shall happen to succeed in their evil design of passing for *real footmen*, thereby to render themselves more amiable to the ladies.

Your *petitioners* do farther alledge, that many of the said *counterfeits*, upon a strict examination, have been found in the act of *strutting, staring, swearing, swaggering*, in a manner that plainly shewed their best endeavours to imitate us. Wherein, altho' they did not succeed, yet by their ignorant and ungainly way of copying
our

our graces the utmost indignity was endeavoured to be cast upon our whole profession.

Your *petitioners* do therefore make it their humble request, that this *honourable house* (to many of whom your *petitioners* are nearly *allied*) will please to take this grievance into your most serious consideration: humbly submitting, whether it would not be proper, that certain *officers* might at the publick charge be employed to search for, and discover all such *counterfeit footmen*; to carry them before the next *justice* of peace, by whose warrant upon the first conviction they should be stripped of their *coats* and *oaken ornaments*, and be set two hours in the stocks; upon the second conviction, besides stripping, be set six hours in the stocks with a paper pinned on their breasts signifying their crime in large capital letters, and in the following words: *A. B. commonly called A. B. esq; a toupee, and a notorious impostor, who presumed to personate a true Irish footman.*

And for any other offence, the said *toupee* shall be committed to *Bridewell*, whipped three times, forced to hard labour for a month, and not to be set at liberty till he shall have given sufficient security for his good behaviour.

Your *honours* will please to observe, with what lenity we propose to treat these enormous offenders, who have already brought such a scandal on our *honourable calling*, that several well meaning people have mistaken them to be of our *fraternity*, in diminution to that credit and dignity whereby we have supported our station, as we always did, in the *worst of times*. And we farther beg leave to remark, that this was manifestly done with a *sedition* design to render us less capable of serving the *publick* in any great employments, as several of our *fraternity*, as well as our *ancestors*, have done.

We do therefore humbly implore your *honours* to give necessary orders for our relief in this present exigency, and your *petitioners* (as in duty bound) shall ever pray, etc.

G

A PRO-

A
P R O P O S A L

For giving Badges to the Beggars in all the parishes of *Dublin*.

By the Dean of *St. Patrick's*.

Written in the year 1737.

IT hath been a general complaint, that the poor-house (especially since the new constitution by act of parliament) hath been of no benefit to this city, for the ease of which it was wholly intended. I had the honour to be a member of it many years before it was new modelled by the legislature; not from any personal regard, but merely as one of the two deans, who are of course put into most commissions that relate to the city; and I have likewise the honour to have been left out of several commissions upon the score of party, in which my predecessors time out of mind have always been members.

The first commission was made up of about fifty persons, which were, the lord mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, and some few other citizens; the judges, the two archbishops, the two deans of the city, and one or two more gentlemen. And I must confess my opinion, that the dissolving the old commission, and establishing a new one of near three times the number, have been the great cause of rendering so good a design not only useless, but a grievance instead of a benefit to the city. In the present commission all the city clergy are included, besides a great number of 'squires, not only those who reside in *Dublin* and the neighbourhood, but several who live at a great distance, and cannot possibly have the least concern for the advantage of the city.

At

At the few general meetings that I have attended since the new establishment, I observed very little was done except one or two acts of extreme justice, which I then thought might as well have been spared : and I have found the court of assistants usually taken up in little wrangles about coachmen, or adjusting accounts of meal and small beer ; which, however necessary, might sometimes have given place to matters of much greater moment, I mean some schemes recommended to the general board for answering the chief ends in erecting and establishing such a poor-house, and endowing it with so considerable a revenue : and the principal end I take to have been that of maintaining the poor and orphans of the city, where the parishes are not able to do it ; and clearing the streets from all strolers, foreigners, and sturdy beggars, with which to the universal complaint and admiration *Dublin* is more infested since the establishment of the poor-house, than it was ever known to be since its first erection.

As the whole fund for supporting this hospital is raised only from the inhabitants of the city ; so there can be hardly any thing more absurd than to see it misemployed in maintaining foreign beggars, and bastards, or orphans, of farmers, whose country landlords never contributed one shilling towards their support. I would engage, that half this revenue, if employed with common care and no very great degree of common honesty, would maintain all the real objects of charity in this city, except a small number of original poor in every parish, who might without being burthensome to the parishioners find a tolerable support.

I have for some years past applied myself to several lord-mayors, and the late archbishop of *Dublin*, for a remedy to this evil of foreign beggars ; and they all appeared ready to receive a very plain proposal, I mean that of badging the original poor of every parish, who begged in the streets ; that, the said beggar should be confined to their own parishes ; that, they should wear their badges well sown upon one of their shoulders, always visible, on pain of be-

ing whipped and turned out of town ; or whatever legal punishment may be thought proper and effectual. But, by the wrong way of thinking in some clergymen, and the indifference of others, this method was perpetually defeated, to their own continual disquiet, which they do not ill deserve ; and if the grievance affected only them, it would be of less consequence ; because the remedy is in their own power : but, all street-walkers and shop-keepers bear an equal share in its hourly vexation.

I never heard more than one objection against this expedient of badging the poor, and confining their walks to their several parishes. The objection was this : What shall we do with the foreign beggars ? must they be left to starve ? I answered, No ; but they must be driven or whipped out of town ; and let the next country parish do as they please, or rather, after the practice in *England*, send them from one parish to another, until they reach their own homes. By the old laws of *England* still in force, every parish is bound to maintain its own poor ; and the matter is of no such consequence in this point as some would make it, whether a country parish be rich or poor. In the remoter and poorer parishes of the kingdom all necessaries for life proper for poor people are comparatively cheaper ; I mean butter-milk, oat-meal, potatoes, and other vegetables ; and every farmer or cottager who is not himself a beggar, can sometimes spare a sup or a morsel, not worth the fourth part of a farthing, to an indigent neighbour of his own parish, who is disabled from work. A beggar native of the parish is known to the 'squire, to the church minister, to the parish priest, or the conventicle teacher, as well as to every farmer : he hath generally some relations able to live, and contribute something to his maintenance. None of which advantages can be reasonably expected on a removal to places where he is altogether unknown. If he be not quite maimed, he and his trull, and litter of brats (if he has any) may get half their support by doing some kind of work in their power, and thereby be less burthensome to
the

the people. In short, all necessaries of life grow in the country, and not in cities, and are cheaper where they grow; nor is it equitable that beggars should put us to the charge of giving them victuals, and the carriage too.

But, when the spirit of wandring takes him, attended by his females and their equipage of children, he becomes a nuisance to the whole country: he and his female are thieves, and teach the trade of stealing to their brood at four years old; and if his infirmities be counterfeit, it is dangerous for a single person unarmed to meet him on the road. He wanders from one county to another, but still with a view to this town, whither he arrives at last, and enjoys all the privileges of a *Dublin* beggar.

I do not wonder, that the country 'squires should be very willing to send up their colonies; but why the city should be content to receive them, is beyond my imagination.

If the city were obliged by their charter to maintain a thousand beggars, they could do it cheaper by eighty *per cent.* a hundred miles off, than in this town, or in any of its suburbs.

There is no village in *Connaught*, that in proportion shares so deeply in the daily increasing miseries of *Ireland*, as its capital city; to which miseries there hardly remained any addition, except the perpetual swarms of foreign beggars, who might be banished in a month without expence, and with very little trouble.

As I am personally acquainted with a great number of street-beggars, I find some weak attempts have been made in one or two parishes to promote the wearing of badges; and my first question to those who ask an alms is, *Where is your badge?* I have, in several years, met with about a dozen who were ready to produce them, some out of their pockets, others from under their coat, and two or three on their shoulders, only covered with a sort of capes which they could lift up, or let down upon occasion. They are too lazy to work; they are not afraid to steal, nor ashamed to beg, and yet are too proud to be seen with a badge, as many of them

them have confessed to me, and not a few in very injurious terms, particularly the females. They all look upon such an obligation as a high indignity done to their office. I appeal to all indifferent people, whether such wretches deserve to be relieved. As to myself, I must confess, this absurd insolence hath so affected me, that for several years past I have not disposed of one single farthing to a street beggar, nor intend to do so until I see a better regulation; and I have endeavoured to persuade all my brother-walkers to follow my example, which most of them assure me they do. For, if beggary be not able to beat out pride, it cannot deserve charity. However, as to persons in coaches and chairs, they bear but little of the persecution we suffer, and are willing to leave it entirely upon us.

To say the truth, there is not a more undeserving vicious race of human-kind than the bulk of those who are reduced to beggary, even in this beggarly country. For as a great part of our publick miseries is originally owing to our own faults (but what those faults are, I am grown by experience too wary to mention) so I am confident, that among the meaner people nineteen in twenty of those who are reduced to a starving condition, did not become so by what the lawyers call the work of God either upon their bodies or goods; but merely from their own idleness, attended with all manner of vices, particularly drunkenness, thievery, and cheating.

Whoever enquires, as I have frequently done, from those who have asked me an alms, what was their former course of life, will find them to have been servants in good families, broken tradesmen, labourers, cottagers, and what they call decayed housekeepers; but (to use their own cant) reduced by losses and crosses, by which nothing can be understood but idleness and vice.

As this is the only christian country where people, contrary to the old maxim, are the poverty, and not the riches of the nation; so the blessing of *increase* and *multiply* is by us converted
into

into a curse: and, as marriage hath been ever countenanced in all free countries, so we should be less miserable if it were discouraged in ours, as far as can be consistent with christianity. It is seldom known in *England*, that the labourer, the lower mechanick, the servant, or the cottager, thinks of marrying, until he hath saved up a stock of money sufficient to carry on his business; nor takes a wife without a suitable portion; and as seldom fails of making a yearly addition to that stock, with a view of providing for his children. But in this kingdom the case is directly contrary, where many thousand couples are yearly married, whose whole united fortunes, bating the rags on their backs, would not be sufficient to purchase a pint of butter-milk for their wedding-supper, nor have any prospect of supporting their *honourable state* but by service or labour, or thievery. Nay, their *happiness* is often deferred until they find credit to borrow, or cunning to steal, a shilling to pay their popish priest, or infamous couple-beggar. Surely no miraculous portion of wisdom would be required to find some kind of remedy against this destructive evil, or, at least, not to draw the consequences of it upon our decaying city, the greatest part whereof must of course in a few years become desolate, or in ruins.

In all other nations, that are not absolutely barbarous, parents think themselves bound by the law of nature and reason to make some provision for their children; but the reason offered by the inhabitants of *Ireland* for marrying is, that they may have children to maintain them when they grow old, and unable to work.

I am informed, that we have been for some time past extremely obliged to *England* for one very beneficial branch of commerce; for, it seems, they are grown so gracious as to transmit us continually colonies of beggars, in return for a million of money they receive yearly from hence. That I may give no offence, I profess to mean real *English* beggars in the literal meaning of the word, as it is usually understood by protestants. It seems the justices of the peace and parish-officers in the western coasts of *England* have

have a good while followed the trade of exporting hither their supernumerary beggars, in order to advance the *English* protestant interest among us; and these they are so kind to send over *gratis*, and duty-free. I have had the honour more than once to attend large cargoes of them from *Chester* to *Dublin*: and I was then so ignorant as to give my opinion, that our city should receive them into *Bridewel*, and, after a month's residence, having been well whipt twice a day, fed with bran and water, and put to hard labour, they should be returned honestly back with thanks, as cheap as they came: or, if that were not approved of, I proposed, that whereas one *Englishman* is allowed to be of equal intrinsic value with twelve born in *Ireland*, we should in justice return them a dozen for one to dispose of as they pleased.

As to the native poor of this city, there would be little or no damage in confining them to their several parishes. For instance: a beggar of the parish of St. *Warborough's*, or any other parish here, if he be an object of compassion, hath an equal chance to receive his proportion of alms from every charitable hand: because the inhabitants, one or other, walk through every street in town, and give their alms, without considering the place, wherever they think it may be well disposed of: and these helps, added to what they get in eatables by going from house to house among the gentry and citizens, will, without being very burthensome, be sufficient to keep them alive.

It is true, the poor of the suburb parishes will not have altogether the same advantage, because they are not equally in the road of business and passengers: but here it is to be considered, that the beggars there have not so good a title to publick charity, because most of them are strollers from the country, and compose a principal part of that great nuisance which we ought to remove.

I should be apt to think, that few things can be more irksome to a city minister, than a number of beggars which do not belong

belong to his district, whom he hath no obligation to take care of, who are no part of his flock, and who take the bread out of the mouths of those to whom it properly belongs. When I mention this abuse to any minister of a city-parish, he usually lays the fault upon the beadles, who, he says, are bribed by the foreign beggars; and, as those beadles often keep alehouses, they find their account in such customers. This evil might easily be remedied, if the parishes would make some small addition to the salaries of a beadle, and be more careful in the choice of those officers. But, I conceive there is one effectual method in the power of every minister to put in practice; I mean, by making it the interest of all his own original poor to drive out intruders; for if the parish beggars were absolutely forbidden by the minister and church officers to suffer strollers to come into the parish, upon pain of themselves not being permitted to beg alms at the church-doors, or at the houses and shops of the inhabitants, they would prevent interlopers more effectually than twenty beadles.

And here I cannot but take notice of the great indiscretion of our city shop-keepers, who suffer their doors to be daily besieged by crowds of beggars (as the gates of a lord are by duns) to the great disgust and vexation of many customers, whom I have frequently observed to go to other shops, rather than suffer such a persecution; which might easily be avoided, if no foreign beggars were allowed to infest them.

Wherefore I do assert, that the shop-keepers, who are the greatest complainers of this grievance, lamenting that for every customer they are worried by fifty beggars, do very well deserve what they suffer, when a 'prentice with a horse-whip is able to lash every beggar from the shop, who is not of the parish, and doth not wear the badge of that parish on his shoulder, well fastened, and fairly visible; and if this practice were universal in every house

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to all the sturdy vagrants, we should in a few weeks clear the town of all mendicants, except those who have a proper title to our charity : as for the aged and infirm, it would be sufficient to give them nothing, and then they must starve, or follow their brethren.

It was the city that first endowed this hospital, and those who afterwards contributed, as they were such who generally inhabited here, so they intended what they gave to be for the use of the city's poor. The revenues, which have since been raised by parliament, are wholly paid by the city, without the least charge upon any other part of the kingdom ; and therefore nothing could more defeat the original design, than to misapply those revenues on strolling beggars or bastards from the country, which bears no share in the charges we are at.

If some of the out-parishes be over-burthened with poor, the reason must be, that the greatest part of those poor are strollers from the country, who nestle themselves where they can find the cheapest lodgings, and from thence infest every part of the town, out of which they ought to be whipp'd as a most insufferable nuisance, being nothing else but a profligate clan of thieves, drunkards, heathens, and whoremongers, fitter to be rooted out of the face of the earth, than suffered to levy a vast annual tax upon the city, which shares too deep in the publick miseries brought on us by the oppressions we lie under from our neighbours, our brethren, our countrymen, our fellow-protestants, and fellow-subjects.

Some time ago I was appointed one of a committee to enquire into the state of the workhouse ; where we found that a charity was bestowed by a great person for a certain time, which in its consequences operated very much to the detriment of the house ; for, when the time was elapsed, all those who were supported by that charity continued on the same foot with the rest on the foundation ;

dation; and, being generally a pack of profligate, vagabond wretches from several parts of the kingdom, corrupted all the rest; so partial, or treacherous, or interested, or ignorant, or mistaken, are generally all recommenders, not only to employments, but even to charity itself.

I know it is complained, that the difficulty of driving foreign beggars out of the city is charged upon the *bellowers* (as they are called) who find their accounts best in suffering those vagrants to follow their trade through every part of the town. But this abuse might easily be remedied, and very much to the advantage of the whole city, if better salaries were given to those who execute that office in the several parishes, and would make it their interest to clear the town of those caterpillars, rather than hazard the loss of an employment that would give them an honest livelihood. But, if that should fail, yet a general resolution of never giving charity to a street beggar out of his own parish, or without a visible badge, would infallibly force all vagrants to depart.

There is generally a vagabond spirit in beggars, which ought to be discouraged, and severely punished. It is owing to the same causes that drove them into poverty; I mean, idleness, drunkenness, and rash marriages without the least prospect of supporting a family by honest endeavours, which never came into their thoughts. It is observed, that hardly one beggar in twenty looks upon himself to be relieved by receiving bread, or other food; and they have in this town been frequently seen to pour out of their pitchers good broth, that hath been given them, into the kennel; neither do they much regard cloaths, unless to sell them; for their rags are part of their tools with which they work: They want only ale, brandy, and other strong liquors, which cannot be had without money: and money, as they conceive, always abounds in the metropolis.

I had some other thoughts to offer upon this subject. But as I am a desponder in my nature, and have tolerably well discovered the disposition of our people, who never will move a step towards easing themselves from any one single grievance; it will be thought, that I have already said too much, and to little or no purpose, which hath often been the fate or fortune of the writer.

April, 22, 1737.

J. SWIFT.

**A COMPLETE
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According to the most
Polite MODE and METHOD
NOW USED
At **COURT**, and in the **BEST COMPANIES** of *ENGLAND*.

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By *SIMON WAGSTAFF*, Esq;

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I N T R O D U C T I O N *.

AS my life hath been chiefly spent in consulting the honour and welfare of my country for more than forty years past, not without answerable success, if the world and my friends have not flattered me; so there is no point wherein I have so much laboured, as that of improving and polishing all parts of conversation between persons of quality, whether they meet by accident or invitation, at meals, tea, or visits, mornings, noons, or evenings.

I have passed perhaps more time than any other man of my age and country in visits and assemblies, where the polite persons of both sexes distinguish themselves; and could not without much grief observe how frequently both gentlemen and ladies are at a loss for questions, answers, replies and rejoinders. However, my concern was much abated, when I found that these defects were not occasioned by any want of materials, but because those materials were not in every hand: for instance, one lady can give an answer better than ask a question: one gentleman is happy at a reply; another excels in a rejoinder: one can revive a languishing conversation by a sudden surprizing sentence; another is more dextrous in seconding; a third can fill the gap with laughing, or commending what has been said: thus fresh hints may be started, and the ball of the discourse kept up.

But alas! this is too seldom the case, even in the most select companies. How often do we see at court, at publick visiting-days, at great men's levees, and other places of general meeting,

* This treatise appears to have been written with the same view, as the *critical essay on the faculties of the mind*, but upon a more general plan: the ridicule, which is there confined to literary composition, is here extended to conversation, but its object is the same in both; the

repetition of quaint phrases picked up by rote either from the living or the dead, and applied upon every occasion to conceal ignorance or stupidity, or to prevent the labour of thoughts to produce native sentiment, and combine such words as will precisely express it.

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that the conversation falls and drops to nothing, like a fire without supply of fuel. This is what we all ought to lament; and against this dangerous evil I take upon me to affirm, that I have in the following papers provided an infallible remedy.

It was in the year 1695, and the sixth of his late majesty King WILLIAM the Third of ever glorious and immortal memory, who rescued three kingdoms from popery and slavery, when, being about the age of six-and-thirty, my judgment mature, of good reputation in the world, and well acquainted with the best families in town, I determined to spend five mornings, to dine four times, pass three afternoons, and six evenings every week, in the houses of the most polite families, of which I would confine myself to fifty; only changing as the masters or ladies died, or left the town, or grew out of vogue, or sunk in their fortunes, or (which to me was of the highest moment) became disaffected to the government; which practice I have followed ever since to this very day; except when I happened to be sick, or in the spleen upon cloudy weather; and except when I entertained four of each sex at my own lodgings once in a month, by way of retaliation.

I always kept a large table-book in my pocket; and as soon as I left the company, I immediately entered the choicest expressions that passed during the visit; which, returning home, I transcribed in a fair hand, but somewhat enlarged; and had made the greatest part of my collection in twelve years, but not digested into any method; for this I found was a work of infinite labour, and what required the nicest judgment, and consequently could not be brought to any degree of perfection in less than sixteen years more.

Herein I resolved to exceed the advice of *Horace*, a *Roman* poet, which I have read in Mr. *Creech*'s admirable translation; that an author should keep his works nine years in his closet, before he ventured to publish them: and finding that I still received some additional flowers of wit and language, although in a very small number,

number, I determined to defer the publication, to pursue my design, and exhaust if possible the whole subject, that I might present a complete system to the world; for, I am convinced by long experience, that the critics will be as severe as their old envy against me can make them: I foresee they will object, that I have inserted many answers and replies which are neither witty, humorous, polite, nor authentic; and have omitted others that would have been highly useful, as well as entertaining. But let them come to particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their malice.

For these last six or seven years I have not been able to add above nine valuable sentences to enrich my collection: from whence I conclude, that what remains will amount only to a trifle. However, if, after the publication of this work, any lady or gentleman, when they have read it, shall find the least thing of importance omitted, I desire they will please to supply my defects by communicating to me their discoveries; and their letters may be directed to SIMON WAGSTAFF, Esq; at his lodgings next door to the *Gloucester-head* in St. *James's-street*, (paying the postage.) In return of which favour, I shall make honourable mention of their names in a short preface to the second edition.

In the mean time, I cannot but with some pride, and much pleasure, congratulate with my dear country, which hath outdone all the nations of *Europe*, in advancing the whole art of conversation to the greatest height it is capable of reaching; and therefore, being intirely convinced that the collection I now offer to the publick is full and complete, I may at the same time boldly affirm, that the whole genius, humour, politeness, and eloquence of *England* are summed up in it: nor is the treasure small, wherein are to be found at least a thousand shining questions, answers, repartees, replies and rejoinders, fitted to adorn every kind of discourse that an assembly of *English* ladies and gentlemen, met together for their mutual entertainment, can possibly want: especially

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when the several flowers shall be set off and improved by the speakers, with every circumstance of preface and circumlocution, in proper terms; and attended with praise, laughter or admiration.

There is a natural, involuntary distortion of the muscles, which is the anatomical cause of laughter; but there is another cause of laughter which decency requires, and is the undoubted mark of a good taste, as well as of a polite obliging behaviour; neither is this to be acquired without much observation, long practice, and a sound judgment; I did therefore once intend, for the ease of the learner, to set down in all parts of the following dialogues certain marks, asterisks, or *notabene's* (in *English*, *Markwell's*) after most questions, and every reply or answer; directing exactly the moment when one, two, or all the company are to laugh; but having duly considered, that this expedient would too much enlarge the bulk of the volume, and consequently the price; and likewise that something ought to be left for ingenious readers to find out, I have determined to leave that whole affair, although of great importance, to their own discretion.

The reader must learn by all means to distinguish between proverbs and those polite speeches which beautify conversation: for, as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious discourse. I acknowledge indeed, that there may possibly be found in this treatise a few sayings, among so great a number of smart turns of wit and humour as I have produced, which have a proverbial air: however, I hope it will be considered, that even these were not originally proverbs, but the genuine productions of superior wits to embellish and support conversation; from whence, with great impropriety as well as plagiarism (if you will forgive a hard word) they have most injuriously been transferred into proverbial maxims; and therefore in justice ought to be resumed out of vulgar hands to adorn the drawing-rooms of princes both male and female, the levees of great ministers, as well as the toilet and tea-table of the ladies.

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I can faithfully assure the reader, that there is not one single witty phrase in this whole collection, which hath not received the stamp and approbation of at least one hundred years, and how much longer it is hard to determine; he may therefore be secure to find them all genuine, sterling, and authentic.

But before this elaborate treatise can become of universal use and ornament to my native country, two points, that will require time and much application, are absolutely necessary.

For, first, whatever person would aspire to be completely witty, smart, humorous, and polite, must by hard labour be able to retain in his memory every single sentence contained in this work, so as never to be once at a loss in applying the right answers, questions, repartees, and the like, immediately, and without study or hesitation.

And, secondly, after a lady or gentleman hath so well overcome this difficulty, as never to be at a loss upon any emergency, the true management of every feature, and almost of every limb, is equally necessary; without which an infinite number of absurdities will inevitably ensue. For instance, there is hardly a polite sentence in the following dialogues which doth not absolutely require some peculiar graceful motion in the eyes, or nose, or mouth, or forehead, or chin, or suitable toss of the head, with certain offices assigned to each hand; and in ladies, the whole exercise of the fan, fitted to the energy of every word they deliver; by no means omitting the various turns and cadence of the voice, the twistings, and movements, and different postures of the body, the several kinds and gradations of laughter, which the ladies must daily practise by the looking-glass, and consult upon them with their waiting-maids.

My readers will soon observe what a great compass of real and useful knowledge this science includes; wherein, although nature, assisted by a genius, may be very instrumental, yet a strong memory and constant application, together with example and

precept, will be highly necessary. For these reasons I have often wished, that certain male and female instructors, perfectly versed in this science, would set up schools for the instruction of young ladies and gentlemen therein.

I remember about thirty years ago, there was a *Bohemian* woman, of that species commonly known by the name of *gyppies*, who came over hither from *France*, and generally attended ISAAC the dancing master, when he was teaching his art to misses of quality; and while the young ladies were thus employed, the *Bohemian*, standing at some distance, but full in their sight, acted before them all proper airs, and heavings of the head, and motions of the hands, and twistings of the body; whereof you may still observe the good effects in several of our elder ladies.

After the same manner, it were much to be desired, that some expert gentlewomen gone to decay would set up publick schools, wherein young girls of quality, or great fortunes, might first be taught to repeat this following system of conversation, which I have been at so much pains to compile; and then to adapt every feature of their countenances, every turn of their hands, every screwing of their bodies, every exercise of their fans, to the humour of the sentences they hear or deliver in conversation. But above all to instruct them in every species and degree of laughing in the proper seasons at their own wit, or that of the company. And, if the sons of the nobility and gentry, instead of being sent to common schools, or put into the hands of tutors at home, to learn nothing but words, were consigned to able instructors in the same art, I cannot find what use there could be of books, except in the hands of those who are to make learning their trade, which is below the dignity of persons born to titles or estates.

It would be another infinite advantage, that by cultivating this science we should wholly avoid the vexations and impertinence of pedants, who affect to talk in a language not to be understood; and whenever a polite person offers accidentally to use any of their

their jargon-terms, have the presumption to laugh at us for pronouncing those words in a genteeler manner. Whereas, I do here affirm, that, whenever any fine gentleman or lady condescends to let a hard word pass out of their mouths, every syllable is smoothed and polished in the passage; and it is a true mark of politeness, both in writing and reading, to vary the orthography as well as the sound; because we are infinitely better judges of what will please a distinguishing ear than those who call themselves *scholars*, can possibly be; who, consequently, ought to correct their books, and manner of pronouncing, by the authority of our example, from whose lips they proceed with infinitely more beauty and significancy.

But, in the mean time, until so great, so useful, and so necessary a design can be put in execution, (which, considering the good disposition of our country at present, I shall not despair of living to see) let me recommend the following treatise to be carried about as a pocket-companion, by all gentlemen and ladies, when they are going to visit, or dine, or drink tea; or where they happen to pass the evening without cards, (as I have sometimes known it to be the case upon disappointments or accidents unforeseen) desiring they would read their several parts in their chairs or coaches, to prepare themselves for every kind of conversation that can possibly happen.

Although I have, in justice to my country, allowed the genius of our people to excel that of any other nation upon earth, and have confirmed this truth by an argument not to be controuled, I mean, by producing so great a number of witty sentences in the ensuing dialogues, all of undoubted authority, as well as of our own production, yet I must confess at the same time, that we are wholly indebted for them to our ancestors; at least, for as long as my memory reacheth, I do not recollect one new phrase of importance to have been added; which defect in us moderns I take to have been occasioned by the introduction of cant-words
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in the reign of King CHARLES the Second. And those have so often varied, that hardly one of them, of above a year's standing, is now intelligible; nor any where to be found, excepting a small number strewed here and there in the comedies and other fantastick writings of that age.

The honourable colonel JAMES GRAHAM, my old friend and companion, did likewise, towards the end of the same reign, invent a set of words and phrases, which continued almost to the time of his death. But, as these terms of art were adapted only to courts and politicians, and extended little farther than among his particular acquaintance (of whom I had the honour to be one) they are now almost forgotten.

Nor did the late D. of R----- and E. of E--- succeed much better, although they proceeded no farther than single words; whereof, except *bite*, *bamboozle*, and one or two more, the whole vocabulary is antiquated.

The same fate hath already attended those other town-wits, who furnish us with a great variety of new terms, which are annually changed, and those of the last season sunk in oblivion. Of these I was once favoured with a complete list by the right honourable the lord and lady H---, with which I made a considerable figure one summer in the country; but returning up to town in winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not understood.

The only invention of late years, which hath any way contributed towards politeness in discourse, is that of abbreviating or reducing words of many syllables into one, by lopping off the rest. This refinement having begun about the time of the *Revolution*, I had some share in the honour of promoting it, and I observe to my great satisfaction, that it makes daily advancements, and I hope in time will raise our language to the utmost perfection; although I must confess, to avoid obscurity I have been very sparing of this ornament in the following dialogues.

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But, as for phrases invented to cultivate conversation, I defy all the clubs of coffee-houses in this town to invent a new one equal in wit, humour, smartness, or politeness, to the very worst of my set; which clearly shews, either that we are much degenerated, or that the whole stock of materials hath been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter; because, having myself for several months racked my invention to enrich this treasure (if possible) with some additions of my own (which however should have been printed in a different character, that I might not be charged with imposing upon the publick) and having shewn them to some judicious friends, they dealt very sincerely with me, all unanimously agreeing that mine were infinitely below the true old helps to discourse drawn up in my present collection, and confirmed their opinion with reasons, by which I was perfectly convinced, as well as ashamed of my great presumption.

But I lately met a much stronger argument to confirm me in the same sentiments: for, as the great bishop BURNET of *Salisbury* informs us in the preface to his admirable *History of his own Times*, that he intended to employ himself in polishing it every day of his life, (and indeed in its kind it is almost equally polished with this work of mine) so it hath been my constant business for some years past to examine with the utmost strictness, whether I could possibly find the smallest lapse in style or propriety through my whole collection, that in emulation with the bishop I might send it abroad as the most finished piece of the age.

It happened one day as I was dining in good company of both sexes, and watching according to my custom for new materials wherewith to fill my pocket-book, I succeeded well enough till after dinner, when the ladies retired to their tea, and left us over a bottle of wine. But I found we were not able to furnish any more materials that were worth the pains of transcribing: for the discourse of the company was all degenerated into smart sayings
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of their own invention, and not of the true old standard; so that in absolute despair I withdrew, and went to attend the ladies at their tea: from whence I did then conclude, and still continue to believe, either that wine doth not inspire politeness, or that our sex is not able to support it without the company of women, who never fail to lead us into the right way, and there to keep us.

It much encreaseth the value of these apothegms, that unto them we owe the continuance of our language for at least an hundred years; neither is this to be wondred at, because indeed, besides the smartness of the wit, and fineness of the raillery, such is the propriety and energy of expression in them all, that they never can be changed, but to disadvantage, except in the circumstance of using abbreviations: which however I do not despair in due time to see introduced, having already met them at some of the choice companies in town.

Although this work be calculated for all persons of quality and fortune of both sexes; yet the reader may perceive, that my particular view was to the *officers* of the *army*, the *gentlemen* of the *inns of court*, and of *both* the *universities*; to all *courtiers*, male and female, but principally to the *maids of honour*, of whom I have been personally acquainted with two and twenty sets, all excelling in this noble endowment; till for some years past, I know not how, they came to degenerate into selling of *bargains* and *free-thinking*; not that I am against either of these entertainments at proper seasons in compliance with company, who may want a taste for more exalted discourse, whose memories may be short, who are too young to be perfect in their lessons, or (although it be hard to conceive) who have no inclination to read and learn my instructions. And besides, there is a strong temptation for court ladies to fall into the two amusements above-mentioned, that they may avoid the censure of affecting singularity against the general current and fashion of all about them: but however no man will pretend to affirm that either *bargains* or *blasphemy*,
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which are the principal ornaments of *free-thinking*, are so good a fund of polite discourse, as what is to be met with in my collection. For as to *bargains*, few of them seem to be excellent in their kind, and have not much variety, because they all terminate in one single point; and to multiply them would require more invention than people have to spare. And as to *blasphemy* or *free-thinking*, I have known some scrupulous persons of both sexes, who by a prejudiced education are afraid of sprights. I must however except the *maids of honour*, who have been fully convinced by a famous court-chaplain, that there is no such place as hell.

I cannot indeed controvert the lawfulness of *free-thinking*, because it hath been universally allowed, that thought is free. But however, although it may afford a large field of matter, yet in my poor opinion it seems to contain very little of wit or humour; because it hath not been ancient enough among us to furnish established authentick expressions, I mean such as must receive a sanction from the polite world, before their authority can be allowed; neither was the art of *blasphemy* or *free-thinking* invented by the court, or by persons of great quality, who properly speaking were patrons, rather than inventors of it; but first brought in by the fanatick faction towards the end of their power, and after the restoration carried to *Whitehall* by the converted *rumpers*, with very good reason; because they knew, that King CHARLES the Second from a wrong education, occasioned by the troubles of his father, had time enough to observe, that fanatick enthusiasm directly led to atheism, which agreed with the dissolute inclinations of his youth; and perhaps these principles were farther cultivated in him by the *French* Hugonots, who have been often charged with spreading them among us: however, I cannot see where the necessity lies of introducing new and foreign topicks for conversation, while we have so plentiful a stock of our own growth.

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I have likewise for some reasons of equal weight been very sparing in *double entendres*: because they often put ladies upon affected constraints, and affected ignorance. In short, they break, or very much entangle the thread of discourse; neither am I master of any rules to settle the disconcerted countenances of the females in such a juncture; I can therefore, only allow *inuen-does* of this kind to be delivered in whispers, and only to young ladies under twenty, who being in honour obliged to blush, it may produce a new subject for discourse.

Perhaps the criticks may accuse me of a defect in my following system of *Polite Conversation*; that there is one great ornament of discourse, whereof I have not produced a single example; which indeed I purposely omitted for some reasons that I shall immediately offer; and if those reasons will not satisfy the male part of my gentle readers, the defect may be supplied in some manner by an *appendix* to the *second edition*; which *appendix* shall be printed by itself, and sold for *six-pence*, stitched, and with a marble cover, that my readers may have no occasion to complain of being defrauded.

The defect I mean is, my not having inserted into the body of my book, all the *oaths* now most in fashion for embellishing discourse; especially since it could give no offence to the *clergy*, who are seldom or never admitted to these polite assemblies. And it must be allowed, that oaths well chosen are not only very useful expletives to matter, but great ornaments of style.

What I shall here offer in my own defence upon this important article will, I hope, be some extenuation of my fault.

First, I reasoned with myself, that a just collection of oaths, repeated as often as the fashion requires, must have enlarged this volume at least to double the bulk; whereby it would not only double the charge, but likewise make the volume less commodious for pocket-carriage.

Secondly,

Secondly, I have been assured by some judicious friends, that themselves have known certain ladies to take offence (whether seriously or no) at too great a profusion of cursing and swearing, even when that kind of ornament was not improperly introduced; which, I confess, did startle me not a little, having never observed the like in the compass of my own several acquaintance, at least for twenty years past. However, I was forced to submit to wiser judgments than my own.

Thirdly, as this most useful treatise is calculated for all future times, I considered in this maturity of my age, how great a variety of oaths I have heard since I began to study the world, and to know men and manners. And here I found it to be true, what I have read in an ancient poet.

*For now a days men change their oaths,
As often as they change their cloaths.*

In short, oaths are the children of fashion; they are in some sense almost annuals, like what I observed before of cant-words; and I myself can remember about forty different sets. The old stock-oaths, I am confident, do not amount to above forty-five, or fifty at most; but the way of mingling and compounding them is almost as various as that of the alphabet.

SIR JOHN PERROT was the first man of quality, whom I find upon record to have sworn by *God's wounds*. He lived in the reign of Q. ELIZABETH, and was supposed to have been a natural son of HENRY the Eighth, who might also probably have been his instructor. This oath indeed still continues, and is a stock-oath to this day; so do several others that have kept their natural simplicity: but infinitely the greater number hath been so frequently changed and dislocated, that if the inventors were now alive, they could hardly understand them.

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Upon these considerations I began to apprehend, that if I should insert all the oaths that are now current, my book would be out of vogue with the first change of fashion, and grow as useless as an old dictionary: whereas, the case is quite otherwise with my collection of polite discourse; which, as I before observed, hath descended by tradition for at least an hundred years without any change in the phraseology. I therefore determined with myself to leave out the whole system of swearing; because both the male and female oaths are all perfectly well known and distinguished; new ones are easily learnt, and with a moderate share of discretion may be properly applied on every fit occasion. However, I must here upon this article of swearing most earnestly recommend to my male readers, that they would please a little to study variety. For it is the opinion of our most refined swearers, that the same oath or curse cannot, consistently with true politeness, be repeated above nine times in the same company by the same person and at one sitting.

I am far from desiring, or expecting, that all the polite and ingenious speeches contained in this work should in the general conversation between ladies and gentlemen come in so quick and so close, as I have here delivered them. By no means: on the contrary, they ought to be husbanded better, and spread much thinner. Nor do I make the least question, but that by a discreet and thrifty management they may serve for the entertainment of a whole year to any person, who does not make too long or too frequent visits in the same family. The flowers of wit, fancy, wisdom, humour, and politeness, scattered in this volume amount to one thousand seventy and four. Allowing then to every gentleman and lady thirty visiting families, (not insisting upon fractions) there will want but little of an hundred polite questions, answers, replies, rejoinders, repartees, and remarks, to be daily delivered fresh in every company for twelve solar months; and even this is a higher pitch of delicacy than the world insists
on.

on, or hath reason to expect. But I am altogether for exalting this science to its utmost perfection.

It may be objected, that the publication of my book may in a long course of time prostitute this noble art to mean and vulgar people; but I answer, that it is not so easy an acquirement as a few ignorant pretenders may imagine. A footman can swear, but he cannot swear like a lord. He can swear as often; but, can he swear with equal delicacy, propriety, and judgment? No certainly, unless he be a lad of superior parts, of good memory, a diligent observer, one who hath a skilful ear, some knowledge in musick, and an exact taste; which hardly fall to the share of one in a thousand among that fraternity, in as high favour as they now stand with their ladies. Neither hath one footman in six so fine a genius as to relish and apply those exalted sentences comprised in this volume, which I offer to the world. It is true, I cannot see that the same ill consequences would follow from the waiting-woman, who, if she had been bred to read romances, may have some small subaltern or second-hand politeness; and if she constantly attends the tea, and be a good listner, may in some years make a tolerable figure, which will serve perhaps to draw in the young chaplain or the old steward. But alas! after all, how can she acquire those hundred graces and motions, and airs, the whole military management of the fan, the contortions of every muscular motion in the face, the risings and fallings, the quickness and slowness of the voice, with the several turns and cadences; the proper junctures of smiling and frowning, how often and how loud to laugh, when to jibe and when to flout, with all the other branches of doctrine and discipline above recited?

I am therefore not under the least apprehension, that this art will ever be in danger of falling into common hands, which requires so much time, study, practice, and genius, before it arrives to perfection; and therefore I must repeat my proposal for erecting

erecting publick schools, provided with the best and ablest masters and mistresses at the charge of the nation.

I have drawn this work into the form of a dialogue after the pattern of other famous writers in history, law, politicks, and most other arts and sciences, and I hope it will have the same success: for, who can contest it to be of greater consequence to the happiness of these kingdoms, than all human knowledge put together? Dialogue is held the best method of inculcating any part of knowledge; and I am confident, that publick schools will soon be founded for teaching wit and politeness after my scheme to young people of quality and fortune. I have determined next sessions to deliver a petition to the *House of Lords* for an act of parliament to establish my book as the standard *Grammar* in all the principal cities of the kingdom, where this art is to be taught by able masters, who are to be approved and recommended by me; which is no more than LILLY obtained only for teaching words in a language wholly useless. Neither shall I be so far wanting to myself as not to desire a patent, granted of course to all useful projectors; I mean, that I may have the sole profit of giving a licence to every school to read my *Grammar* for fourteen years.

The reader cannot but observe what pains I have been at in polishing the style of my book to the greatest exactness: nor have I been less diligent in refining the orthography by spelling the words in the very same manner as they are pronounced by the chief patterns of politeness at court, at levees, at assemblies, at play-houses, at the prime visiting places, by young templers, and by gentlemen-commoners of both universities, who have lived at least a twelvemonth in town, and kept the best company. Of these spellings the publick will meet with many examples in the following book. For instance, *can't, han't, shan't, did'nt, could'nt, woudn't, isn't, e'nt*, with many more; besides several words which scholars pretend are derived from *Greek* and *Latin*, but now pared
into

into a polite sound by ladies, officers of the army, courtiers and templers, such as *jommetry* for *geometry*, *verdi* for *verdict*, *lard* for *lord*, *learnen* for *learning*; together with some abbreviations exquisitely refined; as, *pozze* for *positive*; *mobb* for *mobile*; *pbizze* for *physiognomy*; *rep* for *reputation*; *plenipo* for *plenipotentiary*; *incog* for *incognito*; *hypps*, or *hippo*, for *hypocondriacs*; *bam* for *bamboozle*; and *bamboozle* for *God knows what*; whereby much time is saved, and the high road to conversation cut short by many a mile.

I have, as it will be apparent, laboured very much, and, I hope, with felicity enough, to make every character in the dialogue agreeable with itself to a degree, that, whenever any judicious person shall read my book aloud for the entertainment and instruction of a select company, he need not so much as name the particular speakers; because all the persons throughout the several subjects of conversation strictly observe a different manner peculiar to their characters, which are of different kinds: but this I leave entirely to the prudent and impartial reader's discernment.

Perhaps the very manner of introducing the several points of wit and humour may not be less entertaining and instructing than the matter itself. In the latter I can pretend to little merit; because it entirely depends upon memory and the happiness of having kept polite company: but the art of contriving that those speeches should be introduced naturally, as the most proper sentiments to be delivered upon so great a variety of subjects, I take to be a talent somewhat uncommon, and a labour that few people could hope to succeed in, unless they had a genius particularly turned that way, added to a sincere disinterested love of the publick.

Although every curious question, smart answer, and witty reply be little known to many people, yet there is not one single sentence in the whole collection, for which I cannot bring most authentick vouchers, whenever I shall be called: and even for
some

some expressions, which to a few nice ears may perhaps appear somewhat gross, I can produce the stamp of authority from courts, chocolate-houses, theatres, assemblies, drawing-rooms, levees, card-meetings, balls and masquerades, from persons of both sexes, and of the highest titles next to royal. However, to say the truth, I have been very sparing in my quotations of such sentiments that seem to be over free; because, when I began my collection, such kind of converse was almost in its infancy, till it was taken into the protection of my honoured patronesses at court, by whose countenance and sanction it hath become a choice flower in the nosegay of wit and politeness.

Some will perhaps object, that when I bring my company to dinner, I mention too great a variety of dishes, not always consistent with the art of cookery, or proper for the season of the year, and part of the first course mingled with the second, besides a failure in politeness by introducing a black pudden to a lord's table, and at a great entertainment: but, if I had omitted the black pudden, I desire to know what would have become of that exquisite reason given by Miss NOTABLE for not eating it; the world perhaps might have lost it for ever, and I should have been justly answerable for having left it out of my collection. I therefore cannot but hope, that such hypercritical readers will please to consider, my business was to make so full and complete a body of refined sayings as compact as I could, only taking care to produce them in the most natural and probable manner, in order to allure my readers into the very substance and marrow of this most admirable and necessary art.

I am heartily sorry, and was much disappointed to find, that so universal and polite an entertainment as CARDS hath hitherto contributed very little to the enlargement of my work. I have sat by many hundred times with the utmost vigilance, and my table-book ready, without being able in eight hours to gather matter for one single phrase in my book. But this, I think, may be easily
account-

accounted for by the turbulence and jostling of passions upon the various and surprizing turns, incidents, revolutions, and events of good and evil fortune, that arrive in the course of a long evening at play; the mind being wholly taken up, and the consequences of non-attention so fatal.

Play is supported upon the two great pillars of deliberation and action. The terms of art are few, prescribed by law and custom; no time allowed for digressions or trials of wit. *Quadrille* in particular bears some resemblance to a state of nature, which we are told is a state of war, wherein every woman is against every woman; the unions short, inconstant, and soon broke; the league made this minute without knowing the ally, and dissolved in the next. Thus, at the game of *quadrille*, female brains are always employed in stratagem, or their hands in action. Neither can I find, that our art hath gained much by the happy revival of *masquerading* among us; the whole dialogue in those meetings being summed up in one (sprightly, I confess, but) single question, and as sprightly an answer. *Do you know me? yes, I do.* And, *Do you know me? Yes, I do.* For this reason I did not think it proper to give my readers the trouble of introducing a masquerade, merely for the sake of a single question, and a single answer. Especially when to perform this in a proper manner I must have brought in a hundred persons together, of both sexes, dressed in fantastick habits for one minute, and dismiss them the next.

Neither is it reasonable to conceive, that our science can be much improved by masquerades, where the wit of both sexes is altogether taken up in contriving singular and humourfome disguises; and their thoughts entirely employed in bringing intrigues and assignations of gallantry to an happy conclusion.

The judicious reader will readily discover, that I make Miss NOTABLE my heroine, and Mr. THOMAS NEVEROUT my hero. I have laboured both their characters with my utmost ability. It is into their mouths that I have put the liveliest questions, answers, re-

partees, and rejoinders; because my design was to propose them both as patterns for all young batchelors and single ladies to copy after. By which I hope very soon to see polite conversation flourish between both sexes in a more consummate degree of perfection, than these kingdoms have yet ever known.

I have drawn some lines of Sir JOHN LINGER's character, the *Derbyshire* knight, on purpose to place it in counterview or contrast with that of the other company; wherein I can assure the reader, that I intended not the least reflection upon *Derbyshire*, the place of my nativity. But my intention was only to shew the misfortune of those persons, who have the disadvantage to be bred out of the circle of politeness, whereof I take the present limits to extend no further than *London*, and ten miles round; although others are pleased to confine it within the bills of mortality. If you compare the discourses of my gentlemen and ladies with those of Sir JOHN, you will hardly conceive him to have been bred in the same climate, or under the same laws, language, religion, or government: and accordingly I have introduced him speaking in his own rude dialect, for no other reason than to teach my scholars how to avoid it.

The curious reader will observe, that when conversation appears in danger to flag, which in some places I have artfully contrived, I took care to invent some sudden question, or turn of wit to revive it; such as these that follow: *What? I think here's a silent meeting! Come, madam, a penny for your thought*; with several other of the like sort. I have rejected all provincial or country turns of wit and fancy, because I am acquainted with very few; but indeed chiefly, because I found them so much inferior to those at court, especially among the gentlemen ushers, the ladies of the bed-chamber, and the maids of honour; I must also add the hither end of our noble metropolis.

When this happy art of polite conversing shall be thoroughly improved, good company will be no longer pestered with dull, dry,

dry, tedious story-tellers, nor brangling disputers: for a right scholar of either sex in our science will perpetually interrupt them with some sudden surprizing piece of wit, that shall engage all the company in a loud laugh; and if after a pause the grave companion resumes his thread in the following manner, *Well, but to go on with my story*, new interruptions come from the left and the right, till he is forced to give over.

I have likewise made some few essays toward *selling of bargains*, as well for instructing those who delight in that accomplishment, as in compliance with my female friends at court. However I have transgressed a little in this point by doing it in a manner somewhat more reserved than it is now practised at St. *James's*. At the same time, I can hardly allow this accomplishment to pass properly for a branch of that perfect polite conversation, which makes the constituent subject of my treatise, and for this I have already given my reasons. I have likewise, for further caution, left a blank in the critical point of each *bargain*, which the sagacious reader may fill up in his own mind.

As to myself, I am proud to own, that except some smattering in the *French* I am what the pedants and scholars call, a man wholly illiterate, that is to say, unlearned. But as to my own language, I shall not readily yield to many persons. I have read most of the plays, and all the miscellany poems that have been published for twenty years past. I have read Mr. *Thomas Brown's* works entire, and had the honour to be his intimate friend; who was universally allowed to be the greatest genius of his age.

Upon what foot I stand with the present chief reigning wits, their verses recommendatory, which they have commanded me to prefix before my book, will be more than a thousand witnesses: I am, and have been, likewise particularly acquainted with Mr. CHARLES GILDON, Mr. WARD, Mr. DENNIS that admirable critick and poet, and several others. Each of these eminent persons

sons (I mean those who are still alive) have done me the honour to read this production five times over with the strictest eye of friendly severity, and proposed some, although very few amendments, which I gratefully accepted, and do here publicly return my acknowledgment for so singular a favour.

And I cannot conceal without ingratitude, the great assistance I have received from those two illustrious writers, Mr. OZELL, and captain STEVENS. These, and some others of distinguished eminence, in whose company I have passed so many agreeable hours, as they have been the great refiners of our language, so it hath been my chief ambition to imitate them. Let the POPES, the GAYS, the ARBUTHNOTS, the YOUNGS, and the rest of that snarling brood burst with envy at the praises we receive from the court and kingdom.

But to return from this digression.

The reader will find, that the following collection of polite expressions will easily incorporate with all subjects of genteel and fashionable life. Those which are proper for morning-tea will be equally useful at the same entertainment in the afternoon, even in the same company, only by shifting the several questions, answers, and replies into different hands; and such as are adapted to meals will indifferently serve for dinners or suppers, only distinguishing between day-light and candle-light. By this method no diligent person of a tolerable memory can ever be at a loss.

It hath been my constant opinion, that every man, who is entrusted by nature with any useful talent of the mind, is bound by all the ties of honour, and that justice which we all owe our country, to propose to himself some one illustrious action to be performed in his life for the publick emolument: and I freely confess that so grand, so important an enterprize as I have undertaken, and executed to the best of my power, well deserved a much abler hand, as well as a liberal encouragement from the crown.

crown. However, I am bound so far to acquit myself, as to declare, that I have often and most earnestly intreated several of my above-named friends, universally allowed to be of the first rank in wit and politeness, that they would undertake a work so honourable to themselves, and so beneficial to the kingdom ; but so great was their modesty, that they all thought fit to excuse themselves, and impose the task on me, yet in so obliging a manner, and attended with such compliments on my poor qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And, at last their intreaties, or rather their commands, added to that inviolable love I bear to the land of my nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in so bold an attempt.

I may venture to affirm without the least violation of modesty, that there is no man now alive, who hath by many degrees so just pretensions as myself to the highest encouragement from the *crown*, the *parliament*, and the *ministry*, towards bringing this work to its due perfection. I have been assured, that several great heroes of antiquity were worshipped as gods upon the merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous people. It is manifest I could have no other intentions, and, I dare appeal to my very enemies, if such a treatise as mine had been published some years ago, and with as much success as I am confident this will meet, I mean, by turning the thoughts of the whole nobility and gentry to the study and practice of polite conversation ; whether such mean stupid writers as the *Craftsman* and his abettors could have been able to corrupt the principles of so many hundred thousand subjects, as, to the shame and grief of every whiggish, loyal, and true protestant heart, it is too manifest they have done. For I desire the honest judicious reader to make one remark, That, after having exhausted the whole * *in sickly pay-day* (if I may so call it) of politeness and refinement, and faithfully digested it into the following dialogues, there cannot be found one expression relating to

* This word is spelt by *Latinists*, *Encyclopædia* ; but the judicious author wisely prefers the polite reading before the pedantick.

politicks; that the *ministry* is never mentioned, nor the word *king* above twice or thrice, and then only to the honour of his majesty; so very cautious were our wiser ancestors in forming rules for conversation as never to give offence to crowned heads, nor interfere with party disputes in the state. And indeed, although there seems to be a close resemblance between the two words *politeness* and *politicks*, yet no ideas are more inconsistent in their natures. However, to avoid all appearance of disaffection, I have taken care to enforce loyalty by an invincible argument, drawn from the very fountain of this noble science, in the following short terms, that ought to be writ in gold, *Must is for the king*; which uncontrollable maxim I took particular care of introducing in the first page of my book, thereby to instil early the best protestant loyal notions into the minds of my readers. Neither is it merely my own private opinion, that politeness is the firmest foundation upon which loyalty can be supported: for thus happily sings the divine Mr. *Tibbalds*, or *Theobalds*, in one of his birth-day poems:

I am no schollard, but I am polite:

Therefore be sure I am no Jacobite.

Hear likewise to the same purpose that great master of the whole poetick choir, our most illustrious laureat Mr. COLLY CIBBER.

Who in his talk can't speak a polite thing,

Will never loyal be to GEORGE our king.

I could produce many more shining passages out of our principal poets of both sexes to confirm this momentous truth. From whence I think it may be fairly concluded, that whoever can most contribute towards propagating the science contained in the following sheets thro' the kingdoms of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, may justly demand all the favour that the wisest court and most judicious senate are able to confer on the most deserving subject. I leave the application to my readers.

This

This is the work, which I have been so hardy to attempt, and without the least mercenary view. Neither do I doubt of succeeding to my full wish, except among the *Tories* and their abettors, who being all *Jacobites*, and consequently *papists* in their hearts, from a want of true taste, or by strong affectation, may perhaps resolve not to read my book, chusing rather to deny themselves the pleasure and honour of shining in polite company among the principal genius's of both sexes throughout the kingdom, than adorn their minds with this noble art; and probably apprehending (as, I confess nothing is more likely to happen) that a true spirit of loyalty to the protestant succession should steal in along with it.

If my favourable and gentle readers could possibly conceive the perpetual watchings, the numberless toils, the frequent risings in the night to set down several ingenious sentences, that I suddenly or accidentally recollected; and which, without my utmost vigilance, had been irrecoverably lost for ever: if they would consider with what incredible diligence I daily and nightly attended at those houses where persons of both sexes, and of the most distinguished merit, used to meet and display their talents; with what attention I listened to all their discourses, the better to retain them in my memory; and then at proper seasons withdrew unobserved to enter them in my table-book, while the company little suspected what a noble work I had then in embryo: I say, if all these were known to the world, I think it would be no great presumption in me to expect, at a proper juncture, the publick thanks of both houses of parliament for the service and honour I have done to the whole nation by my single pen.

Although I have never been once charged with the least tincture of vanity, the reader will, I hope, give me leave to put an easy question: What is become of all the King of *Sweden's* victories? where are the fruits of them at this day; or, of what benefit will they be to posterity? Were not many of his greatest actions owing, at least in part, to fortune; were not all of them owing to the

the valour of his troops, as much as to his own conduct? Could he have conquered the *Polish* king, or the Czar of *Muscovy* with his single arm? Far be it from me to envy or lessen the fame he hath acquired; but, at the same time I will venture to say, without breach of modesty, that I, who have alone with this right-hand subdued barbarism, rudeness, and rusticity; who have established and fixed for ever the whole system of all true politeness and refinement in conversation, should think myself most inhumanely treated by my countrymen, and would accordingly resent it as the highest indignity, to be put on a level in point of fame in after-ages with CHARLES the Twelfth late king of *Sweden*.

And yet, so incurable is the love of detraction, perhaps beyond what the charitable reader will easily believe, that I have been assured by more than one credible person, how some of my enemies have industriously whispered about, that one ISAAC NEWTON, an instrument-maker, formerly living near *Leicester-fields*, and afterwards a workman in the Mint at the *Tower*, might possibly pretend to vye with me for fame in future times. The man it seems was knighted for making sun-dials better than others of his trade, and was thought to be a conjurer, because he knew how to draw lines and circles upon a slate, which no-body could understand. But, adieu to all noble attempts for endless renown, if the ghost of an obscure mechanick shall be raised up to enter into competition with me, only for his skill in making pothooks and hangers with a pencil, which many thousand accomplished gentlemen and ladies can perform as well with pen and ink upon a piece of paper, and in a manner as little intelligible as those of Sir ISAAC.

My most ingenious friend already mentioned, Mr. COLLEY CIBBER, who does so much honour to the laurel crown he deservedly wears (as he hath often done to many imperial diadems placed on his head) was pleased to tell me, that if my treatise were shaped into a comedy, the representation performed to advantage on our theatre, might very much contribute to the spreading of polite conver-

conversation among all persons of distinction through the whole kingdom.

I own the thought was ingenious, and my friend's intention good: but I cannot agree to his proposal; for Mr. CIBBER himself allowed, that the subjects handled in my work being so numerous and extensive, it would be absolutely impossible for one, two, or even six comedies to contain them. From whence it will follow, that many admirable and essential rules for polite conversation must be omitted.

And here let me do justice to my friend Mr. TIBBALDS, who plainly confessed before Mr. CIBBER himself, that such a project, as it would be a great diminution to my honour, so it would intolerably mangle my scheme, and thereby destroy the principal end at which I aimed, to form a complete body or system of this most useful science in all its parts. And therefore Mr. TIBBALDS, whose judgment was never disputed, chose rather to fall in with my proposal mentioned before of erecting publick schools and seminaries all over the kingdom to instruct the young people of both sexes in this art according to my rules, and in the method that I have laid down.

I shall conclude this long, but necessary introduction with a request, or indeed rather a just and reasonable demand from all lords, ladies, and gentlemen, that while they are entertaining and improving each other with those polite questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, which I have with infinite labour, and close application during the space of thirty-six years been collecting for their service and improvement, they shall, as an instance of gratitude, on every proper occasion quote my name after this or the like manner: *Madam, as our master WAGSTAFF says. My Lord, as our friend WAGSTAFF has it.* I do likewise expect, that all my pupils shall drink my health every day at dinner and supper during my life; and that they, or their posterity shall continue the same ceremony to my *not inglorious memory*, after my decease, for ever.

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POLITE CONVERSATION, OR,
The M E N. The L A D I E S.
A COMPLETE
COLLECTION
OF

OF
POLITE and INGENIOUS
CONVERSATION.
IN SEVERAL DIALOGUES.

POLITE

The M E N.

The L A D I E S.

Lord SPARKISH.

Lady SMART.

Lord SMART.

Miss NOTABLE.

Sir JOHN LINGER.

Lady ANSWERALL.

Mr. NEVEROUT.

Col. ATWITT.

A R G U M E N T.

Lord Sparkish and Colonel Atwitt meet in the morning upon the Mall: Mr. Neverout joins them; they all go to breakfast at Lady Smart's. Their conversation over their tea: after which they part; but my lord and the two gentlemen are invited to dinner. Sir John Linger invited likewise, and comes a little too late. The whole conversation at dinner: after which the ladies retire to their tea. The conversation of the ladies without the men, who are supposed to stay and drink a bottle; but in some time, go to the ladies and drink tea with them. The conversation there. After which a party at Quadrille until three in the morning; but no conversation set down. They all take leave, and go home.

POLITE

S M.

POLITE CONVERSATION, etc.*

St. JAMES'S PARK.

Lord Sparkish meeting Col. Atwit.

Col. **W**ELL met, my lord.

Ld. Sparkish. Thank ye, Colonel. A parson would have said, I hope we shall meet in heaven. When did you see *Tom Neverout*?

Col. He's just coming towards us. Talk of the devil ---

Neverout comes up.

Col. How do you do, *Tom*?

Neverout. Never the better for you.

Col. I hope you're never the worse: but pray where's your manners? don't you see my *Lord Sparkish*?

Neverout. My Lord, I beg your lordship's pardon.

Ld. Sparkish. *Tom*, how is it, that you can't see the wood for trees? What wind blew you hither?

Neverout. Why, my Lord, it is an ill wind blows no body good; for it gives me the honour of seeing your lordship.

Col. *Tom*, you must go with us to *Lady Smart's* to breakfast.

Neverout. Must! why Colonel, must's for the king.

[*Col. offering in jest to draw his sword.*]

Col. Have you spoke with all your friends?

Neverout. Colonel, as you're stout, be merciful.

* "I retired hither for the publick good, having two great works in hand; one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of *England* into a short system for

"the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour, etc." *Letters to and from D. Swift, at the end of Mr. Pope's works, letter liv.*

Ld.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, agree, agree; the law's costly.

[*Col. taking his hand from his hilt.*]

Col. Well, *Tom*, you are never the worse man to be afraid of me. Come along.

Neverout. What do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

I'll wait on you. I hope *Miss Notable* will be there; egad she's very handsome, and has wit at will.

Col. Why every one as they like, as the good woman said when she kifs'd her cow.

Lord Smart's house; they knock at the door; the Porter comes out.

Lord Sparkish. Pray, are you the porter?

Porter. Yes, for want of a better.

Ld. Sparkish. Is your lady at home?

Porter. She was at home just now; but she's not gone out yet.

Neverout. I warrant this rogue's tongue is well hung.

Lady Smart's antichamber.

Lady Smart, Lady Answerall, and Miss Notable at the tea-table.

Lady Smart. My Lord, your lordship's most humble servant.

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, you spoke too late; I was your ladyship's before.

Lady Smart. O! Colonel, are you here?

Col. As sure as you're there, Madam.

Lady Smart. Oh, Mr. *Neverout*! What such a man alive!

Neverout. Ay, madam, alive, and alive like to be, at your ladyship's service.

Lady Smart. Well, I'll get a knife, and nick it down that Mr. *Neverout* came to our house. And pray what news, Mr. *Neverout*?

Neverout. Why, madam, Queen *Elizabeth's* dead.

Lady Smart. Well: Mr. *Neverout*, I see you are no changeling.

Miss.

Miss Notable comes in.

Neverout. Miss, your slave: I hope your early rising will do you no harm. I find you are but just come out of the cloth market.

Miss. I always rise at eleven, whether it be day or no.

Col. Miss, I hope you are up for all day.

Miss. Yes, if I don't get a fall before night.

Col. Miss, I heard you were out of order; pray how are you now?

Miss. Pretty well, Colonel, I thank you.

Col. Pretty and well, Miss! that's two very good things.

Miss. I mean I am better than I was.

Neverout. Why then, 'tis well you were sick.

Miss. What! Mr. *Neverout*, you take me up before I'm down.

Lady Smart. Come let us leave off children's play, and go to push-pin.

Miss. [*To Lady Smart.*] Pray, madam, give me some more sugar to my tea.

Col. Oh! Miss, you must needs be very good-humour'd, you love sweet things so well.

Neverout. Stir it up with the spoon, Miss; for the deeper the sweeter.

Lady Smart. I assure you, Miss, the colonel has made you a great compliment.

Miss. I am sorry for it; for I have heard say, complimenting is lying.

Lady Smart. [*To Ld Sparkish*] My Lord, methinks the sight of you is good for sore eyes; if we had known of your coming, we would have strown rushes for you: how has your lordship done this long time?

Col. Faith, Madam, he's better in health than in good conditions.

Ld.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; I see there's no worse friend than one brings from home with one; and I am not the first man has carried a rod to whip himself.

Neverout. Here's poor Miss has not a word to throw at a dog. Come, a penny for your thoughts.

Miss. It is not worth a farthing; for I was thinking of you.

Col. rising up.

Lady Smart. Colonel, where are you going so soon? I hope you did not come to fetch fire.

Col. Madam, I must needs go home for half an hour.

Miss. Why, Colonel, they say, the devil's at home.

Lady Answ. Well, but sit while you stay, 'tis as cheap sitting as standing.

Col. No, madam, while I'm standing I'm going.

Miss. Nay, let him go; I promise him we won't tear his cloaths to hold him.

Lady Smart. I suppose, Colonel, we keep you from better company, I mean only as to myself.

Col. Madam, I am all obedience.

Col. sits down.

Lady Smart. Lord, Miss, how can you drink your tea so hot? fure your mouth's pav'd.

How do you like this tea, Colonel?

Col. Well enough, Madam; but methinks it is a little more-ish.

Lady Smart. Oh Colonel! I understand you. *Betty* bring the canister: I have but very little of this tea left; but I don't love to make two wants of one; want when I have it, and want when I have it not. He, he, he, he. [*Laughs.*]

Lady Answ. [*to the maid*] Why, fure, *Betty*, you are bewitched, the cream is burnt to.

Betty. Why, Madam, the bishop has set his foot in it.

Lady

Lady Smart. Go, run girl, and warm some fresh cream.

Betty. Indeed, Madam, there's none left; for the cat has eaten it all.

Lady Smart. I doubt it was a cat with two legs.

Miss. Colonel, don't you love bread and butter with your tea?

Col. Yes, in a morning, Miss: for they say, butter is gold in a morning, silver at noon, but it is lead at night.

Neverout. Miss, the weather is so hot, that my butter melts on my bread.

Lady Answ. Why, butter, I've heard 'em say, is mad twice a year.

Ld Sparkish. [to the maid] Mrs. Betty, how does your body politick?

Col. Fie, my Lord, you'll make Mrs. Betty blush.

Lady Smart. Blush! ay, blush like a blue dog.

Neverout. Pray, Mrs. Betty, are you not Tom Johnson's daughter?

Betty. So my mother tells me, Sir.

Ld. Sparkish. But, Mrs. Betty, I hear you are in love.

Betty. My Lord, I thank God, I hate nobody; I am in charity with all the world.

Lady Smart. Why, wench, I think thy tongue runs upon wheels this morning: how came you by that scratch upon your nose? have you been fighting with the cats?

Col. [to miss.] Miss, when will you be married?

Miss. One of these odd-come-shortly's, Colonel.

Neverout. Yes; they say the match is half made, the spark is willing, but miss is not.

Miss. I suppose the gentleman has got his own consent for it.

Lady Answ. Pray, my Lord, did you walk through the Park in the rain?

Ld. Sparkish. Yes, madam, we were neither sugar nor salt, we were not afraid the rain would melt us. He, he, he. [Laugh.

N

Col.

Col. It rain'd, and the fun shone at the same time.

Neverout. Why, then the devil was beating his wife behind the door with a shoulder of mutton. [*Laugh.*]

Col. A blind man would be glad to see that.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, methinks you stand in your own light.

Neverout. Ah! Madam, I have done so all my life.

Ld. Sparkish. I'm sure he sits in mine: Prithee, *Tom*, sit a little farther: I believe your father was no glazier.

Lady Smart. Miss, dear Girl, fill me out a dish of tea, for I'm very lazy.

Miss fills a dish of tea, sweetens it, and then tastes it.

Lady Smart. What, miss, will you be my taster?

Miss. No, madam; but they say 'tis an ill cook that can't lick her own fingers.

Neverout. Pray Miss fill me another.

Miss. Will you have it now, or stay till you get it?

Lady Answ. But, colonel, they say you went to court last night very drunk: nay, I'm told for certain, you had been among the *Philistines*: no wonder the cat wink'd, when both her eyes were out.

Col. Indeed, Madam, that's a lye.

Lady Answ. 'Tis better I should lye than you should lose your manners: besides, I don't lie, I sit.

Neverout. O faith, Cololonel, you must own you had a drop in your eye: when I left you you were half seas over.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, I fear *Lady Answerall* can't live long, she has so much wit.

Neverout. No; she can't live, that's certain; but she may linger thirty or forty years.

Miss. Live long! ay, longer than a cat or a dog, or a better thing.

Lady

Lady Answ. Oh! miss, you must give your vardi too!

Ld. Sparkish. Miss, shall I fill you another dish of tea?

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I have drank enough.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, it will do you more good than a month's fasting; here take it.

Miss. No, I thank your lordship; enough's as good as a feast.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; but if you always say no, you'll never be married.

Lady Answ. Do, my lord, give her a dish; for, they say, maids will say no and take it.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; and I dare say, miss is a maid in thought, word, and deed.

Neverout. I would not take my oath of that.

Miss. Pray, Sir, speak for yourself.

Lady Smart. Fie Miss; they say maids should be seen, and not heard.

Lady Answ. Good miss, stir the fire, that the tea-kettle may boil.--- You have done it very well; now it burns purely... Well, miss, you'll have a chearful husband.

Miss. Indeed, your ladyship could have stirred it much better.

Lady Answ. I know that very well, hussy; but I won't keep a dog and bark myself.

Neverout. What! you are sick, miss.

Miss. Not at all; for her ladyship meant you.

Neverout. Oh! faith, miss, you are in lob's-pound; get out as you can.

Miss. I won't quarrel with my bread and butter for all that; I know when I'm well.

Lady Answ. Well; but miss ---

Neverout. Ah! dear madam, let the matter fall; take pity on poor miss; don't throw water on a drowned rat.

Miss. Indeed, Mr. *Neverout*, you should be cut for the simples th is morning: say a word more and you had as good eat your nails.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, miss, will you be so good as to favour us with a song?

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I can't; for I have a great cold.

Col. Oh! Miss, they say all good fingers have colds.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, madam, does not miss sing very well

Lady Answ. She sings, as one may say, my lord.

Miss. I hear Mr. *Neverout* has a very good voice.

Col. Yes, *Tom* sings well, but his luck's naught.

Neverout. Faith, colonel, you hit yourself a devilish box on the ear.

Col. Miss, will you take a pinch of snuff.

Miss. No, colonel, you must know that I never take snuff but when I'm angry.

Lady Answ. Yes, yes, she can take snuff, but she has never a box to put it in.

Miss. Pray, colonel, let me see that box.

Col. Madam, there's never a C upon it.

Miss. May be there is, colonel.

Col. Ay, but May-Bees don't fly now, miss.

Neverout. Colonel, why so hard upon poor miss? Don't set your wit against a child; miss, give me a blow, and I'll beat him.

Miss. So she pray'd me to tell you.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, my lady *Smart*, what kin are you to lord *Pozz*?

Lady Smart. Why, his grandmother and mine had four elbows.

Lady Answ. Well, methinks here's a silent meeting. Come, miss, hold up your head, girl; there's money bid for you.

[*Miss starts.*

Miss. Lord, madam, you frighten me out of my seven senses!

Ld. Sparkish. Well, I must be going.

Lady Answ. I have seen hastier people than you stay all night.

Col. [to *Lady Smart.*] *Tom Neverout* and I are to leap to-morrow for a guinea.

Miss.

Miss. I believe, colonel, Mr. *Neverout* can leap at a crust better than you.

Neverout. Miss, your tongue runs before your wit; nothing can tame you but a husband.

Miss. Peace! I think I hear the church clock.

Neverout. Why you know, as the fool thinks ---

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, your handkerchief's fallen.

Miss. Let him set his foot on it, that it may'nt fly in his face.

Neverout. Well, miss ---

Miss. Ay, ay! many a one says well that thinks ill.

Neverout. Well, miss, I'll think on this.

Miss. That's rhyme, if you take it in time.

Neverout. What! I see you are a poet.

Miss. Yes; if I had but the wit to shew it.

Neverout. Miss, will you be so kind as to fill me a dish of tea.

Miss. Pray let your betters be serv'd before you; I'm just going to fill one for myself; and, you know, the parson always christens his own child first.

Neverout. But I saw you fill one just now for the colonel: well, I find kissing goes by favour.

Miss. But pray, Mr. *Neverout*, what lady was that you were talking with in the side-box last *Tuesday*?

Neverout. Miss, can you keep a secret?

Miss. Yes, I can.

Neverout. Well, miss, and so can I.

Col. Odd-so! I have cut my thumb with this cursed knife!

Lady Answ. Ay; that was your mother's fault, because she only warn'd you not to cut your fingers.

Lady Smart. No, no; 'tis only fools cut their fingers, but wife folks cut their thumbs.---

Miss. I'm sorry for it, but I can't cry.

Col. Don't you think miss is grown?

Lady Answ. Ay, ill weeds grow apace.

A puff of smoke comes down the chimney.

Lady Answ. Lord, madam, does your ladyship's chimney smoke?

Col. No, madam; but they say smoke always pursues the fair, and your ladyship sat nearest.

Lady Smart. Madam, do you love Bohea tea?

Lady Answ. Why, madam, I must confess I do love it, but it does not love me.

Miss [to lady Smart.] Indeed, madam, your ladyship is very sparing of your tea: I protest, the last I took was no more than water bewitch'd.

Col. Pray, miss, if I may be so bold, what lover gave you that fine etuy?

Miss. Don't you know? then keep counsel.

Lady Answ. I'll tell you, colonel, who gave it her; it was the best lover she will ever have while she lives, her own dear papa.

Neverout. Methinks, miss, I don't much like the colour of that ribbon.

Miss. Why then, Mr. *Neverout*, do you see, if you don't much like it, you may look off of it.

Ld. Sparkish. I don't doubt, madam, but your ladyship has heard that Sir *John Brisk* has got an employment at court.

Lady Smart. Yes, yes; and I warrant he thinks himself no small fool now.

Neverout. Yet, madam, I have heard some people take him for a wise man.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; some are wise, and some are otherwise.

Lady Answ. Do you know him, Mr. *Neverout*?

Neverout. Know him! ay, as well as the beggar knows his dish.

Col. Well; I can only say that he has better luck than honest folk: but pray, how came he to get this employment?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, by chance, as the man kill'd the devil.

Ne-

Neverout. Why, miss, you are in a brown study ; what's the matter? methinks you look like mum-chance, that was hang'd for saying nothing.

Miss. I'd have you to know, I scorn your words.

Neverout. Well; but scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Miss. Well; my comfort is, your tongue is no slander. What! you would not have one be always on the high grin.

Neverout. Cry map-sticks, madam; no offence I hope.

[Lady Smart breaks a tea-cup.]

Lady Answ. Lord, madam, how came you to break your cup.

Lady Smart. I can't help it, if I would cry my eyes out.

Miss. Why sell it, madam, and buy a new one with some of the money.

Col. 'Tis a folly to cry for spilt milk.

Lady Smart. Why, if things did not break or wear out, how would tradesmen live?

Miss. Well; I am very sick, if any body car'd for it.

Neverout. Come, then, miss, e'en make a die of it, and then we shall have a burying of our own.

Miss. The devil take you, *Neverout*, besides all small curses.

Lady Answ. Marry come up, what, plain *Neverout*! methinks you might have an M under your girdle, miss.

Lady Smart. Well, well, naught's never in danger; I warrant, miss will spit in her hand, and hold fast. Colonel, do you like this bisket?

Col. I'm like all fools; I love every thing that's good.

Lady Smart. Well, and isn't it pure good?

Col. 'Tis better than a worfe.

Footman brings the colonel a letter.

Lady Answ. I suppose, colonel, that's a billet-doux from your mistress.

Col.

Col. Egad, I don't know whence it comes; but whoe'er writ it, writes a hand like a foot.

Miss. Well, you may make a secret of it, but we can spell, and put together.

Neverout. Miss, what spells b double uzzard?

Miss. Buzzard in your teeth, Mr. *Neverout*.

Lady Smart. Now you are up, Mr. *Neverout*, will you do me the favour, to do me the kindness, to take off the tea-kettle?

Ld Sparkish. I wonder what makes these bells ring.

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, I suppose, because they pull the ropes. [Here all laugh.

Neverout plays with a tea-cup.

Miss. Now a child would have cried half an hour before it would have found out such a pretty play-thing.

Lady Smart. Well said, miss: I vow, Mr. *Neverout*, the girl is too hard for you.

Neverout. Ay, miss will say any thing but her prayers, and those she whistles.

Miss. Pray, colonel, make me a present of that pretty pen-knife.

Ld Sparkish. Ay, miss, catch him at that and hang him.

Col. Not for the world, dear miss; it will cut love.

Ld. Sparkish. Colonel, you shall be married first, I was just going to say that.

Lady Smart. Well, but for all that, I can tell who is a great admirer of miss: pray, miss, how do you like Mr. *Spruce*? I swear I have often seen him cast a sheep's eye out of a calf's head at you: deny it if you can.

Miss. Oh! madam; all the world knows that Mr. *Spruce* is a general lover.

Col. Come, miss, 'tis too true to make a jest on. [*Miss blushes.*

Lady Answ. Well, however, blushing is some sign of grace.

Ne-

Neverout. Miss says nothing; but I warrant she pays it off with thinking.

Miss. Well, ladies and gentlemen, you are pleas'd to divert yourselves; but, as I hope to be sav'd, there's nothing in it.

Lady Smart. Touch a gall'd horse, and he'll wince: love will creep where it dare not go: I'd hold a hundred pound Mr. *Neverout* was the inventor of that story; and, colonel, I doubt you had a finger in the pye.

Lady Answ. But, colonel, you forgot to salute miss when you came in; she said you had not been here a long time.

Miss. Fie, madam! I vow, colonel, I said no such thing; I wonder at your ladyship!

Col. Miss, I beg your pardon ---

Goes to salute her, she struggles a little.

Miss. Well, I'd rather give a knave a kiss for once than be troubled with him; but, upon my word, you are more bold than welcome.

Lady Smart. Fie, fie, miss! for shame of the world, and speech of good people.

Neverout to Miss, who is cooking her tea and bread and butter.

Neverout. Come, come, miss, make much of naught; good folks are scarce.

Miss. What! and you must come in with your two eggs a penny, and three of them rotten.

Col. [*to Ld. Sparkish.*] But, my lord, I forgot to ask you, how you like my new cloaths?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, very well, colonel; only, to deal plainly with you, methinks the worst piece is in the middle.

[*Here a loud laugh often repeated.*]

Col. My lord, you are too severe on your friends.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*, I'm hot, are you a sot?

O

Ne-

Neverout. Miss, I'm cold, are you a scold? take you that.

Lady Smart. I confess that was home. I find, Mr. *Neverout*, you won't give your head for the washing, as they say.

Miss. Oh! he's a fore man where the skin's off. I see Mr. *Neverout* has a mind to sharpen the edge of his wit on the whetstone of my ignorance.

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, *Tom*, you are struck! I never heard a better thing.

Neverout. Pray, miss, give me leave to scratch you for that fine speech.

Miss. Pox on your picture, it cost me a groat the drawing.

Neverout [*to Lady Smart.*] 'Sbuds, madam, I have burnt my hand with your plaguy tea-kettle.

Lady Smart. Why, then, Mr. *Neverout*, you must say, God save the king.

Neverout. Did you ever see the like?

Miss. Never but once, at a wedding.

Col. Pray, miss, how old are you?

Miss. Why, I'm as old as my tongue, and a little older than my teeth.

Ld. Sparkish. [*to Lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, is miss *Buxom* married? I hear 'tis all over the town.

Lady Answ. My lord, she's either married, or worse.

Col. If she be'nt married, at least she's lustily promis'd. But, is it certain that Sir *John Blunderbuss* is dead at last?

Ld. Sparkish. Yes, or else he's sadly wrong'd, for they have buried him.

Miss. Why, if he be dead, he'll eat no more bread.

Col. But, is he really dead?

Lady Answ. Yes, colonel, as sure as you're alive ----

Col. They say he was an honest man.

Lady Answ. Yes, with good looking to.

Miss

Miss feels a pimple on her face.

Miss. Lord! I think my goodness is coming out. Madam, will your ladyship please to lend me a patch?

Neverout. Miss, if you are a maid, put your hand upon your spot.

Miss. --- There ---

Covering her face with both her hands.

Lady Smart. Well, thou art a mad girl. [*Gives her a tap.*

Miss. Lord, Madam, is that a blow to give a child?

Lady Smart lets fall her handkerchief, and the colonel stoops for it.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you shall have a better office.

Col. Oh, madam, I can't have a better than to serve your ladyship.

Col. [to Lady Sparkish] Madam, has your ladyship read the new play, written by a lord? it is call'd *Love in a hollow tree*.

Lady Sparkish. No, colonel.

Col. Why, then your ladyship has one pleasure to come.

Miss sighs.

Neverout. Pray, miss, why do you sigh?

Miss. To make a fool ask, and you are the first.

Neverout. Why, miss, I find there is nothing but a bit and a blow with you.

Lady Answ. Why, you must know, miss is in love.

Miss. I wish, my head may never ache till that day.

Ld. Sparkish. Come miss, never sigh, but send for him.

Lady Smart and Lady Answerall speaking together.

If he be hang'd, he'll come hopping, and if he be drown'd, he'll come dropping.

Miss. Well, I swear you'll make one die with laughing.

Miss plays with a tea-cup, and Neverout plays with another.

Neverout. Well; I see, one fool makes many.

Miss. And you are the greatest fool of any.

Neverout. Pray, miss, will you be so kind to tie this string for me with your fair hands? it will go all in your day's work.

Miss. Marry, come up, indeed; tie it yourself, you have as many hands as I; your man's man will have a fine office truly: come, pray stand out of my spitting-place.

Neverout. Well; but miss, don't be angry.

Miss. No; I was never angry in my life but once, and then no body car'd for it, so I resolv'd never to be angry again.

Neverout. Well; but if you'll tie it, you shall never know what I'll do for you.

Miss. So I suppose, truly.

Neverout. Well; but I'll make you a fine present one of these days.

Miss. Ay; when the devil's blind, and his eyes are not fore yet.

Neverout. No, miss, I'll send it you tomorrow.

Miss. Well, well: to morrow's a new day; but I suppose, you mean to-morrow come never.

Neverout. Oh! 'tis the prettiest thing: I assure you, there came but two of them over in three ships.

Miss. Would I could see it, quoth blind *Hugh*. But why did you not bring me a present of snuff this morning?

Neverout. Because, miss, you never ask'd me; and 'tis an ill dog, that's not worth whistling for.

Ld. Sparkish [to Lady Answ.] Pray, madam, how came your ladyship last *Thursday* to go to that odious puppet-show?

Col. Why, to be sure, her ladyship went to see, and to be seen.

Lady Answ. You have made a fine speech, colonel: pray, what will you take for your mouth-piece?

Ld.

Ld. Sparkish. Take that, colonel: but, pray, madam, was my lady *Snuff* there? They say she's extremely handsome.

Lady Smart. They must not see with my eyes, that think so.

Neverout. She may pass muster well enough.

Lady Answ. Pray how old do you take her to be?

Col. Why, about five or six and twenty.

Miss. I swear she's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day.

Lady Answ. Depend upon it, she'll never see five and thirty, and a bit to spare.

Col. Why they say, she's one of the chief toasts in town.

Lady Smart. Ay, when all the rest are out of it.

Miss. Well; I woud'nt be as sick as she's proud for all the world.

Lady Answ. She looks, as if butter woud'nt melt in her mouth, but I warrant, cheese won't choak her. I hear my lord What d'ye call him is courting her.

Ld. Sparkish. What lord d'ye mean, *Tom*?

Miss. Why, my lord, I suppose Mr. *Neverout* means the lord of the Lord knows what.

Col. They say she dances very fine.

Lady Answ. She did; but I doubt her dancing days are over.

Col. I can't pardon her for her rudeness to me.

Lady Smart. Well; but you must forget and forgive.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Did you call *Betty*?

Footman. She's coming, madam.

Lady Smart. Coming! ay, so is *Christmas*.

Betty comes in.

Lady Smart. Come, get ready my things. Where has the wench been these three hours?

Betty

Betty. Madam, I can't go faster, than my legs will carry me.

Lady Smart. Ay, thou hast a head, and so has a pin. But, my lord, all the town has it, that Miss *Caper* is to be married to Sir *Peter Giball*; one thing is certain, that she hath promis'd to have him.

Ld. Sparkish. Why madam, you know, promises are either broken or kept.

Lady Answ. I beg your pardon, my lord; promises and pyecraft are made to be broken.

Lady Smart. Nay, I had it from my lady *Carry-lye's* own mouth. I tell you my tale and my tale's author; if it be a lye, you had it as cheap as I.

Lady Answ. She and I had some words last *Sunday* at church; but I think I gave her her own.

Lady Smart. Her tongue runs like the clapper of a mill; she talks enough for herself and all the company.

Neverout. And yet she simpers like a firmity-kettle.

Miss looking in a glass.

Miss. Lord, how my head is drest to-day!

Col. Oh, madam! a good face needs no band.

Miss. No; and a bad one deserves none.

Col. Pray, miss, where is your old acquaintance Mrs. *Wayward*?

Miss. Why, where should she be; you must needs know; she's in her skin.

Col. I can answer that: what if you were as far out as she's in? ---

Miss. Well, I promis'd to go this evening to *Hyde-Park* on the water; but I protest I'm half afraid.

Neverout. Never fear, miss; you have the old proverb on your side, Naught's ne'er in danger.

Col. Why, miss, let *Tom Neverout* wait on you; and then I warrant,

warrant, you'll be as safe as a thief in a mill; for you know, He that's born to be hang'd, will never be drowned.

Neverout. Thank you, colonel, for your good word; but faith, if ever I hang, it shall be about a fair lady's neck.

Lady Smart. Who's there? Bid the children be quiet, and not laugh so loud.

Lady Answ. Oh, madam, let 'em laugh, they'll ne'er laugh younger.

Neverout. Miss, I'll tell you a secret, if you'll promise never to tell it again.

Miss. No, to be sure; I'll tell it to nobody but friends and strangers.

Neverout. Why then, there's some dirt in my tea-cup.

Miss. Come, come, the more there's in't, the more there's on't.

Lady Answ. Poh! you must eat a peck of dirt before you die.

Col. Ay, ay; it goes all one way.

Neverout. Pray, miss, what's a clock?

Miss. Why, you must know, 'tis a thing like a bell, and you are a fool that can't tell.

Neverout. [to *Lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, do you tell me; for I have let my watch run down.

Lady Answ. Why, 'tis half an hour past hanging-time.

Col. Well; I'm like the butcher that was looking for his knife, and had it in his mouth: I have been searching my pockets for my snuff-box, and, egad, here it is in my hand.

Miss. If it had been a bear, it would have bit you, colonel: well, I wish I had such a snuff-box.

Neverout. You'll be long enough before you wish your skin full of eyelet-holes.

* *Col.* Wish in one hand ---

* This sentence is remarkably characteristic and beautiful; by the first it appears that miss knew the rest, and by the latter, that in the same breath she laboured to conceal her knowledge.

Miss.

Miss. Out upon you : Lord, what can the man mean?

Ld. Sparkish. This tea's very hot.

Lady Answ. Why, it came from a hot place, my lord.

Colonel spills his tea.

Lady Smart. That's as well done, as if I had done it myself.

Col. Madam, I find you live by ill neighbours, when you are forc'd to praise yourself.

Lady Smart. So they pray'd me to tell you.

Neverout. Well, I won't drink a drop more; if I do, 'twill go down like chopt hay.

Miss. Pray don't say no, till you are ask'd.

Neverout. Well, what you please, and the rest again.

Miss stooping for a pin.

Miss. I have heard 'em say, that a pin a day is a groat a year. Well, as I hope to be married, forgive me for swearing, I vow 'tis a needle.

Col. Oh! the wonderful works of nature, that a black hen should lay a white egg!

Neverout. What! you have found a mare's nest, and laugh at the eggs?

Miss. Pray keep your breath to cool your porridge.

Neverout. Miss, there was a very pleasant accident last night at St. James's Park.

Miss. [to *Lady Smart.*] What was it your ladyship was going to say just now?

Neverout. Well, miss; tell a mare a tale.---

Miss. I find you love to hear yourself talk.

Neverout. Why, if you won't hear my tale, kiss my, etc.

Miss. Out upon you for a filthy creature!

Neverout. What, miss! must I tell you a story, and find you ears?

Ld.

Ld. Sparkish [to *Lady Smart*.] Pray, madam, don't you think *Mrs. Spendall* very genteel?

Lady Smart. Why, my lord, I think she was cut out for a gentlewoman, but she was spoil'd in the making: she wears her cloaths as if they were thrown on her with a pitch-fork; and, for the fashion, I believe they were made in the reign of *Queen Bess*.

Neverout. Well, that's neither here nor there; for you know, the more careless the more modish.

Col. Well, I'd hold a wager there will be a match between her and *Dick Dolt*: and I believe I can see as far into a mill-stone as another man.

Miss. Colonel, I must beg your pardon a thousand times; but they say, an old ape has an old eye.

Neverout. Miss, what do you mean! you'll spoil the colonel's marriage, if you call him old.

Col. Not so old, nor yet so cold---You know the rest miss.

Miss. Manners is a fine thing, truly.

Col. Faith, miss, depend upon it, I'll give you as good as you bring: what! if you give a jest, you must take a jest.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, you'll ne'er have done till you break that knife, and then the man won't take it again.

Miss. Why, madam, fools will be meddling; I wish he may cut his fingers. I hope you can see your own blood without fainting.

Neverout. Why, miss, you shine this morning like a sh---n barn-door: you'll never hold out at this rate; pray save a little wit for to-morrow.

Miss. Well, you have said your say; if people will be rude, I have done; my comfort is, 'twill be all one a thousand year hence.

Neverout. Miss, you have shot your bolt: I find you must have the last word --- Well, I'll go to the opera to-night---No, I can't neither, for I have some business---and yet I think I must; for I promis'd to squire the countess to her box.

Miss. The countess of *Puddledock*, I suppose.

Neverout. Peace, or war, miss?

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, you'll never be mad, you are of so many minds.

As Miss rises, the chair falls behind her.

Miss. Well; I shan't be lady-mayorefs this year.

Neverout. No, miss, 'tis worse than that; you won't be married this year.

Miss. Lord! you make me laugh, tho' I an't well.

Neverout, as Miss is standing, pulls her suddenly on his lap.

Neverout. Now, colonel, come, sit down on my lap; more sacks upon the mill.

Miss. Let me go? ar'n't you sorry for my heaviness?

Neverout. No, miss; you are very light; but I don't say you are a light huffy. Pray take up the chair for your pains.

Miss. 'Tis but one body's labour, you may do it yourself; I wish you would be quiet, you have more tricks than a dancing bear.

Neverout rises to take up the chair, and Miss sits in his.

Neverout. You wou'dn't be so soon in my grave, madam.

Miss. Lord! I have torn my petticoat with your odious romping; my rents are coming in; I'm afraid I shall fall into the ragman's hands.

Neverout. I'll mend it, miss.

Miss. You mend it! go, teach your grannam to suck eggs.

Neverout. Why, miss, you are so cross, I could find in my heart to hate you.

Miss. With all my heart; there will be no love lost between us.

Neverout. But pray, my lady *Smart*, does not miss look as if she could eat me without salt?

Miss. I'll make you one day sup sorrow for this.

Ne-

Neverout. Well, follow your own way, you'll live the longer.

Miss. See, madam, how well I have mended it.

Lady Smart. 'Tis indifferent, as *Doll* danc'd.

Neverout. 'Twill last as many nights as days.

Miss. Well, I knew I should never have your good word.

Lady Smart. My lord, my lady *Answerall* and I was walking in the Park last night till near eleven; 'twas a very fine night.

Neverout. Egad, so was I; and I'll tell you a comical accident; egad, I lost my understanding.

Miss. I'm glad you had any to lose.

Lady Smart. Well, but what do you mean?

Neverout. Egad, I kick'd my foot against a stone, and tore off the heel of my shoe, and was forc'd to limp to a cobbler in the *Pall Mall* to have it put on. He, he, he, he. [*All laugh.*]

Col. Oh! 'twas a delicate night to run away with another man's wife.

Neverout sneezes.

Miss. God bless you, if you han't taken snuff.

Neverout. Why, what if I have, miss?

Miss. Why then, the duce take you.

Neverout. Miss, I want that diamond ring of yours.

Miss. Why then, want's like to be your master.

Neverout looking at the ring.

Neverout. Ay, marry, this is not only, but also; where did you get it?

Miss. Why, where 'twas to be had; where the devil got the friar.

Neverout. Well; if I had such a fine diamond ring, I woud'nt stay a day in *England*: but you know, far-fetch'd and dear-bought is fit for ladies. I warrant, this cost your father two-pence half-penny.

Miss sitting between Neverout and the Colonel.

Miss. Well ; here's a rose between two nettles.

Neverout. No, madam ; with submission, here's a nettle between two roses.

Colonel stretching himself.

Lady Smart. Why, colonel, you break the king's laws ; you stretch without a halter.

Lady Answ. Colonel, some ladies of your acquaintance have promis'd to breakfast with you, and I am to wait on them ; what will you give us ?

Col. Why, faith, madam, batchelors fare ; bread and cheefe and kisses.

Lady Answ. Poh ! what have you batchelors to do with your money, but to treat the ladies ? you have nothing to keep, but your own four quarters.

Lady Smart. My lord, has captain *Brag* the honour to be related to your lordship ?

Ld. Sparkish. Very nearly, madam ; he's my cousin-german quite remov'd.

Lady Answ. Pray is he not rich ?

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, a rich rogue, two shirts and a rag.

Col. Well, however, they say he has a great estate, but only the right owner keeps him out of it.

Lady Smart. What religion is he of ?

Ld. Sparkish. Why he is an *Anythingarian*.

Lady Answ. I believe he has his religion to chuse, my lord.

Neverout scratches his head.

Miss. Fie, Mr. *Neverout*, ar'n't you asham'd ! I beg pardon for the expreffion, but I'm afraid your bosom-friends are become your back-biters.

Ne-

Neverout. Well, miss, I saw a flea once on your pinner, and a louse is a man's companion, but a flea is a dog's companion: however, I wish you would scratch my neck with your pretty white hand.

Miss. And who would be fool then? I woud'n't touch a man's flesh for the universe. You have the wrong sow by the ear, I assure you; that's meat for your master.

Neverout. Miss *Notable*, all quarrels laid aside, pray step hither for a moment.

Miss. I'll wash my hands and wait on you, sir; but pray come hither, and try to open this lock.

Neverout. We'll try what we can do.

Miss. We! --- what have you pigs in your belly.

Neverout. Miss, I assure you, I am very handy at all things.

Miss. Marry, hang them that can't give themselves a good word: I believe you may have an even hand to throw a louse in the fire.

Col. Well, I must be plain; here's a very bad smell.

Miss. Perhaps, colonel, the fox is the finder.

Neverout. No, colonel; 'tis only your teeth against rain: but---

Miss. Colonel, I find you would make a very bad poor man's sow.

Colonel coughing.

Col. I have got a sad cold.

Lady Answ. Ay; 'tis well if one can get any thing these hard times.

Miss. [*To Col.*] Choak, chicken, there's more a hatching.

Lady Smart. Pray, colonel, how did you get that cold?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, madam, I suppose the colonel got it by lying a bed barefoot.

Lady Answ. Why then, colonel, you must take it for better for worse, as a man takes his wife.

Col.

Col. Well, ladies, I apprehend you without a constable.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*! Mr. *Neverout*! come hither this moment.

Lady Smart. [*imitating her*] Mr. *Neverout*! Mr. *Neverout*! I wish he were tied to your girdle.

Neverout. What's the matter! whose mare's dead now?

Miss. Take your labour for your pains; you may go back again, like a fool as you came.

Neverout. Well, miss, if you deceive me a second time, 'tis my fault.

Lady Smart. Colonel, methinks your coat is too short.

Col. It will be long enough before I get another, madam.

Miss. Come, come; the coat's a good coat, and come of good friends.

Neverout. Ladies, you are mistaken in the stuff; 'tis half silk.

Col. Tom Neverout, you are a fool, and that's your fault.

A great noise below.

Lady Smart. Hey! what a clattering is here! one would think hell was broke loose.

Miss. Indeed, madam, I must take my leave, for I a'n't well.

Lady Smart. What! you are sick of the mulligrubs with eating chopt hay?

Miss. No, indeed, madam; I'm sick and hungry, more need of a cook than a doctor.

Lady Answ. Poor miss! she's sick as a cushion, she wants nothing but stuffing.

Col. If you are sick, you shall have a caudle of calf's eggs.

Neverout. I can't find my gloves.

Miss. I saw the dog running away with some dirty thing a while ago.

Col. Miss, you have got my handkerchief; pray, let me have it.

Lady

Lady Smart. No; keep it miss; for they say, possession is eleven points of the law.

Miss. Madam, he shall ne'er have it again; 'tis in hucksters hands.

Lady Answ. What! I see 'tis raining again.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, then, madam, we must do as they do in Spain.

Miss. Pray, my lord, how is that?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, madam, we must let it rain.

Miss whispers Lady Smart.

Neverout. There's no whispering, but there's lying.

Miss. Lord! Mr. *Neverout*, you are as pert as a pear-monger this morning.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you are very handsome.

Miss. Poh! I know that already; tell me news.

Somebody knocks at the door.

Footman comes in.

Footman [to Col.] An please your honour, there's a man below wants to speak to you.

Col. Ladies, your pardon for a minute. *[Col. goes out.]*

Lady Smart. Miss, I sent yesterday to know how you did, but you were gone abroad early.

Miss. Why, indeed, madam, I was hunch'd up in a hackney-coach with three country acquaintance, who call'd upon me to take the air as far as *Highbgate*.

Lady Smart. And had you a pleasant airing?

Miss. No, madam; it rain'd all the time; I was jolted to death, and the road was so bad, that I scream'd every moment, and call'd to the coachman, pray, friend, don't spill us.

Neverout. So, miss, you were afraid, that pride wou'd have a fall.

Miss.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*, when I want a fool, I'll send for you.

Ld. Sparkish. Miss, did'n't your left ear burn last night?

Miss. Pray why, my lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because I was then in some company where you were extoll'd to the skies, I assure you.

Miss. My lord, that was more their goodness than my desert.

Ld. Sparkish. They said, that you were a compleat beauty.

Miss. My lord, I am as God made me.

Lady Smart. The girl's well enough, if she had but another nose.

Miss. Oh! madam, I know I shall always have your good word; you love to help a lame dog over the stile.

One knocks.

Lady Smart. Who's there? you're on the wrong side of the door; come in, if you be fat.

Colonel comes in again.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, colonel, you are a man of great business.

Col. Ay, ay, my lord, I'm like my lord-mayor's fool, full of business, and nothing to do.

Lady Smart. My lord, don't you think the colonel's mightily fall'n away of late?

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, fall'n from a horse-load to a cart-load.

Col. Why, my lord, egad I am like a rabbit, fat and lean in four and twenty hours.

Lady Smart. I assure you, the colonel walks as strait as a pin.

Miss. Yes; he's a handsome-body'd man in the face.

Neverout. A handsome foot and leg: God-a-mercy shoe and stocking!

Col. What! three upon one! that's foul play: this would make a parson swear.

Neverout. Why, miss, what's the matter? you look as if you had neither won nor lost.

Col.

Col. Why, you must know, miss lives upon love.

Miss. Yes, upon love and lumps of the cupboard.

Lady Answ. Ay; they say love and peas-porridge are two dangerous things; one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Miss. [*imitating Lady Answerall's tone*] Very pretty! one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Lady Answ. Have a care; they say, mocking is catching.

Miss. I never heard that.

Neverout. Why, then, miss, you have a wrinkle --- more than ever you had before.

Miss. Well; live and learn.

Neverout. Ay; and be hang'd, and forget all.

Miss. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, take it as you please; but I swear, you are a faucy jack to use such expressions.

Neverout. Why then, miss, if you go to that, I must tell you there's ne'er a jack but there's a jill.

Miss. Oh! Mr. *Neverout*, every body knows that you are the pink of courtesy.

Neverout. And, miss, all the world allows, that you are the flower of civility.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear there was a great deal of company where you visited last night: pray, who were they?

Miss. Why, there was old lady *Forward*, miss *To-and-again*, Sir *John Ogle*, my lady *Clapper*, and I, quoth the dog.

Col. Was your visit long, miss?

Miss. Why, truly, they went all to the opera; and so poor *Pilgarlick* came home alone.

Neverout. Alack a-day, poor miss! methinks it grieves me to pity you.

Miss. What! you think, you said a fine thing now; well, if I had a dog with no more wit, I would hang him.

Ld. Smart. Miss, if it is manners, may I ask which is oldest, you or lady *Scuttle*?

Q

Miss.

Miss. Why, my lord, when I die for age, she may quake for fear.

Lady Smart. She's a very great gadder abroad.

Lady Answ. Lord! she made me follow her last week through all the shops like a * Tantiny pig.

Lady Smart. I remember, you told me, you had been with her from *Dan* to *Bersheba*.

Colonel spits.

Col. Lord! I shall die; I cannot spit from me.

Miss. Oh! Mr. *Neverout*, my little *Countess* has just litter'd; speak me fair, and I'll set you down for a puppy.

Neverout. Why, miss, if I speak you fair, perhaps I mayn't tell truth.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, but *Tom*, smoke that, she calls you puppy by craft.

Neverout. Well, miss, you ride the fore-horse to-day.

Miss. Ay, many one says well, that thinks ill.

Neverout. Fie, miss; you said that once before; and, you know, too much of one thing is good for nothing.

Miss. Why, sure, we can't say a good thing too often.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, so much for that, and butter for fish; let us call another cause. Pray, madam, does your ladyship know Mrs. *Nice*?

Lady Smart. Perfectly well, my lord; she's nice by name, and nice by nature.

Ld. Sparkish. Is it possible she could take that booby *Tom Blunder* for love?

Miss. She had good skill in horse-flesh, that would chuse a goose to ride on.

* St. *Anthony's* pig: It being fabled of Saint *Anthony* the Hermit, that he wrought a miraculous cure on an hog, it became a custom in several places to tie a bell about the neck of a pig, and maintain it at the common charge in honour to his memory. Hence the proverb, To follow like a Tantiny-pig.

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, 'twas her fate ; they say, marriage and hanging go by destiny.

Col. I believe she'll never be burnt for a witch.

Ld. Sparkish. They say, marriages are made in heaven ; but I doubt, when she was married, she had no friend there.

Neverout. Well, she's got out of God's blessing into the warm fun.

Col. The fellow's well enough, if he had any guts in his brains.

Lady Smart. They say, thereby hangs a tale.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, he's a mere hobbledehoy, neither a man nor a boy.

Miss. Well, if I were to chuse a husband, I would never be married to a little man.

Neverout. Pray, why so, miss ? for they say, of all the evils we ought to chuse the least.

Miss. Because folks would say, when they saw us together, there goes the woman and her husband.

Col. [to *Lady Smart*] Will your ladyship be on the *Mall* to-morrow night ?

Lady Smart. No, that won't be proper ; you know to-morrow's *Sunday*.

Ld. Sparkish. What then, madam ? they say, the better day, the better deed.

Lady Answ. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, how do you like lady *Fruzz* ?

Neverout. Pox on her ! she's as old as *Poles* *.

Miss. So will you be, if you ben't hang'd when you're young.

Neverout. Come, miss, let us be friends : will you go to the park this evening ?

Miss. With all my heart, and a piece of my liver ; but not with you.

Lady Smart. I'll tell you one thing, and that's not two ; I'm afraid I shall get a fit of the head-ach to-day.

* For St *Paul's* church.

Col. Oh! madam, don't be afraid; it comes with a fright.

Miss [to *Lady Answ.*] madam, one of your ladyship's lappets is longer than t'other.

Lady Answ. Well, no matter; they that ride on a trotting horse will ne'er perceive it.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, your lappets hang worse.

Miss. Well, I love a lyar in my heart, and you fit me to a hair.

Miss rises up.

Neverout. Duce take you, miss; you trod on my foot: I hope you don't intend to come to my bed-side.

Miss. In troth, you are afraid of your friends, and none of them near you.

Ld. Sparkish. Well said, girl! [giving her a chuck] take that; they say, a chuck under the chin is worth two kisses.

Lady Answ. But, Mr. *Neverout*, I wonder why such a handsome, strait, young gentleman as you, don't get some rich widow.

Ld. Sparkish. Strait! ay, strait as my leg, and that's crooked at knee.

Neverout. Faith, Madam, if it rain'd rich widows, none of them would fall upon me. Egad, I was born under a three-penny planet, never to be worth a groat.

Lady Answ. No, Mr. *Neverout*; I believe you were born with a caul on your head; you are such a favourite among the ladies: but what think you of widow *Prim*? she's immensely rich.

Neverout. Hang her! they say her father was a baker.

Lady Smart. Ay; but it is not, what is she, but what has she, now-a-days.

Col. Tom, faith, put on a bold face for once, and have at the widow. I'll speak a good word for you to her.

Lady Answ. Ay; I warrant, you'll speak one word for him, and two for yourself.

Miss. Well; I had that at my tongue's end.

Lady

Lady Answ. Why, miss, they say, good wits jump.

Neverout. Faith, madam, I had rather marry a woman I lov'd, in her smock, than widow *Prim*, if she had her weight in gold.

Lady Smart. Come, come, Mr. *Neverout*, marriage is honourable, but house-keeping is a shrew.

Lady Answ. Consider, Mr. *Neverout*, four bare legs in a bed; and you are a younger brother.

Col. Well, madam; the younger brother is the better] gentleman: however, *Tom*, I would advise you to look before you leap.

Ld. Sparkish. The colonel says true; besides, you can't expect to wive and thrive in the same year.

Miss. [*shuddering.*] Lord! there's somebody walking over my grave.

Col. Pray, lady *Answerall*, where was you last *Wednesday*, when I did myself the honour to wait on you? I think your ladyship is one of the tribe of *Gad*.

Lady Answ. Why, colonel, I was at church.

Col. Nay, then will I be hang'd, and my horse too.

Neverout. I believe her ladyship was at a church with a chimney in it.

Miss. Lord, my petticoat! how it hangs by jommetry!

Neverout. Perhaps the fault may be in your shape.

Miss. [*looking gravely*] Come, Mr. *Neverout*, there's no jest like the true jest; but, I suppose you think my back's broad enough to bear every thing.

Neverout. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon.

Miss. Well, sir, your pardon's granted.

Neverout. Well, all things have an end, and a pudden has two, up up on me my-my word. [*stutters.*]

Miss. What! Mr. *Neverout*, can't you speak without a spoon?

Ld. Sparkish. [*to Lady Smart*] Has your ladyship seen the duchess since your falling out?

Lady

Lady Smart. Never, my lord, but once at a visit; and she look'd at me as the devil look'd over *Lincoln*.

Neverout. Pray, miss, take a pinch of my snuff.

Miss. What! you break my head, and give me a plaister; well, with all my heart; once, and not use it.

Neverout. Well, miss; if you wanted me and your victuals, you'd want your two best friends.

Col. [to Neverout.] Tom, miss and you must kiss and be friends.

Neverout salutes Miss.

Miss. Any thing for a quiet life: my nose itch'd, and I knew I should drink wine, or kiss a fool.

Col. Well, *Tom*, if that ben't fair, hang fair.

Neverout. I never said a rude thing to a lady in my life.

Miss. Here's a pin for that lye; I'm sure lyars had need have good memories. Pray, colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but just now?

Lady Answ. Mr. *Neverout*, if miss will be angry for nothing, take my counsel, and bid her turn the buckle of her girdle behind her.

Neverout. Come, lady *Answerall*, I know better things; miss and I are good friends; don't put tricks upon travellers.

Col. Tom, Not a word of the pudden, I beg you.

Lady Smart. Ah, colonel! you'll never be good, nor then neither.

Ld. Sparkish. Which of the good's d'ye mean? good for something, or good for nothing?

Miss. I have a blister on my tongue; yet I don't remember, I told a lye.

Lady Answ. I thought you did just now.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, madam, what did thought do?

Lady Answ. Well, for my life, I cannot conceive what your lordship means.

Ld.

Ld. Sparkish. Indeed, madam, I meant no harm.

Lady Smart. No, to be sure, my lord! you are as innocent as a devil of two years old.

Neverout. Madam, they say, ill doers are ill deemers; but I don't apply it to your ladyship.

Miss mending a hole in her lace.

Miss. Well, you see, I'm mending; I hope I shall be good in time; look, lady *Answerall*, is it not well mended?

Lady Answ. Ay, this is something like a tanfy.

Neverout. Faith, miss, you have mended it, as a tinker mends a kettle; stop one hole, and make two.

Lady Smart. Pray, colonel, are you not very much tann'd?

Col. Yes, madam; but a cup of *Christmas* ale will soon wash it off.

Ld. Sparkish. Lady *Smart*, does not your ladyship think Mrs. *Fade* is mightily alter'd since her marriage?

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, she was handsome in her time; but she cannot eat her cake and have her cake: I hear she's grown a mere otomy.

Lady Smart. Poor creature! the black ox has set his foot upon her already.

Miss. Ay; she has quite lost the blue on the plumb.

Lady Smart. And yet, they say, her husband is very fond of her still.

Lady Answ. Oh! madam; if she would eat gold, he would give it her.

Neverout. [to *Lady Smart*] madam, have you heard, that lady *Queasy* was lately at the playhouse *incog*?

Lady Smart. What! lady *Queasy* of all women in the world! Do you say it upon Rep?

Neverout. Poz, I saw her with my own eyes; she sat among the mob in the gallery; her own ugly fiz: and she saw me look at her.

Col.

Col. Her ladyship was plaguily bamb'd; I warrant it put her in-
to the hipps.

Neverout. I smoked her huge nose, and, egad, she put me in
mind of the woodcock, that strives to hide his long bill, and
then thinks nobody sees him.

Col. Tom, I advise you, hold your tongue; for you'll never
say so good a thing again.

Lady Smart. Miss, what are you looking for?

Miss. Oh! madam; I have lost the finest needle ---

Lady Answ. Why, seek till you find it, and then you won't
lose your labour.

Neverout. The loop of my hat is broke; how shall I mend it?
[*he fastens it with a pin*] Well, hang him, say I, that has no shift.

Miss. Ay, and hang him that has one too many.

Neverout. Oh! miss; I have heard a sad story of you.

Miss. I defy you, Mr. *Neverout*; nobody can say, black's my
eye.

Neverout. I believe, you wish they could.

Miss. Well; but who was your author? Come, tell truth, and
shame the devil.

Neverout. Come then, miss; guess who it was that told me;
come, put on your considering-cap.

Miss. Well, who was it?

Neverout. Why, one that lives within a mile of an oak.

Miss. Well, go hang yourself in your own garters; for I'm
sure, the gallows groans for you.

Neverout. Pretty miss! I was but in jest.

Miss. Well, but don't let that stick in your gizzard.

Col. My lord, does your lordship know Mrs. *Talkall*?

Ld. Sparkish. Only by sight; but I hear she has a great deal
of wit; and egad, as the saying is, mettle to the back.

Lady Smart. So I hear.

Col. Why *Dick Lubber* said to her t'other day, madam, you
can't

can't cry bo to a goose: yes, but I can, said she; and, egad, cry'd bo full in his face. We all thought we should break our hearts with laughing.

Ld. Sparkish. That was cutting with a vengeance: And pri-thee how did the fool look?

Col. Look! egad, he look'd for all the world like an owl in an ivy-bush.

A child comes in screaming.

Miss. Well, if that child was mine, I'd whip it till the blood came; peace, you little vixen! if I were near you, I would not be far from you.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; batchelors wives and maids children are finely tutor'd.

Lady Answ. Come to me, master; and I'll give you a sugar-plumb. Why, miss, you forget that ever you was a child yourself. [*She gives the child a lump of sugar.*] I have heard 'em say, boys will long.

Col. My lord, I suppose you know that Mr. *Buzzard* has married again?

Lady Smart. This is his fourth wife; then he has been shod round.

Col. Why, you must know, she had a month's mind to *Dick Frontless*, and thought to run away with him; but her parents forc'd her to take the old fellow for a good settlement.

Ld. Sparkish. So the man got his mare again.

Lady Smart. I'm told he said a very good thing to *Dick*; said he, You think us old fellows are fools; but we old fellows know young fellows are fools.

Col. I know nothing of that; but I know, he's devilish old, and she's very young.

Lady Answ. Why, they call that a match of the world's making.

R

Miss.

Miss. What if he had been young, and she old?

Neverout. Why, miss, that would have been a match of the devil's making; but when both are young, that's a match of God's making.

Miss searching her pockets for a thimble, brings out a nutmeg.

Neverout. Oh! miss, have a care; for if you carry a nutmeg in your pocket, you'll certainly be married to an old man.

Miss. Well, and if I ever be married, it shall be to an old man; they always make the best husbands; and it is better to be an old man's darling, than a young man's warling.

Neverout. Faith, miss, if you speak as you think, I'll give you my mother for a maid.

Lady Smart rings the bell.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Harkee, you fellow; run to my lady *Match*, and desire she will remember to be here at six, to play at quadrille: d'ye hear, if you fall by the way, don't stay to get up again.

Footman. Madam, I don't know the house.

Lady Smart. That's not for want of ignorance; follow your nose; go, enquire among the servants.

Footman goes out, and leaves the door open.

Lady Smart. Here, come back, you fellow; why did you leave the door open? Remember, that a good servant must always come when he's call'd, do what he's bid, and shut the door after him.

The Footman goes out again, and falls down stairs.

Lady Answ. Neck or nothing; come down, or I'll fetch you down: well, but I hope the poor fellow has not sav'd the hangman a labour.

Ne-

Neverout. Pray, madam, smother miss yonder biting her lips, and playing with her fan.

Miss. Who's that takes my name in vain?

She runs up to them, and falls down.

Lady Smart. What, more falling! do you intend the frolick should go round?

Lady Answ. Why, miss, I wish you may not have broke her ladyship's floor.

Neverout. Miss, come to me, and I'll take you up.

Lady Sparkish. Well, but without a jest, I hope, miss, you are not hurt.

Col. Nay, she must be hurt for certain; for you see her head is all of a lump.

Miss. Well, remember this, colonel, when I have money, and you have none.

Lady Smart. But, colonel, when do you design to get a house, and a wife, and a fire to put her in.

Miss. Lord! who would be married to a soldier, and carry his knapsack?

Neverout. Oh, madam! *Mars* and *Venus*, you know.

Col. Egad, madam, I'd marry to-morrow, if I thought I could bury my wife just when the honey-moon is over; but they say, a woman has as many lives as a cat.

Lady Answ. I find, the colonel thinks, a dead wife under the table is the best goods in a man's house.

Lady Smart. O but, colonel, if you had a good wife, it would break your heart to part with her.

Col. Yes, madam; for they say, he that has lost his wife and sixpence, has lost a tester.

Lady Smart. But, colonel, they say, that every married man should believe there's but one good wife in the world, and that's his own.

R 2

Col.

Col. For all that, I doubt, a good wife must be bespoke; for there's none ready made.

Miss. I suppose, the gentleman's a woman-hater; but, sir, I think you ought to remember, that you had a mother: and pray, if it had not been for a woman, where would you have been, colonel?

Col. Nay, miss, you cry'd whore first, when you talk'd of the knapsack.

Lady Answ. But I hope you won't blame the whole sex, because some are bad.

Neverout. And they say, he that hates woman, suck'd a sow.

Col. Oh! madam; there's no general rule without an exception.

Lady Smart. Then, why don't you marry, and settle?

Col. Egad, madam, there's nothing will settle me but a bullet.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, colonel, there's one comfort, that you need not fear a cannon-bullet.

Col. Why so, my lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because they say, he was curs'd in his mother's belly, that was kill'd by a cannon-bullet.

Miss. I suppose, the colonel was cross'd in his first love, which makes him so severe on all the sex.

Lady Answ. Yes; and I'll hold a hundred to one, that the colonel has been over head and ears in love with some lady that has made his heart ake.

Col. Oh! madam, we soldiers are admirers of all the fair sex.

Miss. I wish I could see the colonel in love till he was ready to die.

Lady Smart. Ay; but I doubt, few people die for love in these days.

Neverout. Well, I confess, I differ from the colonel; for I hope to have a rich and a handsome wife yet before I die.

Col. Ay, Tom; live horse, and thou shalt have grass.

Miss.

Mifs. Well, colonel; but whatever you say against women, they are better creatures than men; for men were made of clay, but woman was made of man.

Col. Mifs, you may say what you please; but, faith, you'll never lead apes in hell.

Neverout. No, no; I'll be sworn mifs has not an inch of nun's flesh about her.

Mifs. I underftumble you, gentlemen.

Neverout. Madam, your humble-cum-dumble.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, mifs, when did you fee your old acquaintance Mrs. *Cloudy*? you and ſhe are two, I hear.

Mifs. See her! marry, I don't care whether I ever fee her again; God blefs my eye-fight.

Lady Anfw. Lord! why ſhe and you were as great as two inkle-weavers. I've ſeen her hug you as the devil hugg'd the witch.

Mifs. That's true; but I'm told for certain, ſhe's no better than ſhe ſhould be.

Lady Smart. Well, God mend us all; but you muſt allow, the world is very cenſorious; I never heard that ſhe was a naughty pack.

Col. [to *Neverout*] Come, fir *Thomas* when the king pleaſes, when do you intend to march?

Ld. Sparkish. Have patience. *Tom*, is your friend *Ned Rattle* married?

Neverout. Yes, faith, my lord; he has tied a knot with his tongue, that he can never untie with his teeth.

Lady Smart. Ay; marry in haſte, and repent at leiſure.

Lady Anfw. Has he got a good fortune with his lady? for they ſay, ſomething has ſome favour, but nothing has no flavour.

Neverout. Faith, madam, all he gets by her, he may put into his eye and ſee never the worſe.

Mifs. Then, I believe, he heartily wiſhes her in *Abraham's* boſom.

Col.

Col. Pray, my lord, how does *Charles Limber* and his fine wife agree?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, they say, he's the greatest cuckold in town.

Neverout. Oh! but my lord, you should always except my lord-mayor.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*!

Neverout. Hay, madam, did you call me?

Miss. Hay; why hay is for horses.

Neverout. Why, miss, then you may kiss ---

Col. Pray, my lord, what's a clock by your oracle?

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, I can't tell, I think my watch runs upon wheels.

Neverout. Miss, pray be so kind to call a servant to bring me a glass of small beer: I know you are at home here.

Miss. Every fool can do as they're bid: Make a page of your own age, and do it yourself.

Neverout. Chuse, proud fool; I did but ask you.

Miss puts her hand upon her knee.

Neverout. What! miss, are you thinking of your sweet-heart? is your garter slipping down?

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, keep your breath to cool your porridge; you measure my corn by your bushel.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you lye ---

Miss. Did you ever hear any thing so rude.

Neverout. I mean, you lye --- under a mistake.

Miss. If a thousand lyes could choak you, you would have been choaked many a day ago.

Miss strives to snatch *Neverout's* snuff-box.

Neverout. Madam, you missed that, as you miss'd your mother's blessing.

She

She tries again, and misses.

Neverout. Snap short makes you look so lean, miss.

Miss. Poh ! you are so robustious, you had like to put out my eye ; I assure you, if you blind me, you must lead me.

Lady Smart. Dear miss be quiet ; and bring me a pincushion out of that closet.

Miss opens the closet-door, and squalls.

Lady Smart. Lord bless the girl ! what's the matter now ?

Miss. I vow, madam, I saw something in black ; I thought it was a spirit.

Col. Why miss, did you ever see a spirit ?

Miss. No, sir ; I thank God, I never saw any thing worse than myself.

Neverout. Well, I did a very foolish thing yesterday, and was a great puppy for my pains.

Miss. Very likely ; for they say, many a true word's spoke in jest.

Footman returns.

Lady Smart. Well, did you deliver your Message ? you are fit to be sent for sorrow, you stay so long by the way.

Footman. Madam, my Lady was not at home, so I did not leave the Message.

Lady Smart. This it is to send a fool of an errand.

Ld. Sparkish. [*looking at his watch*] 'Tis past twelve a clock.

Lady Smart. Well, what is that among all us ?

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, I must take my leave : come, gentlemen, are you for a march ?

Lady Smart. Well, but your lordship and the colonel will dine with us to-day ; and, Mr. *Neverout*, I hope, we shall have your good company : there will be no foul else, besides my own lord
and

and these ladies; for every body knows, I hate a croud; I would rather want vittles than elbow-room: we dine punctually at three.

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, we'll be sure to attend your ladyship.

Col. Madam, my stomach serves me instead of a clock.

Another Footman comes back.

Lady Smart. Oh! you are the t'other fellow I sent: well, have you been with my lady *Club*? you are good to send of a dead man's errand.

Footman. Madam, my lady *Club* begs your ladyship's pardon; but she is engaged to-night.

Miss. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, here's the back of my hand to you.

Neverout. Miss, I find, you will have the last word. Ladies, I am more yours than my own.

D I A L O G U E II.

Lord Smart and the former company at three o'clock coming to dine.

After salutations.

Lord Smart.

I'M sorry I was not at home this morning, when you all did us the honour to call here: but I went to the levee to-day.

Ld. Sparkish. Oh! my lord; I'm sure the loss was ours.

Lady Smart. Gentlemen and ladies, you are come to a sad dirty house; I am sorry for it, but we have had our hands in mortar.

Ld. Sparkish. Oh! madam; your ladyship is pleas'd to say so; but I never saw any thing so clean and so fine; I profess, it is a perfect paradise.

Lady Smart. My lord, your lordship is always very obliging.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, madam, whose picture is that?

Lady

Lady Smart. Why, my lord, it was drawn for me.

Ld. Sparkish. I'll swear the painter did not flatter your ladyship.

Col. My lord, the day is finely clear'd up.

Ld. Smart. Ay colonel; 'tis a pity that fair weather should ever do any harm. [*To Neverout.*] Why, *Tom*, you are high in the mode.

Neverout. My lord, it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion.

Ld. Smart. But, *Tom*, I hear you and miss are always quarrelling: I fear, it is your fault; for I can assure you, she is very good-humour'd.

Neverout. Ay, my lord; so is the devil when he's pleas'd.

Ld. Smart. Miss, what do you think of my friend *Tom*?

Miss. My lord, I think he's not the wisest man in the world; and truly, he's sometimes very rude.

Ld. Sparkish. That may be true; but yet, he that hangs *Tom* for a fool, may find a knave in the halter.

Miss. Well, however, I wish he were hang'd, if it were only to try.

Neverout. Well, miss, if I must be hang'd, I won't go far to chuse my gallows; it shall be about your fair neck.

Miss. I'll see your nose cheese first, and the dogs eating it: but, my lord, Mr. *Neverout*'s wit begins to run low; for, I vow, he said this before; pray, colonel, give him a pinch, and I'll do as much for you.

Ld. Sparkish. My lady *Smart*, your ladyship has a very fine scarf.

Lady Smart. Yes, my lord; it will make a flaming figure in a country church.

Footman comes in.

Footman. Madam, dinner's upon the table.

S

Col.

Col. Faith, I am glad of it; my belly began to cry cupboard.

Neverout. I wish, I may never hear worse news.

Miss. What! Mr. *Neverout*, you are in great haste; I believe your belly thinks your throat is cut.

Neverout. No, faith, miss; three meals a day, and a good supper at night will serve my turn.

Miss. To say the truth, I'm hungry.

Neverout. And I'm angry; so let us both go fight.

They go in to dinner, and after the usual compliments, take their seats.

Lady Smart. Ladies and gentlemen, will you eat any oysters before dinner?

Col. With all my heart. [*Takes an oyster*] He was a bold man that first eat an oyster.

Lady Smart. They say, oysters are a cruel meat, because we eat them alive: then they are an uncharitable meat, for we leave nothing to the poor; and they are an ungodly meat, because we never say grace.

Neverout. Faith, that's as well said, as if I had said it myself.

Lady Smart. Well, we are well set, if we be but as well serv'd: come, colonel, handle your arms: shall I help you to some beef?

Col. If your ladyship please; and, pray, don't cut like a mother-in-law, but send me a large slice: for I love to lay a good foundation. I vow, 'tis a noble sir-loyn.

Neverout. Ay; here's cut and come again.

Miss. But pray, why is it call'd a Sir-loyn?

Ld. Smart. Why you must know, that our king *James* the First, who lov'd good eating, being invited to dinner by one of his nobles, and seeing a large loyn of beef at his table, he drew out his sword, and in a frolic knighted it. Few people know the secret of this.

Ld. Sparkish. Beef is man's meat, my lord.

Ld.

Ld. Smart. But, my lord, I say, beef is the king of meat.

Miss. Pray, what have I done, that I must not have a plate?

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Answ.*] What will your ladyship please to eat?

Lady Answ. Pray, madam, help yourself.

Col. They say, eating and scratching wants but a beginning: if you'll give me leave, I'll help myself to a slice of this shoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you can't do a kinder thing: well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may say.

Col. They say there are thirty and two good bits in a shoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Ay, colonel; thirty bad bits, and two good ones: you see, I understand you; but I hope you have got one of the two good ones.

Neverout. Colonel, I'll be of your mefs.

Col. Then pray, *Tom*, carve for yourself: they say, two hands in a dish, and one in a purse: Hah! said I well, *Tom*?

Neverout. Colonel, you spoke like an oracle.

Miss. [to *Lady Answ.*] Madam, will your ladyship help me to some fish?

Ld. Smart. [to *Neverout.*] *Tom*, they say fish should swim thrice.

Neverout. How is that, my lord?

Ld. Smart. Why, *Tom*, first it should swim in the sea (do you mind me?) then it should swim in butter; and at last, firrah, it should swim in good claret. I think I have made it out.

Footman [to *Ld Smart.*] My lord, Sir *John Linger* is coming up.

Ld. Smart. God so! I invited him to dine with me to-day, and forgot it: well, desire him to walk in.

Sir John Linger comes in.

Sir John. What! are you at it? why, then, I'll be gone.

Lady Smart. Sir *John*, I beg you will sit down; come, the more the merrier.

Sir John. Ay; but the fewer the better cheer.

Lady Smart. Well, I am the worst in the world at making apologies; it was my lord's fault: I doubt you must kiss the hare's foot.

Sir John. I see you are fast by the teeth.

Col. Faith, fir *John*, we are killing that that would kill us.

Ld. Sparkish. You see, fir *John*, we are upon a business of life and death: come, will you do as we do? you are come in pudding-time.

Sir John. Ay; this would be doing, if I were dead. What! you keep court-hours I see: I'll be going, and get a bit of meat at my inn.

Lady Smart. Why, we won't eat you, fir *John*.

Sir John. It is my own fault; but I was kept by a fellow, who bought some *Derbyshire* oxen of me.

Neverout. You see, fir *John*, we staid for you as one horse does for another.

Lady Smart. My lord, will you help fir *John* to some beef?
Lady Answerall, pray eat, you see your dinner: I am sure, if we had known we should have such good company, we should have been better provided; but you must take the will for the deed. I'm afraid you are invited to your loss.

Col. And pray, fir *John*, how do you like the town? you have been absent a long time.

Sir John. Why, I find little *London* stands just where it did when I left it last.

Neverout. What do you think of *Hanover-Square*? Why, fir *John*, *London* is gone out of town since you saw it.

Lady

Lady Smart. Sir *John*, I can only say, you are heartily welcome; and I wish I had something better for you.

Col. Here's no salt; cuckolds will run away with the meat.

Ld. Smart. Pray edge a little, to make more room for sir *John*: sir *John*, fall to; you know, half an hour is soon lost at dinner.

Sir John. I protest I can't eat a bit, for I took share of a beef-stake and two mugs of ale with my chapman, besides a tankard of *March* beer, as soon as I got out of my bed.

Lady Answ. Not fresh and fasting, I hope?

Sir John. Yes, faith, madam; I always wash my kettle, before I put the meat in it.

Lady Smart. Poh! sir *John*, you have seen nine houses since you eat last: come, you have kept a corner of your stomach for a piece of venison-pasty.

Sir John. Well, I'll try what I can do when it comes up.

Lady Answ. Come, sir *John*, you may go farther, and fare worse.

Miss. [to *Neverout.*] Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, will you please to send me a piece of tongue?

Neverout. By no means, madam; one tongue's enough for a woman.

Col. Miss, here's a tongue, that never told a lye.

Miss. That was, because it could not speak. Why, colonel, I never told a lye in my life.

Neverout. I appeal to all the company, whether that be not the greatest lye that ever was told.

Col. [to *Neverout.*] Prithee, *Tom*, send me the two legs, and rump, and liver of that pigeon; for, you must know, I love what nobody else loves.

Neverout. But what if any of the ladies should long? Well, here take it, and the d---l do you good with it.

Lady Answ. Well; this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach.

Ne-

Neverout. I am sure I have lost mine.

Miss. What! the bottom of it, I suppose.

Neverout. No, really, miss; I have quite lost it.

Miss. I should be very sorry a poor body had found it.

Lady Smart. But, sir *John*, we hear you are married since we saw you last: what! you have stolen a wedding, it seems.

Sir John. Well; one can't do a foolish thing once in one's life, but one must hear of it a hundred times.

Col. And pray, sir *John*, how does your lady unknown?

Sir John. My wife's well, colonel, and at your service in a civil way. Ha, ha. [*He laughs.*]

Miss. Pray, sir *John*, is your lady tall or short?

Sir John. Why, miss, I thank God, she is a little evil.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, give me a glass of claret.

Footman fills him a bumper.

Ld. Sparkish. Why do you fill so much?

Neverout. My lord, he fills as he loves you.

Lady Smart. Miss, shall I send you some cowcomber?

Miss. Madam, I dare not touch it; for they say, cowcumpers are cold in the third degree.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, do you love pudden?

Neverout. Madam, I'm like all fools, I love every thing that is good; but the proof of the pudden is in the eating.

Col. Sir *John*, I hear you are a great walker, when you are at home.

Sir John. No, faith, colonel; I always love to walk with a horse in my hand: but I have had devilish bad luck in horse-flesh of late.

Ld. Smart. Why then, Sir *John* you must kiss a parson's wife.

Lady Smart. They say, Sir *John*, that your lady has a great deal of wit.

Sir

Sir John. Madam, she can make a pudden; and has just wit enough to know her husband's breeches from another man's.

Ld. Smart. My Lord *Sparkish*, I have some excellent cyder; will you please to taste it?

Ld. Sparkish. My lord, I should like it well enough, if it were not treacherous.

Ld. Smart. Pray my lord, how is it treacherous?

Ld. Sparkish. Because it smiles in my face and cuts my throat.

[*Here a loud laugh.*]

Miss. Odd-fo! Madam; your knives are very sharp, for I have cut my finger.

Lady Smart. I am sorry for it; pray, which finger? (God bless the mark.)

Miss. Why, this finger: no, 'tis this: I vow I can't find which it is.

Neverout. Ay; the fox had a wound, and he could not tell where, *etc.* Bring some water to throw in her face.

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, did you ever draw a sword in anger? I warrant you would faint at the sight of your own blood.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, shall I send you some veal?

Neverout. No, Madam; I don't love it.

Miss. Then pray for them that do. I desire your ladyship will send me a bit.

Ld. Smart. Tom, my service to you.

Neverout. My lord, this moment I did myself the honour to drink to your lordship.

Ld. Smart. Why then that's *Hertfordshire* kindness.

Neverout. Faith, my lord, I pledged myself; for I drank twice together without thinking.

Ld. Sparkish. Why then, colonel, my humble service to you.

Neverout. Pray, my lord, don't make a bridge of my nose.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, a glass of this wine is as comfortable as matrimony to an old woman.

Col.

Col. Sir *John*, I design one of these days to come and beat up your quarters in *Derbyshire*.

Sir John. Faith, colonel, come, and welcome; and stay away, and heartily welcome: but you were born within the sound of *Bow* bell, and don't care to stir so far from *London*.

Miss. Pray, colonel, send me some fritters.

Colonel takes them out with his hand.

Col. Here, miss; they say, fingers were made before forks, and hands before knives.

Lady Smart. Methinks this pudden is too much boil'd.

Lady Answ. Oh! madam, they say a pudden is poison, when it is too much boil'd.

Neverout. Miss, shall I help you to a pigeon? here's a pigeon so finely roasted, it cries, come eat me.

Miss. No, sir; I thank you.

Neverout. Why, then you may chuse.

Miss. I have chosen already.

Neverout. Well, you may be worse offer'd, before you are twice married.

The Colonel fills a large plate of soupe.

Ld. Smart. Why, colonel, you don't mean to eat all that soupe?

Col. O my lord, this is my sick dish; when I'm well, I'll have a bigger.

Miss. [to *Col.*] Sup, *Simon*; very good broth.

Neverout. This seems to be a good pullet.

Miss. I warrant, Mr. *Neverout* knows what's good for himself.

Ld. Sparkish. Tom, I shan't take your word for it; help me to a wing.

Neverout tries to cut off a wing.

Neverout. Egad I can't hit the joint.

Ld. Sparkish. Why then, think of a cuckold.

Ne-

Neverout. Oh! now I have nick'd it.

[*Gives it to Ld. Sparkish.*]

Ld. Sparkish. Why, a man may eat this, though his wife lay a dying.

Col. Pray, friend, give me a glass of small beer, if it be good.

Ld. Smart. Why, colonel, they say, there is no such thing as good small beer, good brown bread, or a good old woman.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, I beg your ladyship's pardon; I did not see you when I was cutting that bit.

Lady Answ. Oh! madam; after you is good manners.

Lady Smart. Lord! here's a hair in the fauce.

Lady Sparkish. Then set the hounds after it.

Neverout. Pray, colonel, help me however to some of that same fauce.

Col. Come; I think you are more fauce than pig.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, chear up: my service to you: well, what do you think of the world to come?

Sir John. Truly, my lord, I think of it as little as I can.

Lady Smart. [*putting a skewer on a plate*] Here, take this scewer, and carry it down to the cook, to dress it for her own dinner.

Neverout. I beg your ladyship's pardon; but this small beer is dead.

Lady Smart. Why, then, let it be bury'd.

Col. This is admirable black pudden: miss, shall I carve you some? I can just carve pudden, and that's all; I am the worst carver in the world; I should never make a good chaplain.

Miss. No, thank ye, colonel; for they say, those that eat black pudden will dream of the devil.

Ld. Smart. O, here comes the venison-pasty: here, take the soupe away.

Ld. Smart. [*He cuts it up, and tastes the venison.*] 'sbuds, this venison is musty.

Neverout eats a piece, and it burns his mouth.

Ld. Smart. What's the matter, *Tom*? you have tears in your eyes, I think: what dost cry for, man?

Neverout. My lord, I was just thinking of my poor grandmother; she died just this very day seven years.

Miss takes a bit, and burns her mouth.

Neverout. And pray, miss, why do you cry too?

Miss. Because you were not hang'd the day your grandmother died.

Ld. Smart. I'd have given forty pounds, miss, to have said that.

Col. Egad, I think the more I eat, the hungrier I am.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, colonel, they say one shoulder of mutton drives down another.

Neverout. Egad, if I were to fast for my life, I would take a good breakfast in the morning, a good dinner at noon, and a good supper at night.

Ld. Sparkish. My lord, this venison is plaguily pepper'd; your cook has a heavy hand.

Ld. Smart. My lord, I hope you are pepper-proof: come, here's a health to the founders.

Lady Smart. Ay; and to the confounders too.

Ld. Smart. Lady *Answerall*, does not your ladyship love venison?

Lady Answ. No, my lord, I can't endure it in my sight; therefore please to send me a good piece of meat and crust.

Ld. Sparkish. *drinks to Neverout*] Come, *Tom*; not always to my friends, but once to you.

Neverout. [*drinks to Lady Smart.*] Come, madam; here's a health to our friends, and hang the rest of our kin.

Lady

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Answ.*] madam, will your ladyship have any of this hare?

Lady Answ. No, madam; they say, 'tis melancholy meat.

Lady Smart. Then, madam, shall I send you the brains? I beg your ladyship's pardon; for they say, 'tis not good manners to offer brains.

Lady Answ. No, madam; for perhaps it will make me hair-brain'd.

Neverout. Miss, I must tell you one thing.

Miss. [with a glass in her hand] Hold your tongue, Mr. *Neverout*; don't speak in my tip.

Col. Well, he was an ingenious man, that first found out eating and drinking.

Ld. Sparkish. Of all vittles drink digests the quickest: give me a glass of wine.

Neverout. My lord, your wine is too strong.

Ld. Smart. Ay, *Tom*; as much as you are too good.

Miss. This almond pudden was pure good; but it is grown quite cold.

Neverout. So much the better, miss; cold pudden will settle your love.

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, are you going to take a voyage?

Neverout. Why do you ask, miss?

Miss. Because you have laid in so much beef.

Sir John. You two have eat up the whole pudden betwixt you.

Miss. Sir *John*, here's a little bit left; will you please to have it?

Sir John. No, thankee; I don't love to make a fool of my mouth.

Col. [calling to the butler] *John*, is your small beer good?

Butler. An please your honour, my lord and lady like it; I think it is good.

Col. Why then, *John*, d'ye see? if you are sure your small beer is good, d'ye mark? then, give me a glass of wine. [*All laugh.*]

Colonel tasting the wine.

Ld. Smart. Sir *John*, how does your neighbour *Gatherall* of the *Peak*? I hear he has lately made a purchase.

Sir John. Oh, *Dick Gatherall* knows how to butter his bread as well as any man in *Darbyshire*.

Ld. Smart. Why, he us'd to go very fine, when he was here in town.

Sir John. Ay; and it became him, as a saddle becomes a fow.

Col. I know his lady, and I think she is a very good woman.

Sir John. Faith, she has more goodness in her little finger, than he has in his whole body.

Ld. Smart. Well, colonel, how do you like that wine?

Col. This wine should be eaten; it is too good to be drunk.

Ld. Smart. I'm very glad you like it; and pray don't spare it.

Col. No, my lord; I'll never starve in a cook's shop.

Ld. Smart. And pray, sir *John*, what do you say to my wine?

Sir John. I'll take another glass first: second thoughts are best.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, lady *Smart*, you sit near that ham; will you please to send me a bit.

Lady Smart. With all my heart.

[*She sends him a piece*] Pray, my lord, how do you like it?

Ld. Sparkish. I think it is a limb of *Lot's* wife. [*He eats it with mustard*] Egad, my lord, your mustard is very uncivil.

Lady Smart. Why uncivil, my lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because it takes me by the nose, egad.

Lady Smart. Mr, *Neverout*, I find you are a very good carver.

Col. O madam, that is no wonder; for you must know, *Tom Neverout* carves o' Sundays.

Ne-

Neverout overturns the salt-celler.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, you have overturn'd the salt, and that's a sign of anger: I'm afraid, miss and you will fall out.

Lady Answ. No, no; throw a little of it into the fire, and all will be well.

Neverout. Oh, madam, the falling out of lovers, you know.

Miss. Lovers! very fine! fall out with him! I wonder when we were in.

Sir John. For my part, I believe the young gentlewoman is his sweetheart, there's so much fooling and fidling betwixt them: I'm sure, they say in our country, that shiddle-come sh--'s the beginning of love.

Miss. I own, I love Mr. *Neverout*, as the devil loves holy water: I love him like pye, I'd rather the devil had him than I.

Neverout. Miss, I'll tell you one thing.

Miss. Come, here's t'ye, to stop your mouth.

Neverout. I'd rather you would stop it with a kiss.

Miss. A kiss! marry come up, my dirty cousin; are you no ficker? Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing!

Neverout. Well, I'm very dry.

Miss. Then you're the better to burn, and the worse to fry.

Lady Answ. God blefs you colonel; you have a good stroke with you.

Col. O madam; formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing; I eat but one meal a day.

Miss. What! I suppose, colonel, that is from morning till night.

Neverout. Faith, miss; and well was his wont.

Ld. Smart. Pray, lady *Answerall*, taste this bit of venison.

Lady Answ. I hope, your lordship will set me a good example.

Ld. Smart. Here's a glass of cyder fill'd: miss, you must drink it.

Miss.

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I can't.

Neverout. Come miss; better belly burst, than good liquor be lost.

Miss. Pish! well in life there was never any thing so teizing; I had rather shed it in my shoes: I wish it were in your guts, for my share.

Ld. Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, you han't tasted my cyder yet.

Neverout. No, my lord; I have been just eating soupe; and they say, if one drinks with one's porridge, one will cough in one's grave.

Ld. Smart. Come, take miss's glass, she wish'd it was in your guts; let her have her wish for once: ladies can't abide to have their inclinations cross'd.

Lady Smart. [to Sir John] I think, sir John, you have not tasted the venison yet.

Sir John. I seldom eat it, madam; however, please to send me a little of the crust.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, sir John, you had as good eat the devil, as the broth he is boil'd in.

Col. Well, this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach, as lady *Answerall* says.

Neverout. I have dined as well as my lord-mayor.

Miss. I thought I could have eaten this wing of a chicken; but my eye's bigger than my belly.

Ld. Smart. Indeed, lady *Answerall*, you have eaten nothing.

Lady Answ. Pray, my lord, see all the bones on my plate: they say, a carpenter's known by his chips.

Neverout. Miss, will you reach me that glass of jelly?

Miss. [giving it to him] You see, 'tis but ask and have.

Neverout. Miss, I would have a bigger glass.

Miss. What? you don't know your own mind; you are neither well, full nor fasting; I think that is enough.

Neverout. Ay, one of the enoughts; I am sure it is little enough.

Miss.

Miss. Yes; but you know, sweet things are bad for the teeth.

Neverout. [to *Lady Answ.*] Madam, I don't like that part of the veal you sent me.

Lady Answ. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, I find you are a true *Englishman*, you never know when you are well.

Col. Well, I have made my whole dinner of beef.

Lady Answ. Why, colonel, a belly-full's a belly-full, if it be but of wheat-straw.

Col. Well, after all, kitchen physic is the best physic.

Lady Smart. And the best doctors in the world are doctor *Dyet*, doctor *Quiet*, and doctor *Merryman*.

Ld. Sparkish. What do you think of a little house well fill'd?

Sir John. And a little land well till'd?

Col. Ay; and a little wife well will'd?

Neverout. My lady *Smart*, pray help me to some of the breast of that goose.

Ld. Smart. Tom, I have heard that goose upon goose is false heraldry.

Miss. What! will you never have done stuffing?

Ld. Smart. This goose is quite raw: well, God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks.

Neverout. Miss, can you tell which is the gander, the white goose or the grey goose.

Miss. They say, a fool will ask more questions than the wisest body can answer.

Col. Indeed, miss, *Tom Neverout* has posed you.

Miss. Why, colonel, every dog has his day; but I believe I shall never see a goose again without thinking on Mr. *Neverout*.

Ld. Smart. Well said, miss; faith, girl, thou hast brought thyself off cleverly. *Tom*, what say you to that?

Col. Faith, *Tom* is nonplust; he looks plaguily down in the mouth.

Miss.

Miss. Why, my lord, you see he is the provokingest creature in life; I believe there is not such another in the varfal world.

Lady Answ. Oh, miss! the world's a wide place.

Neverout. Well, miss, I'll give you leave to call me any thing, if you don't call me spade!

Ld. Smart. Well, but after all, *Tom*, can you tell me what's *Latin* for a goose?

Neverout. O my lord, I know that; why *brandy* is *Latin* for a goose, and *tace* is *Latin* for a candle.

Miss. Is that manners, to shew your learning before ladies? Methinks you are grown very brisk of a sudden; I think the man's glad he's alive.

Sir John. The devil take your wit, if this be wit; for it spoils company: pray, Mr. *Butler*, bring me a dram after my goose; 'tis very good for the wholesomes.

Ld. Smart. Come, bring me the loaf; I sometimes love to cut my own bread.

Miss. I suppose, my lord, you lay longest a-bed to-day.

Ld. Smart. Miss, if I had said so, I should have told a fib; I warrant you lay a-bed till the cows came home: but, miss shall I cut you a little crust now my hand is in?

Miss. If you please, my lord, a bit of under-crust.

Neverout. [*whispering Miss*] I find you love to lie under.

Miss. [*aloud, pushing him from her*] What does the man mean! Sir, I don't understand you at all *.

Neverout. Come, all quarrels laid aside: here, miss, may you live a thousand years. [*He drinks to her.*]

Miss. Pray, sir, don't stint me.

Ld. Smart. Sir *John*, will you taste my *October*? I think it is very good; but I believe not equal to yours in *Darbyshire*.

* Miss discovers her understanding by the manner in which she denies it, an inconsistency so common that it deserves a note. See p. 103.

Sir John. My lord, I beg your pardon; but they say, the devil made askers.

Ld. Smart. [*to the butler*] Here, bring up the great tankard full of *October* for fir *John*.

Col. [*drinking to Miss*] Miss, your health; may you live all the days of your life.

Lady Answ. Well, miss, you'll certainly be soon married; here's two batchelors drinking to you at once.

Lady Smart. Indeed, miss, I believe you were wrapt in your mother's smock, you are so well belov'd.

Miss. Where's my knife? sure I han't eaten it: Oh, here it is.

Sir John. No, miss; but your maidenhead hangs in your light.

Miss. Pray, fir *John*, is that a *Darbyshire* compliment? Here, Mr. *Neverout* will you take this piece of rabbit that you bid me carve for you?

Neverout. I don't know.

Miss. Why, take it, or let it alone.

Neverout. I will.

Miss. What will you?

Neverout. Why, I'll take it, or let it alone.

Miss. You are a provoking creature.

Sir John [*talking with a glass of wine in his hand*] I remember a farmer in our country ---

Ld. Smart. [*interrupting him*] Pray, fir *John*, did you ever hear of parson *Palmer*?

Sir John. No, my lord; what of him?

Ld. Smart. Why, he used to preach over his liquor.

Sir John. I beg your lordship's pardon; here's your lordship's health: I'd drink it up, if it were a mile to the bottom.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, have you been at the new play?

Neverout. Yes, madam, I went the first night.

Lady Smart. Well, and how did it take?

Neverout. Why, madam, the poet is damn'd.

Sir John. God forgive you! that's very uncharitable: you ought not to judge so rashly of any christian.

Neverout [*whispers Lady Smart*] Was ever such a dunce? How well he knows the town! See how he stares like a stuck-pig! Well, but, *sir John*, are you acquainted with any of our fine ladies yet?

Sir John. No; damn your fire-ships, I have a wife of my own.

Lady Smart. Pray, my lady *Answerall*, how do you like these preserv'd oranges?

Lady Answ. Indeed, madam, the only fault I find is, that they are too good.

Lady Smart. O madam; I have heard 'em say, that too good is stark naught.

Miss drinking part of a glass of wine.

Neverout. Pray, let me drink your snuff.

Miss. No, indeed, you shan't drink after me; for you'll know my thoughts.

Neverout. I know them already; you are thinking of a good husband. Besides, I can tell your meaning by your mumping.

Lady Smart. Pray, my lord, did not you order the butler to bring up a tankard of our *October* to *sir John*? I believe, they stay to brew it.

The Butler brings up the tankard to sir John.

Sir John. Won't your ladyship please to drink first.

Lady Smart. No, *sir John*; 'tis in a very good hand; I'll pledge you.

Col. [*to Ld. Smart.*] My lord, I love *October* as well as *sir John*; and I hope, you won't make fish of one, and flesh of another.

Ld. Smart. Colonel, you're heartily welcome. Come, *sir John*, take it by word of mouth, and then give it the colonel.

Sir

Sir John drinks.

Ld. Smart. Well, sir *John*, how do you like it?

Sir John. Not as well as my own in *Derbysbire*; 'tis plaguy small.

Lady Smart. I never taste malt liquor; but they say 'tis well hopt.

Sir John. Hopt! why, if it had hopp'd a little further, it would have hopp'd into the river. O my lord, my ale is meat, drink, and cloth; it will make a cat speak, and a wise man dumb.

Lady Smart. I was told, ours was very strong.

Sir John. Ay, madam, strong of the water; I believe the brewer forgot the malt, or the river was too near him. Faith, it is mere whip-belly-vengeance; he that drinks most has the worst share.

Col. I believe, sir *John*, ale is as plenty as water at your house.

Sir John. Why, faith, at *Christmas* we have many comers and goers; and they must not be sent away without a cup of *Christmas* ale, for fear they should p--s behind the door.

Lady Smart. I hear, sir *John* has the nicest garden in *England*; they say, 'tis kept so clean, that you can't find a place where to spit.

Sir John. O madam; you are pleased to say so.

Lady Smart. But, sir *John*, your ale is terrible strong and heady in *Derbysbire*, and will soon make one drunk and sick; what do you then?

Sir John. Why, indeed, it is apt to fox one; but our way is, to take a hare of the same dog next morning. I take a new-laid egg for breakfast; and faith, one should drink as much after an egg as after an ox.

Ld. Smart. Tom *Neverout*, will you taste a glass of *October*?

Neverout. No, faith, my lord; I like your wine, and I won't

put a churl upon a gentleman; your honour's claret is good enough for me.

Lady Smart. What! is this pigeon left for manners? colonel, shall I send you the legs and rump?

Col. Madam, I could not eat a bit more, if the house was full.

Ld. Smart. [*carving a partridge*] Well; one may ride to *Rumford* upon this knife, it is so blunt.

Lady Answ. My lord, I beg your pardon; but they say, an ill workman never had good tools.

Ld. Smart. Will your lordship have a wing of it?

Ld. Sparkish. No, my lord; I love the wing of an ox a great deal better.

Ld. Smart. I'm always cold after eating.

Col. My lord, they say, that's a sign of long life.

Ld. Smart. Ay; I believe I shall live till all my friends are weary of me.

Col. Pray, does any body here hate cheese? I would be glad of a bit.

Ld. Smart. An odd kind of fellow dined with me t'other day; and when the cheese came upon the table, he pretended to faint; so somebody said, Pray take away the cheese: No, said I; pray, take away the fool: said I well?

Here a loud and large laugh.

Col. Faith, my lord, you serv'd the coxcomb right enough; and therefore I wish we had a bit of your lordship's *Oxfordshire* cheese.

Ld. Smart. Come, hang saving; bring us up a halfp'orth of cheese.

Lady Answ. They say, cheese digests every thing but itself.

A Footman brings a great whole cheese.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay; this would look handsome, if any body should come in.

Sir

Sir John. Well; I'm weily brosten, as they fayn in *Lancashire*.

Lady Smart. O! fir *John*; I wou'd I had something to brost you withal.

Ld. Smart. Come, they say, 'tis merry in the hall when beards wag all.

Lady Smart. Mifs, shall I help you to some cheese, or will you carve for yourself?

Neverout. I'll hold fifty pounds, mifs won't cut the cheese.

Mifs. Pray, why so, Mr. *Neverout*?

Neverout. Oh, there is a reason, and you know it well enough.

Mifs. I can't for my life understand what the gentleman means.

Ld. Smart. Pray, *Tom*, change the discourse: in troth you are too bad.

Col. [*whispers Neverout*] Smoke mifs; faith you have made her fret like gum taffety.

Lady Smart. Well, but, mifs, (hold your tongue, Mr. *Neverout*) shall I cut you a piece of cheese?

Mifs. No, really, madam; I have dined this half hour.

Lady Smart. What! quick at meat, quick at work, they say.

Sir John nods.

Ld. Smart. What! are you sleep, fir *John*? do you sleep after dinner?

Sir John. Yes faith; I sometimes take a nap after my * pipe; for when the belly is full, the bones would be at rest.

Lady Smart. Come, colonel; help yourself, and your friends will love you the better. [*to Lady Answ.*] madam your ladyship eats nothing.

* It may be observed in this passage, and many others, that the author gave himself no trouble to render the drama of this piece perfect. *Sir John* is here supposed to have *smoked*, and the lady is immediately afterwards pressed to *eat*. His principal view was to string all the phrases that are uttered by rote one upon another,

without the assistance of any other language to introduce or correct them, the drama therefore must be regarded merely as a vehicle; and whoever considers the difficulty of that which is effected, will scarce be so unreasonable as to censure the writer for not effecting more.

Lady Answ. Lord, madam, I have fed like a farmer; I shall grow as fat as a porpoise; I swear, my jaws are weary of chewing.

Col. I have a mind to eat a piece of that sturgeon, but fear it will make me sick.

Neverout. A rare soldier indeed! let it alone, and I warrant it won't hurt you.

Col. Well; it wou'd vex a dog to see a pudden creep.

Sir John rises.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, what are you doing?

Sir John. Swolks, I must be going, by'r lady; I have earnest business; I must do as the beggars do, go away when I have got enough.

Ld. Smart. Well; but stay till this bottle's out; you know, the man was hang'd that left his liquor behind him: and besides, a cup in the pate is a mile in the gate; and a spur in the head is worth two in the heel.

Sir John. Come then; one brimmer to all your healths. *The footman gives him a glass half full*] Pray, friend, what was the rest of this glass made for? an inch at the top, friend, is worth two at the bottom. [*He gets a brimmer, and drinks it off*] Well, there's no deceit in a brimmer, and there's no false *Latin* in this; your wine is excellent good, so I thank you for the next, for I am sure of this: madam, has your ladyship any commands in *Darbyshire*? I must go fifteen miles to-night.

Lady Smart. None, sir John, but to take care of yourself; and my most humble service to your lady unknown.

Sir John. Well, madam, I can but love and thank you.

Lady Smart. Here, bring water to wash; tho' really, you have all eaten so little, that you have not need to wash your mouths.

Ld. Smart. But, prithee, sir John stay awhile longer.

Sir

Sir John. No, my lord; I am to smoke a pipe with a friend before I leave the town.

Col. Why, fir *John*, had not you better set out to-morrow?

Sir John. Colonel, you forget to-morrow is *Sunday*.

Col. Now I always love to begin a journey on *Sundays*, because I shall have the prayers of the church, to preserve all that travel by land, or by water.

Sir John. Well, colonel; thou art a mad fellow to make a priest of.

Neverout. Fie, fir *John*, do you take tobacco? How can you make a chimney of your mouth?

Sir John. [*to Neverout*] What! you don't smoke, I warrant you, but you smock. (Ladies, I beg your pardon.) Colonel, do you never smoke?

Col. No, fir *John*; but I take a pipe sometimes.

Sir John. I'faith, one of your finical *London* blades dined with me last year in *Darbyshire*; so, after dinner, I took a pipe; so my gentleman turn'd away his head: so, said I, what, fir, do you never smoke? so, he answered as you do, colonel; no, but I sometimes take a pipe: so he took a pipe in his hand, and fiddled with it till he broke it: so, said I, pray, fir, can you make a pipe? so, he said no; so, said I, why then, fir, if you can't make a pipe, you should not break a pipe; so, we all laugh'd.

Ld. Smart. Well; but, fir *John*, they say, that the corruption of pipes is the generation of stoppers.

Sir John. Colonel, I hear you go sometimes to *Darbyshire*; I wish you would come and foul a plate with me.

Col. I hope, you will give me a soldier's bottle.

Sir John. Come, and try. Mr. *Neverout*, you are a town-wit; can you tell me what kind of herb is tobacco?

Neverout. Why, an *Indian* herb, fir *John*.

Sir John. No, 'tis a pot-herb; and so here's t'ye in a pot of my lord's *October*.

Lady

Lady Smart. I hear, fir *John*, since you are married, you have forswore the town.

Sir John. No, madam; I never forswore any thing but the building of churches.

Lady Smart. Well; but fir *John*, when may we hope to see you again in *London*?

Sir John. Why, madam, not till the ducks have eat up the dirt, as the children say.

Neverout. Come, fir *John*: I foresee it will rain terribly.

Lady Smart. Come, fir *John*, do nothing rashly; let us drink first.

Ld. Sparkish. I know fir *John* will go, tho' he was sure it would rain cats and dogs: but pray, stay, fir *John*; you'll be time enough to go to bed by candle-light.

Ld. Smart. Why, fir *John*, if you must needs go; while you stay, make use of your time: here's my service to you, a health to our friends in *Darbyshire*: come, sit down; let us put off the evil hour as long as we can.

Sir John. Faith, I could not drink a drop more, if the house was full.

Col. Why, fir *John*, you used to love a glass of good wine in former times.

Sir John. Why, so I do still, colonel; but a man may love his house very well, without riding on the ridge: besides, I must be with my wife on *Tuesday*, or there will be the devil and all to pay.

Col. Well, if you go to-day, I wish you may be wet to the skin.

Sir John. Ay; but they say, the prayers of the wicked won't prevail.

Sir John takes leave, and goes away.

Ld. Smart. Well, miss, how do you like fir *John*?

Miss. Why, I think, he's a little upon the silly, or so: I believe, he has not all the wit in the world: but I don't pretend to be a judge.

Neverout. Faith, I believe he was bred at *Hog's Norton*, where the pigs play upon the organs.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, *Tom*, I thought you and he were hand and glove.

Neverout. Faith, he shall have a clean threshold for me; I never darkened his door in my life, neither in town nor country; but he's a queer old duke, by my conscience; and yet, after all, I take him to be more knave than fool.

Lady Smart. Well, come; a man's a man, if he has but a nose on his face.

Col. I was once with him and some other company over a bottle; and, egad he fell asleep, and snor'd so hard, that we thought he was driving his hogs to market.

Neverout. Why, what! you can have no more of a cat than her skin; you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, since he's gone, the devil go with him and sixpence; and there's money and company too.

Neverout. Faith, he's a true country put. Pray, miss, let me ask you a question?

Miss. Well; but don't ask questions with a dirty face: I warrant, what you have to say will keep cold.

Col. Come, my lord, against you are disposed; here's to all that love and honour you.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, that was always *Dick Nimble's* health. I'm sure you know he's dead.

Col. Dead! well, my lord, you love to be a messenger of ill news: I'm heartily sorry; but, my lord, we must all die.

Neverout. I knew him very well: but, pray, how came he to die?

Miss. There's a question! you talk like a poticary: why, because he could live no longer.

Neverout. Well; rest his soul: we must live by the living, and not by the dead.

Ld. Sparkish. You know, his house was burnt down to the ground.

Col. Yes; it was in the news. Why fire and water are good servants, but they are very bad masters.

Ld. Smart. Here, take away, and set down a bottle of *Burgundy*. Ladies, you'll stay and drink a glass of wine before you go to your tea.

All taken away, and the wine set down, etc.

Miss gives Neverout a smart pinch.

Neverout. Lord, miss, what d'ye mean? d'ye think I have no feeling?

Miss. I'm forc'd to pinch, for the times are hard.

Neverout. [*giving Miss a pinch.*] Take that, miss; what's sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander.

Miss. [*screaming*] Well, Mr. *Neverout*, that shall neither go to heaven nor hell with you.

Neverout. [*takes Miss by the hand*] Come, miss, let us lay all quarrels aside, and be friends.

Miss. Don't be so teizing: you plague a body so! can't you keep your filthy hands to yourself?

Neverout. Pray, miss, where did you get that pick-tooth case?

Miss. I came honestly by it.

Neverout. I'm sure it was mine, for I lost just such a one; nay, I don't tell you a lye.

Miss. No; if you lye, it is much.

Neverout. Well; I'm sure 'tis mine.

Miss. What! you think every thing is yours, but a little the king has.

Neverout. Colonel, you have seen my fine pick-tooth case; don't you think this is the very same?

Col. Indeed, miss, it is very like it.

Miss.

Miss. Ay; what he says, you'll swear.

Neverout. Well; but I'll prove it to be mine.

Miss. Ay; do if you can.

Neverout. Why, what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own.

Miss. Well, run on till you're weary; nobody holds you.

Neverout gapes.

Col. What, Mr. *Neverout*, do you gape for preferment?

Neverout. Faith, I may gape long enough, before it falls into my mouth.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, my lord and I intend to beat up your quarters one of these days: I hear, you live high.

Neverout. Yes, faith, madam; I live high, and lodge in a garret.

Col. But, miss, I forgot to tell you, that Mr. *Neverout* got the devilishest fall in the park to-day.

Miss. I hope he did not hurt the ground: but how was it, Mr. *Neverout*? I wish I had been there to laugh.

Neverout. Why, madam, it was a place where a cuckold had been buried, and one of his horns sticking out, I happened to stumble against it; that was all.

Lady Smart. Ladies, let us leave the gentlemen to themselves; I think it is time to go to our tea.

Lady Answ. and *Miss.* My lords and gentlemen, your most humble servant.

Ld. Smart. Well, ladies, we'll wait on you an hour hence.

The gentlemen alone.

Ld. Smart. Come, *John*, bring us a fresh bottle.

Col. Ay, my lord; and 'pray, let him carry off the dead men, as we say in the army. [Meaning the empty bottles.]

Ld. Sparkish. Mr. *Neverout*, pray, is not that bottle full?

Neverout. Yes, my lord ; full of emptiness.

Ld. Smart. And, d'ye hear, *John*, bring clean glassess.

Col. I'll keep mine ; for I think, the wine is the best liquor to wash glassess in.

D I A L O G U E III.

The ladies at their tea.

Lady Smart.

WE L L, ladies ; now let us have a cup of discourse to ourselves.

Lady Answ. What do you think of your friend, fir *John Spendall* ?

Lady Smart. Why, madam, 'tis happy for him, that his father was born before him.

Miss. They say, he makes a very ill husband to my lady.

Lady Answ. But he must be allow'd to be the fondest father in the world.

Lady Smart. Ay, madam, that's true ; for they say, the devil is kind to his own.

Miss. I am told, my lady manages him to admiration.

Lady Smart. That I believe, for she's as cunning as a dead pig, but not half so honest.

Lady Answ. They say, she's quite a stranger to all his gallantries.

Lady Smart. Not at all ; but you know, there's none so blind as they that won't see.

Miss. O madam, I am told, she watches him as a cat would watch a mouse.

Lady Answ. Well, if she ben't foully belied, she pays him in his own coin.

Lady

Lady Smart. Madam, I fancy I know your thoughts, as well as if I were within you.

Lady Answ. Madam, I was t'other day in company with Mrs. *Clatter*; I find she gives herself airs of being acquainted with your ladyship.

Miss. Oh, the hideous creature! did you observe her nails? they were long enough to scratch her grannum out of her grave.

Lady Smart. Well, she and *Tom Gosling* were banging compliments backwards and forwards: it look'd like two asses scrubbing one another.

Miss. Ay, claw me, and I'll claw you: but, pray, madam, who were the company?

Lady Smart. Why there was all the world, and his wife; there was Mrs. *Clatter*, lady *Singular*, the countess of *Talkham*, (I should have named her first) *Tom Gosling*, and some others, whom I have forgot.

Lady Answ. I think the countess is very sickly.

Lady Smart. Yes, madam; she'll never scratch a grey head, I promise her.

Miss. And, pray, what was your conversation?

Lady Smart. Why, Mrs. *Clatter* had all the talk to herself, and was perpetually complaining of her misfortunes.

Lady Answ. She brought her husband ten thousand pounds; she has a town house and country-house: would the woman have her a--- hung with points?

Lady Smart. She would fain be at the top of the house before the stairs are built.

Miss. Well, comparisons are odious; but she's as like her husband as if she were spit out of his mouth; as like as one egg is to another: pray, how was she drest?

Lady Smart. Why, she was as fine as fi'pence; but, truly, I thought there was more cost than worship.

Lady Answ. I don't know her husband: pray, what is he?

Lady

Lady Smart. Why, he's a counsellor of the law; you must know he came to us as drunk as *David's* fow.

Miss. What kind of creature is he?

Lady Smart. You must know, the man and his wife are coupled like rabbits, a fat and a lean; he's as fat as a porpus, and she's one of *Pharaoh's* lean kine: the ladies and *Tom Gosling* were proposing a party at quadrille; but he refus'd to make one: Damn your cards, said he, they are the devil's books.

Lady Answ. A dull, unmannerly brute! well, God send him more wit, and me more money.

Miss. Lord! madam, I would not keep such company for the world.

Lady Smart. O miss, 'tis nothing when you are used to it: besides, you know, for want of company, welcome trumpery.

Miss. Did your ladyship play?

Lady Smart. Yes, and won; so I came off with fidler's fare, meat, drink, and money.

Lady Answ. Ay; what says *Pluck*?

Miss. Well, my elbow itches; I shall change bedfellows.

Lady Smart. And my right hand itches; I shall receive money.

Lady Answ. And my right eye itches; I shall cry.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear your friend mistress *Giddy* has discarded *Dick Shuttle*: pray, has she got another lover?

Miss. I hear of none.

Lady Smart. Why, the fellow's rich; and I think she was a fool to throw out her dirty water before she got clean.

Lady Answ. Miss, that's a very handsome gown of yours, and finely made; very genteel.

Miss. I am glad your ladyship likes it.

Lady Answ. Your lover will be in raptures; it becomes you admirably.

Miss; Ay; I assure you I won't take it as I have done; if this won't fetch him, the devil fetch him, say I.

Lady

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, when did you see fir *Peter Muckworm*?

Lady Answ. Not this fortnight; I hear he's laid up with the gout.

Lady Smart. What does he do for it?

Lady Answ. I hear he's weary of doctoring it, and now makes use of nothing but patience and flannel.

Miss. Pray, how does he and my lady agree?

Lady Answ. You know he loves her as the devil loves holy water.

Miss. They say, she plays deep with sharpers, that cheat her of her money.

Lady Answ. Upon my word they must rise early that would cheat her of her money; sharp's the word with her; diamonds cut diamonds.

Miss. Well, but I was assur'd from a good hand, that she lost at one sitting to the tune of a hundred guineas; make money of that.

Lady Smart. Well, but do you hear that Mrs. *Plump* is brought to bed at last?

Miss. And pray, what has God sent her?

Lady Smart. Why, guess if you can.

Miss. A boy I suppose.

Lady Smart. No, you are out; guess again.

Miss. A girl then.

Lady Smart. You have hit it; I believe you are a witch.

Miss. O madam, the gentlemen say, all fine ladies are witches; but I pretend to no such thing.

Lady Answ. Well, she had good luck to draw *Tom Plump* into wedlock; she ris' with her a--- upwards.

Miss. Fie, madam; what do you mean?

Lady Smart. O miss, 'tis nothing what we say among ourselves.

Miss.

Miss. Ay, madam ; but they say, hedges have eyes, and walls have ears.

Lady Answ. Well, miss, I can't help it; you know, I'm old Tell-truth ; I love to call a spade a spade.

Lady Smart. [*mistakes the tea-tongs for the spoon*] What! I think my wits are a wool-gathering to-day.

Miss. Why, madam, there was but a right and a wrong.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear that you and lady *Coupler* are as great as cup and can.

Lady Answ. Ay, miss, as great as the devil and the earl of *Kent*.

Lady Smart. Nay, I am told you meet together with as much love as there is between the old cow and the hay-stack.

Miss. I own I love her very well ; but there's difference betwixt staring and stark mad.

Lady Smart. They say, she begins to grow fat.

Miss. Fat! ay, fat as a hen in the forehead.

Lady Smart. Indeed, lady *Answerall*, (pray forgive me) I think your ladyship looks thinner than when I saw you last.

Miss. Indeed, madam, I think not ; but your ladyship is one of *Job's* comforters.

Lady Answ. Well, no matter how I look ; I am bought and sold : but really, miss, you are so very obliging, that I wish I were a handsome young lord for your sake.

Miss. O madam, your love's a million.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, will your ladyship let me wait on you to the play to-morrow ?

Lady Answ. Madam, it becomes me to wait on your ladyship.

Miss. What, then, I'm turn'd out for a wrangler.

The gentlemen come in to the ladies to drink tea.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*, we wanted you sadly ; you are always out of the way when you should be hang'd.

Neverout. You wanted me! pray, miss, how do you look when you lie ?

Miss.

Miss. Better than you when you cry. Manners indeed! I find you mend like four ale in summer.

Neverout. I beg your pardon, miss; I only meant, when you lie alone.

Miss. That's well turn'd; one turn more would have turn'd you down stairs.

Neverout. Come, miss, be kind for once, and order me a dish of coffee.

Miss. Pray, go yourself; let us wear out the oldest: besides, I can't go, for I have a bone in my leg.

Col. They say, a woman need but look on her apron-string to find an excuse.

Neverout. Why, miss, you are grown so peevish, a dog would not live with you.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*, I beg your diversion; no offence, I hope; but truly in a little time you intend to make the colonel as bad as yourself; and that's as bad as can be.

Neverout. My lord, don't you think miss improves wonderfully of late? why, miss, if I spoil the colonel, I hope you will use him as you do me; for you know, love me, love my dog.

Col. How's that, *Tom*? Say that again: why, if I am a dog, shake hands, brother.

Here a great, loud, long laugh.

Ld. Smart. But pray, gentlemen, why always so severe upon poor miss? on my conscience, colonel and *Tom Neverout*, one of you two are both knaves.

Col. My lady *Answerall*, I intend to do myself the honour of dining with your ladyship to-morrow.

Lady Answ. Ay, colonel, do if you can.

Miss. I'm sure you'll be glad to be welcome.

Col. Miss, I thank you; and to reward you, I'll come and drink tea with you in the morning.

Y

Miss.

Miss. Colonel, there's two words to that bargain.

Col. [to *Lady Smart*.] Your ladyship has a very fine watch; well may you wear it.

Lady Smart. It is none of mine, colonel.

Col. Pray, whose is it then?

Lady Smart. Why, 'tis my lord's; for they say, a marry'd woman has nothing of her own, but her wedding-ring and her hair-lace: but if women had been the law-makers, it would have been better.

Col. This watch seems to be quite new.

Lady Smart. No, sir; it has been twenty years in my lord's family; but *Quare* put a new case and dial-plate to it.

Neverout. Why, that's for all the world like the man, who swore he kept the same knife forty years, only he sometimes changed the haft, and sometimes the blade.

Ld. Smart. Well, *Tom*, to give the devil his due, thou art a right woman's man.

Col. Odd-so! I have broke the hinge of my snuff-box; I'm undone besides the loss.

Miss. Alack-a-day, colonel! I vow I had rather have found forty shillings.

Neverout. Why, colonel; all that I can say to comfort you, is, that you must mend it with a new one.

Miss laughs.

Col. What, miss! you can't laugh, but you must shew your teeth.

Miss. I'm sure you shew your teeth, when you can't bite: well, thus it must be, if we fell ale.

Neverout. Miss, you smell very sweet; I hope you don't carry perfumes.

Miss. Perfumes! No, sir; I'd have you to know, it is nothing but the grain of my skin.

Col.

Col. Tom, you have a good nose to make a poor man's sow.

Ld. Sparkish. So, ladies and gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another: come, box it about; 'twill come to my father at last.

Col. Why, my lord, you see miss has no mercy; I wish she were marry'd; but I doubt the grey mare would prove the better horse.

Miss. Well, God forgive you for that wish.

Ld. Sparkish. Never fear him, miss.

Miss. What, my lord, do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

Ld. Smart. What have you to say to that, colonel?

Neverout. O my lord, my friend the colonel scorns to set his wit against a child.

Miss. Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Col. Well, miss; they say, a woman's tongue is the last thing about her that dies; therefore let's kiss and friends.

Miss. Hands off! that's meat for your master.

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, colonel, you are for ale and cakes: but after all, miss, you are too severe; you would not meddle with your match.

Miss. All they can say goes in at one ear and out at t'other for me, I can assure you: only I wish they would be quiet, and let me drink my tea.

Neverout. What! I warrant you think all is lost that goes beside your own mouth.

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, hold your tongue for once, if it be possible; one would think you were a woman in man's cloaths, by your prating.

Neverout. No, miss; it is not handsome to see one hold one's tongue: besides, I should slobber my fingers.

Col. Miss, did you never hear, that three women and a goose are enough to make a market?

Miss. I'm sure, if Mr. *Neverout* or you were among them, it would make a fair.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Here, take away the tea-table, and bring up candles.

Lady Answ. O madam, no candles yet, I beseech you; don't let us burn day-light.

Neverout. I dare swear, miss for her part will never burn day-light, if she can help it.

Miss. Lord, Mr. *Neverout*, one can't hear one's own ears for you.

Lady Smart. Indeed, madam, it is blind man's holiday; we shall soon be all of a colour.

Neverout. Why, then, miss, we may kiss where we like best.

Miss. Fogh! these men talk of nothing but kissing. [*She spits.*]

Neverout. What, miss, does it make your mouth water?

Lady Smart. It is as good be in the dark as without light; therefore pray bring in candles: they say, women and linnen shew best by candle-light: come, gentlemen, are you for a party at quadrille?

Col. I'll make one with you three ladies.

Lady Answ. I'll sit down, and be a stander-by.

Lady Smart [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, does your ladyship never play?

Col. Yes; I suppose her ladyship plays sometimes for an egg at *Easter*.

Neverout. Ay; and a kiss at *Christmas*.

Lady Answ. Come, Mr. *Neverout*, hold your tongue, and mind your knitting.

Neverout. With all my heart; kiss my wife, and welcome.

The

The Colonel, Mr. Neverout, Lady Smart and Miss go to quadrille, and sit there till three in the morning.

They rise from cards.

Lady Smart. Well, miss, you'll have a sad husband, you have such good luck at cards.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you dealt me sad cards; if you deal so ill by your friends, what will you do with your enemies?

Lady Answ. I'm sure 'tis time for honest folks to be a-bed.

Miss. Indeed my eyes draw straws.

She's almost asleep.

Neverout. Why, miss, if you fall asleep, somebody may get a pair of gloves.

Col. I'm going to the Land of *Nod*.

Neverout. Faith, I'm for *Bedfordshire*.

Lady Smart. I'm sure I shall sleep without rocking.

Neverout. Miss, I hope you'll dream of your sweetheart.

Miss. Oh, no doubt of it: I believe I shan't be able to sleep for dreaming of him.

Col. [*to Miss.*] Madam, shall I have the honour to escort you?

Miss. No, colonel, I thank you; my mamma has sent her chair and footmen. Well, my lady *Smart*, I'll give you revenge whenever you please.

Footman comes in.

Footman. Madam, the chairs are waiting.

They all take their chairs, and go off.

The Colonel, Mr. Nevermore, Lady Smart and Miss go to quodville,
and sit there till three in the morning.

They rise from cards.

Lady Smart. Well, miss, you'll have a bad husband, you have
such good luck at cards.
Nevermore. Indeed, miss, you dealt me bad cards; if you deal
to ill by your friends, what will you do with your enemies?
Lady Smart. I'm sure 'tis time for honest folks to be a-bed.
Miss. Indeed my eyes draw tears.

She's almost asleep.

Nevermore. Why, miss, if you fall asleep, somebody may get a
pair of gloves.
Col. I'm going to the Land of Nod.
Nevermore. Faith, I'm for Bedstead.
Lady Smart. I'm sure I shall sleep without rocking.
Nevermore. Miss, I hope you'll dream of your sweetheart.
Miss. Oh, no doubt of it: I believe I shan't be able to sleep
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Footman comes in.

Footman. Madam, the chaises are waiting.

They all take their chairs, and go off.

S E R M O N
POSTHUMOUS PIECES

TRINITY.

I N

For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these Three are One.
P R O S E.

Printed for R. DODSLEY. 1754.

POSTHUMOUS PIECES

IN

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Printed for R. DODSLEY. 1754.

A
S E R M O N
O N T H E
T R I N I T Y.

I Epist. Gen. of St. JOHN v. 7.

For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these Three are One.

THIS day being set apart to acknowledge our belief in the Eternal *Trinity*, I thought it might be proper to employ my present discourse entirely upon that subject; and I hope to handle it in such a manner, that the most ignorant among you may return home better informed of your duty in this great point, than probably you are at present.

It must be confessed, that by the weakness and indiscretion of busy (or at best, of well-meaning) people, as well as by the malice of those who are enemies to all revealed religion, and are not content to possess their own infidelity in silence, without communicating it to the disturbance of mankind; I say, by these means, it must be confessed, that the doctrine of the Trinity hath suffered very much, and made christianity suffer along with it. For these two things must be granted: first, that men of wicked lives would be very glad there were no truth in christianity at all; and secondly, if they can pick out any one single article in the christian religion which appears not agreeable to their own corrupted reason, or to the arguments of those bad people, who follow the trade of seducing others, they presently conclude, that the truth of the whole gospel must sink along with that one article. Which is

Z

just

as wise, as if a man should say, because he dislikes one law of his country, he will therefore observe no law at all; and yet, that one law may be very reasonable in itself, although he does not allow it, or does not know the reason of the lawgivers.

Thus it hath happened with the great doctrine of the *Trinity*; which word is indeed not in scripture, but was a term of art invented in the earlier times to express the doctrine by a single word, for the sake of brevity and convenience. The doctrine then as delivered in holy scripture, though not exactly in the same words, is very short, and amounts only to this; that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, are each of them God, and yet there is but One God. For as to the word *Person*, when we say there are three persons; and as to those other explanations in the *Athanasian* creed this day read to you (whether compiled by *Athanasius* or no) they were taken up three hundred years after Christ to expound this doctrine; and I will tell you upon what occasion. About that time there sprang up a heresy of people called *Arians*, from one *Arius* the leader of them. These denied our Saviour to be God, although they allowed all the rest of the gospel (wherein they were more sincere than their followers among us.) Thus the christian world was divided into two parts, till at length by the zeal and courage of Saint *Athanasius* the *Arians* were condemned in a general council, and a creed formed upon the true faith, as St. *Athanasius* hath settled it. This creed is now read at certain times in our churches, which although it is useful for edification to those who understand it, yet since it contains some nice and philosophical points which few people can comprehend, the bulk of mankind is obliged to believe no more than the scripture doctrine, as I have delivered it. Because that creed was intended only as an answer to the *Arians* in their own way, who were very subtle disputers.

But this heresy having revived in the world about an hundred years ago, and continued ever since; not out of a zeal to truth,
but

but to give a loose to wickedness by throwing off all religion; several divines, in order to answer the cavils of those adversaries to truth and morality, began to find out farther explanations of this doctrine of the Trinity by rules of philosophy; which have multiplied controversies to such a degree, as to beget scruples that have perplexed the minds of many sober christians, who otherwise could never have entertained them.

I must therefore be so bold to affirm, that the method taken by many of those learned men to defend the doctrine of the Trinity, hath been founded upon a mistake.

It must be allowed, that every man is bound to follow the rules and directions of that measure of reason which God hath given him; and indeed he cannot do otherwise, if he will be sincere or act like a man. For instance: if I should be commanded by an angel from heaven to believe it is midnight at noon-day; yet I could not believe him. So if I were directly told in scripture that *three are one*, and *one is three*, I could not conceive or believe it in the natural common sense of that expression, but must suppose that something dark or mystical was meant, which it pleased God to conceal from me and from all the world. Thus in the text, *There are three that bear record*, etc. Am I capable of knowing and defining, what union and what distinction there may be in the divine nature, which possibly may be hid from the angels themselves. Again, I see it plainly declared in scripture, that there is but one God; and yet I find our Saviour claiming the prerogative of God in knowing men's thoughts; in saying *He and his Father are one*; and, *before Abraham was, I am*. I read, that the disciples worshipped him: That *Thomas* said to him, *My Lord and my God*: and Saint *John*, chap. i. *In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God*. I read likewise that the Holy Ghost bestowed the gift of tongues, and the power of working miracles, which, if rightly considered, is as great a miracle as any, that a number of illiterate men should of

a sudden be qualified to speak all the languages then known in the world, such as could be done by the inspiration of * God alone.

From these several texts it is plain, that God commands us to believe there is an union, and there is a distinction; but what that union, or what that distinction is, all mankind are equally ignorant, and must continue so, at least till the day of judgment, without some new revelation.

But because I cannot conceive the nature of this union and distinction in the divine nature, am I therefore to reject them as absurd and impossible, as I would if any one told me that three men are one, and one man is three? we are told, that a man and his wife are one flesh; this I can comprehend the meaning of; yet, literally taken, it is a thing impossible. But the apostle tells us, *We see but in part, and we know but in part*; and yet we would comprehend all the secret ways and workings of God.

Therefore I shall again repeat the doctrine of the Trinity, as it is positively affirmed in scripture: that God is there expressed in three different names, as Father, as Son, and as Holy Ghost; that each of these is God, and that there is but one God. But this union and distinction are a mystery utterly unknown to mankind.

This is enough for any good Christian to believe on this great article, without ever inquiring any farther. And this can be contrary to no man's reason, although the knowledge of it is hid from him.

* In defending the peculiar doctrines of christianity perhaps it is always best to insist upon the positive evidence, as the Dean has done in this sermon: for in every question he who undertakes to obviate objections must necessarily be foiled by him who puts them. By the human intellect little more than the surface of things can be known; and therefore speculative objections, which would puzzle an able philosopher, may be easily raised even against those truths which admit of practical demonstration. It was once objected to a philosopher, who was explaining the

laws of motion, that there could be no such thing, for that a body must move either in the place in which it *is*, or in the place in which it is *not*, but both being impossible, there could be no motion: this objection the philosopher immediately removed by walking cross the room; and if none were to triumph in the strength of popular objections against christianity, but those who could otherwise shew the fallacy of this against motion, the number of *moral philosophers* among us would probably be very few.

But

But there is another difficulty of great importance among those, who quarrel with the doctrine of the Trinity, as well as with several other articles of christianity; which is, that our religion abounds in mysteries, and these they are so bold as to revile as cant, imposture and priestcraft. It is impossible for us to determine, for what reasons God thought fit to communicate some things to us in part, and leave some part a mystery: but so it is in fact, and so the holy scriptures tell us in several places. For instance: the resurrection and change of our bodies are called mysteries by saint *Paul*; our Saviour's incarnation is another: the kingdom of God is called a mystery by our Saviour, to be only known to his disciples; so is faith and the word of God by saint *Paul*: I omit many others. So that to declare against all mysteries without distinction or exception, is to declare against the whole tenor of the New Testament.

There are two conditions, that may bring a mystery under suspicion. First, when it is not taught and commanded in holy writ; or secondly, when the mystery turns to the advantage of those, who preach it to others. Now as to the first, it can never be said, that we preach mysteries without warrant from holy scripture, although I confess this of the *Trinity* may have sometimes been explained by human invention, which might perhaps better have been spared. As to the second, it will not be possible to charge the protestant priesthood with proposing any temporal advantage to themselves by broaching or multiplying or preaching of mysteries. Does this mystery of the *Trinity*, for instance, and the descent of the Holy Ghost, bring the least profit or power to the preachers? no; it is as great a mystery to themselves as it is to the meanest of their hearers; and may be rather a cause of humiliation by putting their understanding in that point upon a level with the most ignorant of their flock. It is true indeed, the *Roman* church hath very much enriched herself by trading in mysteries, for which they have not the least authority from scripture, and

and which were fitted only to advance their own temporal wealth and grandeur ; such as *transubstantiation*, *worshipping of images*, *indulgences* for sins, *purgatory*, and *masses* for the *dead* ; with many more. But it is the perpetual talent of those, who have ill-will to our church, or a contempt for all religion taken up by the wickedness of their lives, to charge us with the errors and corruptions of popery, which all protestants have thrown off near two hundred years : whereas those mysteries held by us have no prospect of power, pomp, or wealth, but have been ever maintained by the universal body of true believers from the days of the apostles, and will be so to the resurrection ; neither will the gates of hell prevail against them.

It may be thought perhaps a strange thing, that God should require us to believe mysteries, while the reason or manner of what we are to believe is above our comprehension, and wholly concealed from us : neither doth it appear at first sight, that the believing or not believing them doth concern either the glory of God, or contribute to the goodness or wickedness of our lives. But this is a great and dangerous mistake. We see what a mighty weight is laid upon faith both in the Old and New Testament. In the former we read, how the faith of *Abraham* is praised, who could believe that God would raise from him a great nation at the very same time, that he was commanded to sacrifice his only son, and despaired of any other issue : and this was to him a great mystery. Our Saviour is perpetually preaching faith to his disciples, or reproaching them with the want of it ; and saint *Paul* produceth numerous examples of the wonders done by faith. And all this is highly reasonable ; for, faith is an entire dependence upon the truth, the power, the justice, and the mercy of God ; which dependence will certainly incline us to obey him in all things. So that the great excellency of faith consists in the consequence it hath upon our actions : as, if we depend upon the truth and wisdom of a man, we shall certainly be more disposed to follow his advice.

advice. Therefore let no man think, that he can lead as good a moral life without faith, as with it; for this reason, because he, who has no faith, cannot by the strength of his own reason or endeavours so easily resist temptations, as the other, who depends upon God's assistance in the overcoming his frailties, and is sure to be rewarded for ever in heaven for his victory over them. *Faith*, says the apostle, *is the evidence of things not seen*: he means, that faith is a virtue, by which any thing commanded us by God to believe, appears evident and certain to us, although we do not see, nor can conceive it; because, by faith we entirely depend upon the truth and power of God.

It is an old and true distinction, that things may be above our reason without being contrary to it. Of this kind are the power, the nature, and the universal presence of God, with innumerable other points. How little do those, who quarrel with mysteries, know of the commonest actions of nature: the growth of an animal, of a plant, or of the smallest seed, is a mystery to the wisest among men. If an ignorant person were told, that a loadstone would draw iron at a distance, he might say it was a thing contrary to his reason, and could not believe before he saw it with his eyes.

The manner whereby the soul and body are united, and how they are distinguished, is wholly unaccountable to us. We see but one part, and yet we know we consist of two; and this is a mystery we cannot comprehend, any more than that of the *Trinity*.

From what hath been said, it is manifest, that God did never command us to believe, nor his ministers to preach, any doctrine which is contrary to the reason he hath pleased to endow us with; but for his own wise ends has thought fit to conceal from us the nature of the thing he commands; thereby to try our faith and obedience, and increase our dependence upon him.

It is highly probable, that if God should please to reveal unto us this great mystery of the *Trinity*, or some other mysteries in our
holy

holy religion, we should not be able to understand them, unless he would at the same time think fit to bestow on us some new powers or faculties of the mind, which we want at present, and are reserved till the day of resurrection to life eternal. *For now, as the apostle says, we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.*

Thus, we see, the matter is brought to this issue; we must either believe what God directly commands us in holy scripture, or we must wholly reject the scripture, and the christian religion which we pretend to profess. But this, I hope, is too desperate a step for any of us to make.

I have already observed, that those who preach up the belief of the *Trinity*, or of any other mystery, cannot propose any temporal advantage to themselves by so doing. But this is not the case of those who oppose these doctrines. Do *they* lead better moral lives than a good christian? Are *they* more just in their dealings? more chaste, or temperate, or charitable? Nothing at all of this; but on the contrary, their intent is to overthrow all religion, that they may gratify their vices without any reproach from the world, or their own conscience; and are zealous to bring over as many others as they can to their own opinions; because it is some kind of imaginary comfort to have a multitude on their side.

There is no miracle mentioned in holy writ, which, if it were strictly examined, is not as much contrary to common reason, and as much a mystery as this doctrine of the *Trinity*; and therefore we may with equal justice deny the truth of them all. For instance: it is against the laws of nature, that a human body should be able to walk upon the water, as saint *Peter* is recorded to have done; or that a dead carcase should be raised from the grave after three days, when it began to corrupt; which those who understand anatomy will pronounce to be impossible by the common rules of nature and reason. Yet these miracles, and many others, are positively affirmed in the gospel; and these we must believe, or give up our holy religion to atheists and infidels.

I shall

I shall now make a few inferences and observations upon what hath been said.

First, It would be well, if people would not lay so much weight on their own reason in matters of religion, as to think every thing impossible and absurd which they cannot conceive. How often do we contradict the right rules of reason in the whole course of our lives? *Reason* itself is true and just, but the *reason* of every particular man is weak and wavering, perpetually swayed and turned by his interests, his passions, and his vices. Let any man but consider, when he hath a controversy with another, though his cause be ever so unjust, though the whole world be against him, how blinded he is by the love of himself to believe that right is wrong, and wrong is right, when it makes for his own advantage. Where is then the right use of his reason, which he so much boasts of, and which he would blasphemously set up to controul the commands of the Almighty?

Secondly, When men are tempted to deny the mysteries of religion, let them examine and search into their own hearts, whether they have not some favourite sin, which is of their party in this dispute, and which is equally contrary to other commands of God in the gospel. For, why do men love darkness rather than light? The scripture tells us, *Because their deeds are evil*; and there can be no other reason assigned. Therefore when men are curious and inquisitive to discover some weak sides in christianity, and inclined to favour every thing that is offered to its disadvantage, it is plain they wish it were not true, and those wishes can proceed from nothing but an evil conscience; because, if there be truth in our religion, their condition must be miserable.*

* It is an high encomium on reformed christianity, and a strong argument of its superior excellence, that a corrupt life always inclines men to wish it were not true. It does not appear that Mahometans and Papists wish their religion to be false in proportion as their lives are immoral; and it is said of *Dryden*, that not being able to fortify himself in infidelity he died a Papist.

And therefore, *thirdly*, men should consider, that raising difficulties concerning the mysteries in religion cannot make them more wise, learned, or virtuous; better neighbours, or friends, or more serviceable to their country; but, whatever they pretend, will destroy their inward peace of mind by perpetual doubts and fears arising in their breasts. And God forbid we should ever see the times so bad, when dangerous opinions in religion will be a means to get favour and preferment; although even in such a case it would be an ill traffick to gain the world, and lose our own souls. So that upon the whole it will be impossible to find any real use towards a virtuous or happy life by denying the mysteries of the gospel.

Fourthly, Those strong unbelievers, who expect that all mysteries should be squared and fitted to their own reason, might have somewhat to say for themselves, if they could satisfy the general reason of mankind in their opinions; but herein they are miserably defective, absurd, and ridiculous; they strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel: they can believe that the world was made by chance; that God doth not concern himself with things below; will neither punish vice nor reward virtue; that religion was invented by cunning men to keep the world in awe; with many other opinions equally false and detestable, against the common light of nature as well as reason; against the universal sentiments of all civilized nations, and offensive to the ears even of a sober heathen.

Lastly, Since the world abounds with pestilent books particularly written against this doctrine of the *Trinity*; it is fit to inform you, that the authors of them proceed wholly upon a mistake: they would shew how impossible it is, that *three* can be *one*, and *one* can be three: whereas the scripture saith no such thing, at least in that manner they would make it: but only that there is some kind of unity and distinction in the divine nature, which
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mankind cannot possibly comprehend: thus the whole doctrine is short and plain, and in itself incapable of any controversy; since God himself hath pronounced the fact, but wholly concealed the manner. And therefore many divines, who thought fit to answer those wicked books, have been mistaken too by answering fools in their folly; and endeavouring to explain a mystery, which God intended to keep secret from us. And as I would exhort all men to avoid reading those wicked books written against this doctrine, as dangerous and pernicious; so I think they may omit the answers as unnecessary. This I confess will probably affect but few or none among the generality of our congregations, who do not much trouble themselves with books, at least of this kind. However many, who do not read themselves, are seduced by others that do; and thus become unbelievers upon trust and at second hand; and this is too frequent a case: for which reason I have endeavoured to put this doctrine upon a short and sure foot, levelled to the meanest understanding; by which we may, as the apostle directs, be ready always to give an answer to every man, that asketh us a reason of the hope that is in us, with meekness and fear.

And thus I have done with my subject, which probably I should not have chosen, if I had not been invited to it by the occasion of this season, appointed on purpose to celebrate the mysteries of the *Trinity*, and the descent of the Holy Ghost, wherein we pray to be kept stedfast in this faith; and what this faith is I have shewn you in the plainest manner I could. For upon the whole, it is no more than this: God commands us, by our dependence upon his truth and his holy word, to believe a fact that we do not understand. And this is no more, than what we do every day in the works of nature upon the credit of men of learning. Without faith we can do no works acceptable to God; for if they proceed from any other principle, they will not advance our salvation; and this faith, as I have explained it, we may acquire without giving up our senses,

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or contradicting our reason. May God of his infinite mercy inspire us with true faith in every article and mystery of our religion, so as to dispose us to do what is pleasing in his sight; and this we pray through Jesus Christ, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, the mysterious incomprehensible One God, be all honour and glory now and for evermore. *Amen.*

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A
S E R M O N
O N
MUTUAL SUBJECTION.

I St. PETER V. 5.

-----*Yea, all of you be subject one to another.*

THE apostle having in many parts of this epistle given directions to christians concerning the duty of subjection or obedience to superiors; in the several instances of the subject to the prince, the child to his parent, the servant to his master, the wife to her husband, and the younger to the elder; doth here in the words of my text sum up the whole by advancing a point of doctrine, which at first may appear a little extraordinary; *Yea, all of you*, saith he, *be subject one to another*. For it should seem, that two persons cannot properly be said to be subject to each other, and that subjection is only due from inferiors to those above them: yet saint *Paul* hath several passages to the same purpose. For he exhorts the *Romans* *, *in honour to prefer one another*; and the *Philippians* †, that in *lowliness of mind they should let each esteem other better than themselves*; and the *Ephesians* ‡, that they should *submit themselves one to another in the fear of the Lord*. Here we find these two great apostles recommending to all christians this duty of mutual subjection. For we may observe by St. *Peter*, that having mentioned the several relations which men bear to each other, as governor and subject, master and servant, and the rest which I have already repeated, he makes no excep-

* Rom. xii. 10.

† Philip. ii. 3.

‡ Ephes. v. 21.

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tion, but fums up the whole with commanding *all to be subject one to another*. From whence we may conclude, that this subjection due from all men to all men is something more than the compliment of course, when our betters are pleased to tell us they are our humble servants, but understand us to be their slaves.

I know very well, that some of those, who explain this text, apply it to humility, to the duties of charity, to private exhortations, and to bearing with each other's infirmities; and it is probable the apostle may have had a regard to all these. But however, many learned men agree, that there is something more understood, and so the words in their plain natural meaning must import; as you will observe yourselves, if you read them with the beginning of the verse, which is thus; *Likewise ye younger submit yourselves unto the elder; yea, all of you be subject one to another*. So that upon the whole there must be some kind of subjection due from every man to every man, which cannot be made void by any power, pre-eminence, or authority whatsoever. Now what sort of subjection is this, and how it ought to be paid, shall be the subject of my present discourse.

As God hath contrived all the works of nature to be useful, and in some manner a support to each other, by which the whole frame of the world under his providence is preserved and kept up; so among mankind, our particular stations are appointed to each of us by God Almighty, wherein we are obliged to act, as far as our power reacheth, towards the good of the whole community. And he, who doth not perform that part assigned him towards advancing the benefit of the whole in proportion to his opportunities and abilities, is not only an useless, but a very mischievous member of the publick: because he takes his share of the profit, and yet leaves his share of the burden to be borne by others, which is the true principal cause of most miseries and misfortunes in life. For a wise man, who does not assist with his counsels, a great man with his protection, a rich man with his bounty and charity,
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and a poor man with his labour, are perfect nufances in a commonwealth. Neither is any condition of life more honourable in the sight of God than another; otherwise he would be a respecter of persons, which he assures us he is not: for he hath proposed the same salvation to all men, and hath only placed them in different ways or stations to work it out. Princes are born with no more advantages of strength or wisdom than other men; and by an unhappy education, are usually more defective in both than thousands of their subjects. They depend for every necessary of life upon the meanest of their people: besides, obedience and subjection were never enjoined by God to humour the passions, lusts, and vanities of those who demand them from us; but we are commanded to obey our governors, because disobedience would breed seditions in the state. Thus servants are directed to obey their masters, children their parents, and wives their husbands; not from any respect of persons in God, but because otherwise there would be nothing but confusion in private families. This matter will be clearly explained by considering the comparison, which St. *Paul* makes between the church of Christ and the body of man: for the same resemblance will hold, not only to families and kingdoms, but to the whole corporation of mankind. * *The eye, saith he, cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the hand to the foot, I have no need of thee. Nay, much more, those members of the body which seem to be more feeble, are necessary: and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.* The case is directly the same among mankind. The prince cannot say to the merchant, I have no need of thee; nor the merchant to the labourer, I have no need of thee. Nay, much more those members, which seem to be more feeble are necessary. For the poor are generally more necessary members of the commonwealth than the rich: which clearly shews, that God never in-

* Rom. xii. 21, 22, 23, 26.

tended such possessions for the sake and service of those, to whom he lends them; but because he hath assigned every man his particular station to be useful in life, and this for the reason given by the apostle, *that there may be no schism in the body*.

From hence may partly be gathered the nature of that subjection, which we all owe to one another. God Almighty hath been pleased to put us into an imperfect state, where we have perpetual occasion of each other's assistance. There is none so low, as not to be in a capacity of assisting the highest, nor so high, as not to want the assistance of the lowest.

It plainly appears from what hath been said, that no one human creature is more worthy than another in the sight of God, farther than according to the goodness or holiness of their lives; and that power, wealth, and the like outward advantages, are so far from being the marks of God's approving or preferring those, on whom they are bestowed, that on the contrary he is pleased to suffer them to be almost engrossed by those, who have least title to his favour. Now according to this equality wherein God hath placed all mankind with relation to himself, you will observe, that in all the relations between man and man there is a mutual dependence, whereby the one cannot subsist without the other. Thus, no man can be a prince without subjects, nor a master without servants, nor a father without children. And this both explains and confirms the doctrine of the text: for where there is a mutual dependence, there must be a mutual duty, and consequently a mutual subjection. For instance, the subject must obey his prince, because God commands it, human laws require it, and the safety of the publick makes it necessary. (For the same reasons we must obey all that are in authority, and submit ourselves not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward, whether they rule according to our liking or no.) On the other side, in those countries that pretend to freedom, princes are subject to those laws which their people have chosen; they are bound to protect their
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subjects in liberty, property, and religion, to receive their petitions, and redress their grievances: so that the best prince is, in the opinion of wise men, only the greatest servant of the nation; not only a servant to the publick in general, but in some sort to every man in it. In the like manner, a servant owes obedience, and diligence, and faithfulness to his master, from whom at the same time he hath a just demand for protection, and maintenance, and gentle treatment. Nay, even the poor beggar hath a just demand of an alms from the rich man, who is guilty of fraud, injustice, and oppression, if he does not afford relief according to his abilities.

But this subjection we all owe one another is no where more necessary, than in the common conversations of life; for without it there could be no society among men. If the learned would not sometimes submit to the ignorant, the wise to the simple, the gentle to the froward, the old to the weaknesses of the young, there would be nothing but everlasting variance in the world. This our Saviour himself confirmed by his own example; for he appeared in the form of a servant, and washed his disciples feet, adding those memorable words, *Ye call me Lord and master, and ye say well, for so I am. If I then your Lord and Master wash your feet, how much more ought ye to wash one another's feet?* Under which expression of washing the feet is included all that subjection, assistance, love, and duty, which every good christian ought to pay his brother, in whatever station God hath placed him. For the greatest prince and the meanest slave are not by infinite degrees so distant, as our Saviour and those disciples whose feet he vouchsafed to wash.

And although this doctrine of subjecting ourselves to one another may seem to grate upon the pride and vanity of mankind, and may therefore be hard to be digested by those, who value themselves upon their greatness or their wealth; yet it is really no more than what most men practise upon other occasions. For if our neighbour who is our inferior comes to see us, we rise to

receive him, we place him above us, and respect him as if he were better than ourselves; and this is thought both decent and necessary, and is usually called *good manners*. Now the duty required by the apostle is only, that we should enlarge our minds, and that what we thus practise in the common course of life, we should imitate in all our actions and proceedings whatsoever; since our Saviour tells us, that every man is our neighbour, and since we are so ready in the point of civility to yield to others in our own houses, where only we have any title to govern.

Having thus shewn you, what sort of subjection it is, which all men owe one another, and in what manner it ought to be paid, I shall now draw some observations from what hath been said.

And *first*; A thorough practice of this duty of subjecting ourselves to the wants and infirmities of each other would utterly extinguish in us the vice of pride.

For if God has pleased to entrust me with a talent, not for my own sake, but for the service of others, and at the same time hath left me full of wants and necessities which others must supply; I can then have no cause to set any extraordinary value upon myself, or to despise my brother, because he hath not the same talents, which were lent to me. His being may probably be as useful to the publick as mine, and therefore by the rules of right reason I am in no sort preferable to him.

Secondly; 'Tis very manifest from what has been said, that no man ought to look upon the advantages of life, such as riches, honour, power, and the like, as his property, but meerly as a trust, which God hath deposited with him to be employed for the use of his brethren; and God will certainly punish the breach of that trust, though the laws of man will not, or rather indeed cannot; because the trust was conferred only by God, who has not left it to any power on earth to decide infallibly, whether a man makes
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a good use of his talents or no, or to punish him where he fails. And therefore God seems to have more particularly taken this matter into his own hands, and will most certainly reward or punish us in proportion to our good or ill performance in it. Now, although the advantages, which one man possesseth more than another, may in some sense be called his property with respect to other men, yet with respect to God they are, as I said, only a trust; which will plainly appear from hence: if a man does not use those advantages to the good of the publick, or the benefit of his neighbour, it is certain he doth not deserve them, and consequently that God never intended them for a blessing to him; and on the other side, whoever does employ his talents as he ought, will find by his own experience, they were chiefly lent him for the service of others; for to the service of others he will certainly employ them.

Thirdly; If we could all be brought to practise this duty of subjecting ourselves to each other, it would very much contribute to the general happiness of mankind: for this would root out envy and malice from the heart of man; because you cannot envy your neighbour's strength, if he make use of it to defend your life, or carry your burden; you cannot envy his wisdom, if he gives you good counsel; nor his riches, if he supplies you in your wants; nor his greatness, if he employs it to your protection. The miseries of life are not properly owing to the unequal distribution of things; but God Almighty, the great King of heaven, is treated like the kings of the earth, who although perhaps intending well themselves, have often most abominable ministers and stewards, and those generally the vilest, to whom they intrust the most talents. But here is the difference, that the princes of this world see by other men's eyes, but God sees all things; and therefore whenever he permits his blessings to be dealt among those who are unworthy, we may certainly conclude, that he intends them only as a punishment to an evil world, as well as to the owners. It were

well, if those would consider this, whose riches serve them only as a spur to avarice, or as an instrument to their lusts; whose wisdom is only of this world, to put false colours upon things, to call good evil, and evil good, against the conviction of their own consciences; and lastly, who employ their power and favour in acts of oppression or injustice, in misrepresenting persons and things, or in countenancing the wicked to the ruin of the innocent.

Fourthly, The practice of this duty of being subject to one another, would make us rest contented in the several stations of life, wherein God hath thought fit to place us; because it would in the best and easiest manner bring us back as it were to that early state of the gospel, when Christians had all things in common. For if the poor found the rich disposed to supply their wants; if the ignorant found the wise ready to instruct and direct them; or if the weak might always find protection from the mighty; they could none of them with the least pretence of justice lament their own condition.

From all that hath been hitherto said, it appears, that great abilities of any sort, when they are employed as God directs, do but make the owners of them greater and more painful servants to their neighbour, and the publick: however, we are by no means to conclude from hence, that they are not really blessings, when they are in the hands of good men. For first, what can be a greater honour than to be chosen one of the stewards and dispensers of God's bounty to mankind? What is there, that can give a generous spirit more pleasure and complacency of mind, than to consider, that he is an instrument of doing much good? that great numbers owe to him, under God, their subsistence, their safety, their health, and the good conduct of their lives? the wickedest man upon earth takes a pleasure in doing good to those he loves; and therefore surely a good christian, who obeys our Saviour's

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commands of loving all men, cannot but take delight in doing good even to his enemies. God, who gives all things to all men, can receive nothing from any ; and those among men, who do the most good, and receive the fewest returns, do most resemble their creator : for which reason saint *Paul* delivers it as a saying of our Saviour, that *it is more blessed to give than receive*. By this rule, what must become of those things, which the world values as the greatest blessings, riches, power, and the like, when our Saviour plainly determines, that the best way to make them blessings is to part with them ? Therefore although the advantages, which one man hath over another, may be called blessings, yet they are by no means so in the sense the world usually understands. Thus, for example, great riches are no blessing in themselves ; because the poor man with the common necessities of life enjoys more health and has fewer cares without them : how then do they become blessings ? No otherwise, than by being employed in feeding the hungry, cloathing the naked, rewarding worthy men, and in short, doing acts of charity and generosity. Thus likewise, power is no blessing in itself, because private men bear less envy, and trouble, and anguish without it. But when it is employed to protect the innocent, to relieve the oppressed, and to punish the oppressor, then it becomes a great blessing. And so lastly even great wisdom is, in the opinion of *Solomon*, not a blessing in itself : for *in much wisdom is much sorrow* ; and men of common understandings, if they serve God and mind their callings, make fewer mistakes in the conduct of life than those who have better heads. And yet wisdom is a mighty blessing, when it is applied to good purposes, to instruct the ignorant, to be a faithful counsellor either in publick or private, to be a director to youth, and to many other ends needless here to mention.

To conclude : God sent us into the world to obey his commands by doing as much good as our abilities will reach, and as
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little evil as our many infirmities will permit. Some he hath only trusted with one talent, some with five, and some with ten. No man is without his talent; and he that is faithful or negligent in a little, shall be rewarded or punished, as well as he that hath been so in a great deal.

Consider what hath been said, *etc.*

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S E R M O N
O N T H E
Testimony of Conscience.

2 COR. i. 12. Part of it.

----- *For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience.*

TH E R E is no word more frequently in the mouths of men, than that of *conscience*, and the meaning of it is in some measure generally understood: however, because it is likewise a word extreamly abused by many people, who apply other meanings to it, which God Almighty never intended; I shall explain it to you in the clearest manner I am able. The word *conscience* properly signifies that knowledge, which a man hath within himself, of his own thoughts and actions. And because if a man judgeth fairly of his own actions by comparing them with the law of God, his mind will either approve or condemn him according as he hath done good or evil; therefore this knowledge or conscience may properly be called both an accuser and a judge. So that whenever our conscience accuseth us, we are certainly guilty; but we are not always innocent, when it doth not accuse us: for very often through the hardness of our hearts, or the fondness and favour we bear to ourselves, or through ignorance or neglect, we do not suffer our conscience to take any cognisance of several sins we commit. There is another office likewise belonging to conscience, which is that of being our director and guide; and the wrong use of this hath been the occasion of more evils under the sun, than almost all other causes put together.

together. For, as conscience is nothing else but the knowledge we have of what we are thinking and doing; so it can guide us no farther than that knowledge reacheth: and therefore God hath placed conscience in us to be our director only in those actions, which scripture and reason plainly tell us to be good or evil. But in cases too difficult or doubtful for us to comprehend or determine, there conscience is not concerned; because it cannot advise in what it doth not understand, nor decide where it is itself in doubt: but by God's great mercy those difficult points are never of absolute necessity to our salvation. There is likewise another evil, that men often say, a thing is against their conscience, when really it is not. For instance: ask any of those, who differ from the worship established, why they do not come to church, they will say, they dislike the ceremonies, the prayers, the habits, and the like; and therefore it goes against their conscience: but they are mistaken, their teacher hath put those words into their mouth; for a man's conscience can go no higher than his knowledge; and therefore till he has thoroughly examined by scripture, and the practice of the ancient church, whether those points are blameable or no, his conscience cannot possibly direct him to condemn them. Hence have likewise arisen those mistakes about what is usually called *liberty of conscience*; which, properly speaking, is no more than a liberty of knowing our own thoughts; which liberty no one can take from us. But those words have obtained quite different meanings: liberty of conscience is now-a-days not only understood to be the liberty of believing what men please, but also of endeavouring to propagate that belief as much as they can, and to overthrow the faith which the laws have already established, and to be rewarded by the publick for those wicked endeavours: and this is the liberty of conscience, which the fanatics are now openly in the face of the world endeavouring at with their utmost application. At the same time it cannot but be observed, that those very persons, who under pretence of a publick spirit and
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tendernefs towards their christian brethren are fo zealous for fuch a liberty of confcience as this, are of all others the leaft tender to thofe who differ from them in the fmalleft point relating to government; and I wifh I could not fay, that the majefty of the living God may be offended with more fecurity than the memory of a dead prince. But the wifdom of the world at prefent feems to agree with that of the heathen emperor, who faid, If the gods were offended, it was their own concern, and they were able to vindicate themfelves.

But although confcience hath been abufed to thofe wicked purpofes which I have already related, yet a due regard to the directions it plainly gives us, as well as to its accusations, reproaches and advices, would be of the greateft ufe to mankind both for their prefent welfare and future happinefs.

Therefore my difcourfe at this time fhall be directed to prove to you, that there is no folid, firm foundation for virtue, but on a confcience which is guided by religion.

In order to this I fhall firft fhew you the weaknefs and uncertainty of two falfe principles, which many people fet up in the place of confcience for a guide to their actions.

The firft of thefe principles is, what the world ufually calls *moral honefty*. There are fome people, who appear very indifferent as to religion, and yet have the repote of being juft and fair in their dealings; and thefe are generally known by the character of good moral men. But now if you look into the grounds and the motives of fuch a man's actions, you fhall find them to be no other than his own eafe and intereft. For example: you trust a moral man with your money in the way of trade, you trust another with the defence of your caufe at law, and perhaps they both deal juftly with you. Why? not from any regard they have for juftice, but becaufe their fortune depends upon their credit, and a ftain of open publick difhonefty muft be to their difadvantage. But let it confift with fuch a man's intereft and fafety to wrong

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you, and then it will be impossible you can have any hold upon him ; because there is nothing left to give him a check, or put in the balance against his profit. For if he hath nothing to govern himself by but the opinion of the world, as long as he can conceal his injustice from the world, he thinks he is safe.

Besides, it is found by experience, that those men, who set up for morality without regard to religion, are generally virtuous but in part ; they will be just in their dealings between man and man, but if they find themselves disposed to pride, lust, intemperance, or avarice, they do not think their morality concerned to check them in any of these vices ; because it is the great rule of such men, that they may lawfully follow the dictates of nature, wherever their safety, health, and fortune are not injured. So that upon the whole there is hardly one vice, which a meer moral man may not upon some occasions allow himself to practise.

The other false principle, which some men set up in the place of conscience to be their director in life, is what those, who pretend to it, call *honour*.

This word is often made the sanction of an oath ; it is reckoned to be a great commendation to be a strict man of honour ; and it is commonly understood, that a man of honour can never be guilty of a base action. This is usually the stile of military men, of persons with titles, and of others who pretend to birth and quality. 'Tis true indeed, that in ancient times it was universally understood, that honour was the reward of virtue ; but if such honour as is now-a-days going will not permit a man to do a base action, it must be allowed, there are very few such things as base actions in nature. No man of honour, as that word is usually understood, did ever pretend that his honour obliged him to be chaste or temperate, to pay his creditors, to be useful to his country, to do good to mankind, to endeavour to be wise or learned, to regard his word, his promise, or his oath : or if he hath any of these virtues, they were never learned in the catechism
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of honour, which contains but two precepts, the punctual payment of debts contracted at play, and the right understanding the several degrees of an affront, in order to revenge it by the death of an adversary.

But suppose this principle of honour, which some men so much boast of, did really produce more virtues than it ever pretended to; yet, since the very being of that honour depended upon the breath, the opinion, or the fancy of the people, the virtues derived from it could be of no long or certain duration. For example: suppose a man from a principle of honour should resolve to be just, or chaste, or temperate, and yet the censuring world should take a humour of refusing him those characters, he would then think the obligation at an end. Or on the other side, if he thought he could gain honour by the falsest and vilest action (which is a case that very often happens) he would then make no scruple to perform it. And God knows, it would be an unhappy state, to have the religion, the liberty, or the property of a people lodged in such hands; which however hath been too often the case.

What I have said upon this principle of honour may perhaps be thought of small concernment to most of you, who are my hearers: however a caution was not altogether unnecessary; since there is nothing by which not only the vulgar, but the honest tradesman hath been so much deceived, as this infamous pretence to honour in too many of their betters.

Having thus shewn you the weakness and uncertainty of those principles, which some men set up in the place of conscience to direct them in their actions, I shall now endeavour to prove to you, that there is no solid, firm foundation of virtue, but in a conscience directed by the principles of religion.

There is no way of judging how far we may depend upon the actions of men, otherwise than by knowing the motives, and grounds, and causes of them; and if the motives of our actions be

not resolved and determined into the law of God, they will be precarious and uncertain, and liable to perpetual changes. I will shew you what I mean by an example: suppose a man thinks it his duty to obey his parents, because reason tells him so, because he is obliged by gratitude, and because the laws of his country command him to do so: if he stops here, his parents can have no lasting security; for an occasion may happen, wherein it may be extremely his interest to be disobedient, and where the laws of the land can lay no hold upon him: therefore before such a man can safely be trusted, he must proceed farther, and consider, that his reason is the gift of God; that God commanded him to be obedient to the laws, and did moreover in a particular manner enjoin him to be dutiful to his parents; after which, if he lays due weight upon those considerations, he will probably continue in his duty to the end of his life: because no earthly interest can ever come in competition to balance the danger of offending his Creator, or the happiness of pleasing him. And of all this his conscience will certainly inform him, if he hath any regard to religion.

Secondly; Fear and hope are the two greatest natural motives of all men's actions: but neither of these passions will ever put us in the way of virtue, unless they be directed by conscience. For although virtuous men do sometimes accidentally make their way to preferment, yet the world is so corrupted, that no man can reasonably hope to be rewarded in it merely upon account of his virtue. And consequently the fear of punishment in this life will preserve men from very few vices, since some of the blackest and basest do often prove the surest steps to favour; such as ingratitude, hypocrisy, treachery, malice, subornation, atheism, and many more which human laws do little concern themselves about. But when conscience placeth before us the hopes of everlasting happiness, and the fears of everlasting misery, as the reward and punishment of our good or evil actions, our reason can find

find no way to avoid the force of such an argument, otherwise than by running into infidelity.

Lastly, Conscience will direct us to love God, and to put our whole trust and confidence in him. Our love of God will inspire us with a detestation for sin, as what is of all things most contrary to his divine nature; and if we have an entire confidence in him, *that* will enable us to subdue and despise all the allurements of the world.

It may here be objected, if conscience be so sure a director to us christians in the conduct of our lives, how comes it to pass that the ancient heathens, who had no other lights but those of nature and reason, should so far exceed us in all manner of virtue, as plainly appears by many examples, they have left on record?

To which it may be answered; first, those heathens were extremely strict and exact in the education of their children; whereas among us this care is so much laid aside, that the more God has blessed any man with estate or quality, just so much the less in proportion is the care he takes in the education of his children, and particularly of that child which is to inherit his fortune; of which the effects are visible enough among the great ones of the world. Again, those heathens did in a particular manner instill the principle into their children of loving their country, which is so far otherwise now-a-days, that of the several parties among us, there is none of them that seem to have so much as heard whether there be such a virtue in the world, as plainly appears by their practices, and especially when they are placed in those stations where they can only have opportunity of shewing it. *Lastly*; the most considerable among the heathens did generally believe rewards and punishments in a life to come; which is the great principle for conscience to work upon: whereas too many of those, who would be thought the most considerable among us, do

do both by their practices and their discourses plainly affirm, that they believe nothing at all of the matter.

Wherefore since it hath manifestly appeared, that a religious conscience is the only true solid foundation, upon which virtue can be built, give me leave, before I conclude, to let you see how necessary such a conscience is to conduct us in every station and condition of our lives.

That a religious conscience is necessary in any station, is confessed even by those, who tell us that all religion was invented by cunning men in order to keep the world in awe. For if religion by the confession of its adversaries be necessary toward the well-governing of mankind; then everywise man in power will be sure not only to chuse out for every station under him such persons as are most likely to be kept in awe by religion, but likewise to carry some appearance of it himself, or else he is a very weak politician. And accordingly in any country, where great persons affect to be open despisers of religion, their counsels will be found at last to be fully as destructive to the state as to the church.

It was the advice of *Jethro* to his son-in-law *Moses*, to *provide able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness*, and to place such over the people; and *Moses*, who was as wise a statesman at least as any in this age, thought fit to follow that advice. Great abilities without the fear of God are most dangerous instruments, when they are trusted with power. The laws of man have thought fit, that those who are called to any office of trust should be bound by an oath to the faithful discharge of it: but an oath is an appeal to God, and therefore can have no influence except upon those, who believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of those that seek him, and a punisher of those who disobey him: and therefore, we see, the laws themselves are forced to have recourse to conscience in these cases, because their penalties cannot reach the arts of cunning men, who can find ways to be guilty of a thousand injustices without being discovered, or at least

without being punished. And the reason why we find so many frauds, abuses, and corruptions where any trust is conferred, can be no other, than that there is so little conscience and religion left in the world, or at least that men in their choice of instruments have private ends in view, which are very different from the service of the publick. Besides, it is certain, that men who profess to have no religion, are full as zealous to bring over proselytes as any papist or fanatick can be. And therefore, if those who are in station high enough to be of influence or example to others; if those (I say) openly profess a contempt or disbelief of religion, they will be sure to make all their dependents of their own principles; and what security can the publick expect from such persons, whenever their interests or their lusts come into competition with their duty? It is very possible for a man, who hath the appearance of religion, and is a great pretender to conscience, to be wicked and a hypocrite; but it is impossible for a man, who openly declares against religion, to give any reasonable security that he will not be false and cruel and corrupt, whenever a temptation offers, which he values more than he does the power wherewith he was trusted. And if such a man doth not betray his cause and his master, it is only because the temptation was not properly offered, or the profit was too small, or the danger too great. And hence it is, that we find so little truth or justice among us, because there are so very few, who either in the service of the publick, or in common dealings with each other, do ever look farther than their own advantage, and how to guard themselves against the laws of the country; which a man may do by favour, by secrecy, or by cunning, though he breaks almost every law of God.

Therefore to conclude: it plainly appears, that unless men are guided by the advice and judgment of conscience founded on religion, they can give no security that they will be either good subjects, faithful servants of the publick, or honest in their mutual dealings;

dealings; since there is no other tie, through which the pride, or lust, or avarice, or ambition of mankind will not certainly break one time or other.

Consider what has been said, *etc.*

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O N
B R O T H E R L Y L O V E.

H E B. xiii. 1.

Let brotherly love continue.

IN the early times of the gospel the christians were very much distinguished from all other bodies of men by the great and constant love they bore to each other ; which, although it was done in obedience to the frequent injunctions of our Saviour and his apostles, yet, I confess, there seemeth to have been likewise a natural reason, that very much promoted it. For the christians then were few and scattered, living under persecution by the heathens round about them, in whose hands was all the civil and military power ; and there is nothing so apt to unite the minds and hearts of men, or to beget love and tenderness, as a general distress. The first dissensions between christians took their beginning from the errors and heresies, that arose among them ; many of those heresies sometimes extinguished and sometimes reviving, or succeeded by others, remain to this day ; and having been made instruments to the pride avarice or ambition of ill-designing men by extinguishing brotherly love have been the cause of infinite calamities, as well as corruptions of faith and manners, in the christian world.

The last legacy of Christ was peace and mutual love ; but then he foretold, that he came to send a sword upon the earth : the primitive christians accepted the legacy, and their successors down to the present age have been largely fulfilling his prophecy. But

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whatever the practice of mankind hath been, or still continues, there is no duty more incumbent upon those who profess the gospel, than that of brotherly love; which whoever could restore in any degree among men, would be an instrument of more good to human society, than ever was, or will be, done by all the statesmen and politicians in the world.

It is upon this subject of brotherly love, that I intend to discourse at present, and the method I observe shall be as follows:

I. *First*, I will enquire into the causes of this great want of brotherly love among us.

II. *Secondly*, I will lay open the sad effects and consequences, which our animosities and mutual hatred have produced.

III. *Lastly*, I will use some motives and exhortations, that may persuade you to embrace brotherly love, and continue in it.

I. *First*, I shall enquire into the causes of this great want of brotherly love among us.

This nation of ours hath for an hundred years past been infested by two enemies, the papists and fanaticks, who each in their turns filled it with blood and slaughter, and for a time destroyed both the church and government. The memory of these events hath put all true protestants equally upon their guard against both these adversaries, who by consequence do equally hate us. The fanaticks revile us, as too nearly approaching to popery; and the papists condemn us, as bordering too much on fanaticism. The papists, God be prais'd, are by the wisdom of our laws put out of all visible possibility of hurting us; besides, their religion is so generally abhorred, that they have no advocates or abettors among protestants to assist them. But the fanaticks are to be considered in another light; they have had of late years the power the luck or the cunning to divide us among ourselves; they have endeavoured to represent all those, who have been so bold as to oppose their errors

errors and designs, under the character of persons disaffected to the government; and they have so far succeeded, that now-a-days, if a clergyman happens to preach with any zeal and vehemence against the sin or danger of schism, there will not want too many in his congregation ready enough to censure him as hot and high flying, an inflamer of men's minds, an enemy to moderation, and disloyal to his prince. This hath produced a formed and settled division between those, who profess the same doctrine and discipline, while they, who call themselves moderate, are forced to widen their bottom by sacrificing their principles and their brethren to the incroachments and insolence of dissenters, who are therefore answerable, as a principal cause of all that hatred and animosity now reigning among us.

Another cause of the great want of brotherly love is the weakness and folly of too many among you of the lower sort, who are made the tools and instruments of your betters to work their designs, wherein you have no concern. Your numbers make you of use, and cunning men take the advantage by putting words into your mouths, which you do not understand; then they fix good or ill characters to those words, as it best serves their purposes: and thus you are taught to love or hate, you know not what, or why; you often suspect your best friends and nearest neighbours, even your teacher himself, without any reason, if your leaders once taught you to call him by a name, which they tell you signifieth some very bad thing.

A third cause of our great want of brotherly love seemeth to be, that this duty is not so often insisted on from the pulpit, as it ought to be in such times as these; on the contrary it is to be doubted, whether doctrines are not sometimes delivered by an ungoverned zeal, a desire to be distinguished, or a view of interest, which produce quite different effects; when upon occasions set apart to return thanks to God for some publick blessing, the time is employed in stirring up one part of the congregation against the

other by representations of things and persons, which God in his mercy forgive those who are guilty of.

The last cause I shall mention of the want of brotherly love is, that unhappy disposition towards politicks among the trading people, which hath been industriously instilled into them. In former times the middle and lower sort of mankind seldom gained or lost by the factions of the kingdom, and therefore were little concerned in them, further than as matter of talk and amusement; but now the meanest dealer will expect to turn the penny by the merits of his party. He can represent his neighbour as a man of dangerous principles, can bring a railing accusation against him, perhaps a criminal one, and so rob him of his livelihood, and find his own account by that much more than if he had disparaged his neighbour's goods, or defamed him as a cheat. For so it happens, that instead of enquiring into the skill or honesty of those kind of people, the manner is now to enquire into their party, and to reject or encourage them accordingly; which proceeding hath made our people in general such able politicians, that all the artifice, flattery, dissimulation, diligence and dexterity in undermining each other, which the satyrical wit of men hath charged upon courts; together with all the rage and violence, cruelty and injustice, which have been ever imputed to publick assemblies; are with us (so polite are we grown) to be seen among our meanest traders and artificers in the greatest perfection. All which, as it may be matter of some humiliation to the wise and mighty of this world, so the effects thereof may perhaps in time prove very different from what, I hope in charity, were ever foreseen or intended.

II. I will therefore now in the second place lay open some of the sad effects and consequences, which our animosities and mutual hatred have produced.

And the first ill consequence is, that our want of brotherly love hath almost driven out all sense of religion from among us,
which

which cannot well be otherwise: for since our Saviour laid so much weight upon his disciples loving one another, that he gave it among his last instructions; and since the primitive christians are allowed to have chiefly propagated the faith by their strict observance of that instruction, it must follow that in proportion as brotherly love declineth, christianity will do so too. The little religion there is in the world, hath been observed to reside chiefly among the middle and lower sort of people, who are neither tempted to pride and luxury by great riches, nor to desperate courses by extreme poverty: and truly, I upon that account have thought it a happiness, that these who are under my immediate care are generally of that condition; but where party hath once made entrance with all its consequences of hatred, envy, partiality and virulence, religion cannot long keep its hold in any state or degree of life whatsoever. For, if the great men of the world have been censured in all ages for mingling too little religion with their politicks, what a havock of principles must they needs make in unlearned and irregular heads; of which indeed the effects are already too visible and melancholy all over the kingdom.

Another ill consequence from our want of brotherly love is, that it increaseth the insolence of the fanatics; and this partly ariseth from a mistaken meaning of the word moderation; a word which hath been much abused, and handed about for several years past. There are too many people indifferent enough to all religion; there are many others, who dislike the clergy, and would have them live in poverty and dependence; both these sorts are much commended by the fanatics for moderate men, ready to put an end to our divisions, and to make a general union among protestants. Many ignorant well meaning people are deceived by these appearances, strengthened with great pretences to loyalty: and these occasions the fanatics lay hold on to revile the doctrine and discipline of the church, and even insult and oppress the clergy, wherever their numbers or favourers will bear them out; infomuch
that

that one wilful refractory fanatick hath been able to disturb a whole parish for many years together. But the most moderate and favoured divines dare not own, that the word moderation with respect to the dissenters can be at all applied to their religion, but is purely personal or prudential. No good man repineth at the liberty of conscience they enjoy; and perhaps a very moderate divine may think better of their loyalty than others do; or, to speak after the manner of men may think it necessary, that all protestants should be united against the common enemy; or out of discretion, or other reasons best known to himself, be tender of mentioning them at all. But still the errors of the dissenters are all fixed and determined, and must upon demand be acknowledged by all the divines of our church, whether they be called in party phrase, high or low, moderate or violent. And further, I believe it would be hard to find many moderate divines, who, if their opinion were asked whether dissenters should be trusted with power, could according to their consciences answer in the affirmative; from whence it is plain, that all the stir, which the fanaticks have made with this word moderation, was only meant to increase our divisions, and widen them so far as to make room for themselves to get in between. And this is the only scheme they ever had (except that of destroying root and branch) for the uniting of protestants, they so much talk of.

I shall mention but one ill consequence more, which attends our want of brotherly love; that it hath put an end to all hospitality and friendship, all good correspondence and commerce between mankind. There are indeed such things as leagues and confederacies among those of the same party; but surely God never intended, that men should be so limited in the choice of their friends: however, so it is in town and country, in every parish and street; the pastor is divided from his flock, the father from his son, and the house often divided against itself. Mens very natures are soured and their passions inflamed, when they meet in party clubs, and
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spend their time in nothing else but railing at the opposite side; thus every man alive among us is encompassed with a million of enemies of his own country, among which his oldest acquaintance and friends, and kindred themselves are often of the number: neither can people of different parties mix together without constraint, suspicion and jealousy, watching every word they speak for fear of giving offence, or else falling into rudeness and reproaches, and so leaving themselves open to the malice and corruption of informers, who were never more numerous or expert in their trade. And as a further addition to this evil, those very few, who by the goodness and generosity of their nature do in their own hearts despise this narrow principle of confining their friendship and esteem their charity and good offices to those of their own party, yet dare not discover their good inclinations for fear of losing their favour and interest. And others again, whom God had formed with mild and gentle dispositions, think it necessary to put a force upon their own tempers by acting a noisy, violent, malicious part, as a means to be distinguished. Thus hath party got the better of the very genius and constitution of our people; so that whoever reads the character of the *English* in former ages, will hardly believe their present posterity to be of the same nation or climate.

III. I shall now, in the last place, make use of some motives and exhortations, that may persuade you to embrace brotherly love, and to continue in it. Let me apply myself to you of the lower sort, and desire you will consider, when any of you make use of fair and enticing words to draw in customers, whether you do it for their sakes or your own. And then for whose sakes do you think it is, that your leaders are so industrious to put into your heads all that party rage and virulence? is it not to make you the tools and instruments, by which they work out their own designs? Has this spirit of faction been useful to any of you in your worldly

worldly concerns, except to those who have traded in whispering, back-biting, or informing, and wanted skill or honesty to thrive by fairer methods? It is no business of yours to enquire, who is at the head of armies, or of councils, unless you had power and skill to chuse, neither of which is ever like to be your case; and therefore to fill your heads with fears, and hatred of persons and things, of which it is impossible you can ever make a right judgment, or to set you at variance with your neighbour, because his thoughts are not the same as yours, is not only in a very gross manner to cheat you of your time and quiet, but likewise to endanger your souls.

Secondly, In order to restore brotherly love let me earnestly exhort you to stand firm in your religion, I mean the true religion hitherto established among us, without varying in the least either to popery on the one side, or to fanaticism on the other; and in a particular manner beware of that word, *moderation*; and believe it, that your neighbour is not immediately a villain, a papist, and a traitor, because the fanatics and their adherents will not allow him to be a moderate man. Nay, it is very probable, that your teacher himself may be a loyal, pious, and able divine, without the least grain of moderation, as the word is too frequently understood. Therefore, to set you right in this matter, I will lay before you the character of a truly moderate man, and then I will give you the description of such an one, who falsely pretendeth to that title.

A man truly moderate is steady in the doctrine and discipline of the church, but with a due christian charity to all, who dissent from it out of a principle of conscience; the freedom of which, he thinketh, ought to be fully allowed, as long as it is not abused, but never trusted with power. He is ready to defend with his life and fortune the protestant succession, and the protestant established faith, against all invaders whatsoever. He is for giving the
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crown its just prerogative, and the people their just liberties. He hateth no man for differing from him in political opinions; nor doth he think it a maxim infallible, that virtue should always attend upon favour, and vice upon disgrace. These are some few lineaments in the character of a truly moderate man: let us now compare it with the description of one, who usually passeth under that title.

A moderate man in the new meaning of the word is one, to whom all religion is indifferent; who, although he denominates himself of the church, regardeth it no more than a conventicle. He perpetually raileth at the body of the clergy, with exceptions only to a very few, who he hopeth, and probably upon false grounds, are as ready to betray their rights and properties as himself. He thinks the power of the people can never be too great, nor that of the prince too little; and yet this very notion he publisheth, as his best argument, to prove him a most loyal subject. Every opinion in government, that differeth in the least from his, tends directly to popery, slavery, and rebellion. Whoever lieth under the frown of power, can in his judgment neither have common sense, common honesty, nor religion. Lastly, his devotion consisteth in drinking gibbets, confusion, and damnation; in profanely idolizing the memory of one dead prince, and ungratefully trampling upon the ashes of another.

By these marks you will easily distinguish a truly moderate man from those, who are commonly, but very falsely, so called; and while persons thus qualified are so numerous and so noisy, so full of zeal and industry to gain proselytes and spread their opinions among the people, it cannot be wondered that there should be so little brotherly love left among us.

Lastly, It would probably contribute to restore some degree of brotherly love, if we would but consider, that the matter of those disputes, which inflame us to this degree, doth not in its own nature at all concern the generality of mankind. Indeed as

to those, who have been great gainers or losers by the changes of the world, the case is different; and to preach moderation to the first, and patience to the last, would perhaps be to little purpose: but what is that to the bulk of the people, who are not properly concerned in the quarrel, although evil instruments have drawn them into it? for, if the reasonable men on both sides were to confer opinions, they would find neither religion, loyalty, nor interest, are at all affected in this dispute. Not religion, because the members of the church on both sides profess to agree in every article: not loyalty to our prince, which is pretended to by one party as much as the other, and therefore can be no subject for debate: not interest, for trade and industry lie open to all, and what is further, concerneth only those who have expectations from the publick; so that the body of the people, if they knew their own good, might yet live amicably together, and leave their betters to quarrel among themselves, who might also probably soon come to a better temper, if they were less seconded and supported by the poor deluded multitude.

I have now done with my text, which I confess to have treated in a manner more suited to the present times, than to the nature of the subject in general. That I have not been more particular in explaining the several parts and properties of this great duty of brotherly love, the apostle to the *Thessalonians* will plead my excuse. *Touching brotherly love* (saith he) *ye need not, that I write unto you, for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another.* So that nothing remains to add, but our prayers to God, that he would please to restore and continue this great duty of brotherly love or charity among us, the very bond of peace and of all virtues.

Nov. 29, 1717.

THE END.

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WORKS
OF
Jonathan Swift, D. D.

Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

VOLUME VI. PART II.

LONDON,
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MDCCLV.

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THAT CONCERN

ALL SERVANTS IN GENERAL.

WHEN your master or lady calls a servant by name, if that servant be not in the way, none of you are to answer, for then there will be no end of your drudgery: and masters themselves allow, that if a servant comes when he is called, it is sufficient.

When you have done a fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured person; this will immediately put your master or lady off their mettle.

If you see your master wronged by any of your fellow-servants, be sure to conceal it for fear of being called a tell-tale: however there is one exception in case of a favourite servant, who is justly hated by the whole family; who therefore are bound in prudence to lay all the faults they can upon the favourite.

The cook, the butler, the groom, the market-man, and every other servant who is concerned in the expences of the family, should act as if his master's whole estate ought to be applied to that servant's particular business. For instance, if the cook computes his master's estate to be a thousand pounds a year, he reasonably concludes, that a thousand pounds a year will afford meat enough, and therefore he need not be sparing; the butler makes the same judgment, so may the groom and the coachman, and thus every branch of expence will be filled to your master's honour.

When you are chid before company (which with submission to our masters and ladies is an unmannerly practice) it often happens that some stranger will have the good nature to drop a word

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in your excuse; in such a case you will have a good title to justify yourself, and may rightly conclude, that whenever he chides you afterwards on other occasions, he may be in the wrong; in which opinion you will be the better confirmed by stating the case to your fellow-servants in your own way, who will certainly decide in your favour: therefore as I have said before, whenever you are chidden, complain as if you were injured.

It often happens, that servants sent on messages are apt to stay out somewhat longer than the message requires, perhaps two, four, six, or eight hours, or some such trifle, for the temptation to be sure was great, and flesh and blood cannot always resist: when you return, the master storms, the lady scolds; stripping, cudgelling, and turning off is the word. But here you ought to be provided with a sett of excuses, enough to serve on all occasions: for instance, your uncle came fourscore miles to town this morning on purpose to see you, and goes back by break of day to-morrow: a brother-servant, that borrowed money of you when he was out of place, was running away to *Ireland*: you were taking leave of an old fellow-servant, who was shipping for *Barbados*: your father sent a cow to you to sell, and you could not get a chapman till nine at night: you were taking leave of a dear cousin, who is to be hanged next *Saturday*: you wrenched your foot against a stone, and were forced to stay three hours in a shop, before you could stir a step: some nastiness was thrown on you out of a garret-window, and you were ashamed to come home before you were cleaned, and the smell went off: you were pressed for the sea-service, and carried before a justice of peace, who kept you three hours before he examined you, and you got off with much a-do: a bailiff by mistake seized you for a debtor, and kept you the whole evening in a spunging-house: you were told your master had gone to a tavern, and came to some mischance, and your grief was so great that you enquired for his honour in a hundred taverns between *Pall-mall* and *Temple-bar*.

Take

Take all tradesmens parts against your master, and when you are sent to buy any thing, never offer to cheapen it, but generously pay the full demand. This is highly to your master's honour; and may be some shillings in your pocket; and you are to consider, if your master hath paid too much, he can better afford the loss than a poor tradesman.

Never submit to stir a finger in any business, but that for which you were particularly hired. For example, if the groom be drunk, or absent, and the butler be ordered to shut the stable door, the answer is ready, An please your honour, I don't understand horses: if a corner of the hanging wants a single nail to fasten it, and the footman be directed to tack it up, he may say, he doth not understand that sort of work, but his honour may send for the upholsterer.

Masters and ladies are usually quarrelling with the servants for not shutting the doors after them: but neither masters nor ladies consider, that those doors must be open before they can be shut, and that the labour is double to open and shut the doors; therefore the best, and shortest, and easiest way is to do neither. But if you are so often teized to shut the door, that you cannot easily forget it, then give the door such a clap as you go out, as will shake the whole room, and make every thing rattle in it, to put your master and lady in mind that you observe their directions.

If you find yourself to grow into favour with your master or lady, take some opportunity in a very mild way to give them warning, and when they ask the reason, and seem loth to part with you, answer that you would rather live with them than any body else, but a poor servant is not to be blamed if he strives to better himself; that service is no inheritance, that your work is great, and your wages very small. Upon which, if your master hath any generosity, he will add five or ten shillings a quarter, rather than let you go: but if you are baulked, and have no mind

to go off, get some fellow-servant to tell your master, that he hath prevailed upon you to stay.

Whatever good bits you can pilfer in the day, save them to junket with your fellow-servants at night, and take in the butler, provided he will give you drink.

Write your own name, and your sweet-heart's, with the smoak of a candle on the roof of the kitchen, or the servants hall, to shew your learning.

If you are a young fightly fellow, whenever you whisper your mistress at the table, run your nose full in her cheek; or if your breath be good, breathe full in her face; this I have known to have had very good consequences in some families.

Never come, till you have been called three or four times; for none but dogs will come at the first whistle: and when the master calls *Who's there?* no servant is bound to come; for *Who's there* is no body's name.

When you have broken all your earthen drinking vessels below stairs (which is usually done in a week) the copper pot will do as well; it can boil milk, heat porridge, hold small-beer, or in case of necessity, serve for a jordan; therefore apply it indifferently to all these uses; but never wash or scour it, for fear of taking off the tin.

Although you are allowed knives for the servants hall at meals, yet you ought to spare them, and make use only of your master's.

Let it be a constant rule, that no chair, stool, or table, in the servants hall, or the kitchen, shall have above three legs, which hath been the ancient and constant practice in all the families I ever knew, and is said to be founded upon two reasons; first to shew that servants are ever in a tottering condition; secondly, it was thought a point of humility, that the servants chairs and tables should have at least one leg fewer than those of their masters. I grant there hath been an exception to this rule with regard to the cook, who by old custom was allowed an easy chair to sleep
in

in after dinner; and yet I have feldom feen them with above three legs. Now this epidemical lameness of servants chairs is by philosophers imputed to two causes, which are observed to make the greatest revolutions in states and empires; I mean love and war. A stool, a chair, or a table is the first weapon taken up in a general romping or skirmish; and after a peace, the chairs, if they be not very strong, are apt to suffer in the conduct of an amour, the cook being usually fat and heavy, and the butler a little in drink.

I could never endure to see maid servants so ungenteel as to walk the streets with their petticoats pinned up; it is a foolish excuse to alledge, their petticoats will be dirty, when they have so easy a remedy as to walk three or four times down a clean pair of stairs after they come home.

When you stop to tattle with some crony servant in the same street, leave your own street-door open, that you may get in without knocking when you come back; otherwise your mistress may know you are gone out, and you must be chidden.

I do most earnestly exhort you all to unanimity and concord: but mistake me not: you may quarrel with each other as much as you please, only always bear in mind, that you have a common enemy, which is your master and lady, and you have a common cause to defend. Believe an old practitioner; whoever out of malice to a fellow-servant, carries a tale to his master, shall be ruined by a general confederacy against him.

The general place of rendezvous for all the servants both in winter and summer is the kitchen; there the grand affairs of the family ought to be consulted; whether they concern the stable, the dairy, the pantry, the laundry, the cellar, the nursery, the dining-room, or my lady's chamber: there as in your own proper element, you can laugh, and squall, and romp, in full security.

When any servant comes home drunk, and cannot appear, you must all join in telling your master, that he is gone to bed very sick;

sick; upon which your lady will be so good-natured, as to order some comfortable thing for the poor man or maid.

When your master and lady go abroad together, to dinner, or on a visit for the evening, you need leave only one servant in the house, unless you have a black-guard boy to answer at the door, and attend the children if there be any. Who is to stay at home is to be determined by short and long cuts, and the stayer at home may be comforted by a visit from a sweet-heart, without danger of being caught together. These opportunities must never be missed, because they come but sometimes; and all is safe enough while there is a servant in the house.

When your master or lady comes home, and wants a servant who happens to be abroad, your answer must be, that he had but just that minute stepped out, being sent for by a cousin who was dying.

If your master calls you by name, and you happen to answer at the fourth call, you need not hurry yourself; and if you be chidden for staying, you may lawfully say, you came no sooner, because you did not know what you were called for.

When you are chidden for a fault, as you go out of the room, and down stairs, mutter loud enough to be plainly heard; this will make him believe you are innocent.

Whoever comes to visit your master or lady when they are abroad, never burthen your memory with the person's name, for indeed you have too many other things to remember. Besides it is a porter's business, and your master's fault he does not keep one; and who can remember names? and you will certainly mistake them, and you can neither write nor read.

If it be possible, never tell a lye to your master or lady, unless you have some hopes that they cannot find it out in less than half an hour. When a servant is turned off, all his faults must be told, although most of them were never known by his master or lady; and all mischiefs done by others charged to him. [Instance them.]

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And when they ask any of you, why you never acquainted them before? the answer is, fir, or madam, really I was afraid it would make you angry; and besides, perhaps you might think it was malice in me. Where there are little masters and misses in a house, they are usually great impediments to the diversions of the servants; the only remedy is to bribe them with *goody goodies*, that they may not tell tales to papa and mamma.

I advise you of the servants, whose master lives in the country, and who expect vales, always to stand rank and file when a stranger is taking his leave; so that he must of necessity pass between you, and he must have more confidence, or less money than usual, if any of you let him escape, and according as he behaves himself, remember to treat him the next time he comes.

If you are sent with ready money to buy any thing at a shop, and happen at that time to be out of pocket, sink the money, and take up the goods on your master's account. This is for the honour of your master and yourself; for he becomes a man of credit at your recommendation.

When your lady sends for you up to her chamber to give you any orders, be sure to stand at the door, and keep it open, fiddling with the lock all the while she is talking to you, and keep the button in your hand, for fear you should forget to shut the door after you.

If your master or lady happen once in their lives to accuse you wrongfully, you are a happy servant, for you have nothing more to do, than for every fault you commit while you are in their service to put them in mind of that false accusation, and protest yourself equally innocent in the present case.

When you have a mind to leave your master, and are too bashful to break the matter for fear of offending him, the best way is to grow rude and saucy of a sudden, and beyond your usual behaviour, till he finds it necessary to turn you off, and when you are gone, to revenge yourself give him and his lady such a character

racter to all your brother-servants who are out of place, that none will venture to offer their service.

Some nice ladies who are afraid of catching cold, having observed that the maids and fellows below stairs often forget to shut the door after them, as they come in, or go out into the back yards, have contrived that a pulley and a rope with a large piece of lead at the end, should be so fixt, as to make the door shut of itself, and require a strong hand to open it, which is an immense toil to servants, whose business may force them to go in and out fifty times in a morning: but ingenuity can do much, for prudent servants have found out an effectual remedy against this insupportable grievance by tying up the pulley in such a manner, that the weight of the lead shall have no effect; however as to my own part, I would rather chuse to keep the door always open by laying a heavy stone at the bottom of it.

The servants candlesticks are generally broken, for nothing can last for ever. But you may find out many expedients; you may conveniently stick your candle in a bottle, or with a lump of butter against the wainscot, in a powder-horn, or in an old shoe, or in a cleft stick, or in the barrel of a pistol, or upon its own grease on a table, in a coffee-cup, or a drinking-glass, horn can, a teapot, a twisted napkin, a mustard-pot, an inkhorn, a marrowbone, a piece of dough, or you may cut a hole in the loaf, and stick it there.

When you invite the neighbouring servants to junket with you at home in an evening, teach them a peculiar way of tapping or scraping at the kitchen-window, which you may hear, but not your master or lady, whom you must take care not to disturb or frighten at such unseasonable hours.

Lay all faults upon a lap-dog, or favourite cat, a monkey, a parrot, a child; or on the servant who was last turned off: by this rule you will excuse yourself, do no hurt to any body else, and save your master or lady from the trouble and vexation of chiding.

When

When you want proper instruments for any work you are about, use all expedients you can invent, rather than leave your work undone. For instance, if the poker be out of the way, or broken, stir the fire with the tongs; if the tongs be not at hand, use the muzzle of the bellows, the wrong end of the fire-shovel, the handle of the fire brush, the end of a mop, or your master's cane. If you want paper to finge a fowl, tear the first book you see about the house. Wipe your shoes, for want of a clout, with the bottom of a curtain, or a damask napkin. Strip your livery lace for garters. If the butler wants a jordan, he may use the great silver cup.

There are several ways of putting out candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all: you may run the candle end against the wainscot, which puts the snuff out immediately: you may lay it on the ground, and tread the snuff out with your foot: you may hold it upside down, until it is choaked with its own grease; or cram it into the socket of the candlestick: you may whirl it round in your hand till it goes out: when you go to bed, after you have made water, you may dip the candle end into the chamber pot: you may spit on your finger and thumb, and pinch the snuff till it goes out. The cook may run the candle's nose into the meal tub, or the groom into a vessel of oats, or a lock of hay, or a heap of litter: the house-maid may put out her candle by running it against a looking-glass, which nothing cleans so well as candle-snuff: but the quickest and best of all methods is, to blow it out with your breath, which leaves the candle clear, and readier to be lighted.

There is nothing so pernicious in a family as a tell-tale, against whom it must be the principal business of you all to unite: whatever office he serves in, take all opportunities to spoil the business he is about, and to cross himself in every thing. For instance, if the butler be a tell-tale, break his glasses whenever he leaves the pantry-door open; or lock the cat or the mastiff in it, who will

do as well: mislay a fork or a spoon so as he may never find it. If it be the cook, whenever she turns her back, throw a lump of soot, or a handful of salt, into the pot, or smoaking coals into the dripping-pan, or daub the roast meat with the back of the chimney, or hide the key of the jack. If a footman be suspected, let the cook daub the back of his new livery; or when he is going up with a dish of soup, let her follow him softly with a ladle full, and dribble it all the way up stairs to the dining room, and then let the house-maid make such a noise; that her lady may hear it. The waiting-maid is very likely to be guilty of this fault in hopes to ingratiate herself: in this case the laundress must be sure to tear her smocks in the washing, and yet wash them but half; and, when she complains, tell all the house that she sweats so much, and her flesh is so nasty, that she fouls a smock more in one hour, than the kitchen-maid doth in a week.

DIREC-

D I R E C T I O N S
T O
S E R V A N T S.

CHAP. I.

Directions to the BUTLER.

IN my directions to servants, I find from my long observation, that you butlers are the principal persons concerned.

Your business being of the greatest variety, and requiring the greatest exactness, I shall as well as I can recollect run through the several branches of your office, and order my instructions accordingly.

In waiting at the side-board, take all possible care to save your own trouble, and your master's drinking-glasses: therefore first, since those who dine at the same table are supposed to be friends, let them all drink out of the same glass without washing, which will save you much pains, as well as the hazard of breaking them. Give no person any liquor until he hath called for it thrice at least; by which means, some out of modesty, and others out of forgetfulness, will call the seldomer, and thus your master's liquor be saved.

If any one desires a glass of bottled ale, first shake the bottle, to see whether any thing be in it; then taste it, to see what liquor it is, that you may not be mistaken; and lastly, wipe the mouth of the bottle with the palm of your hand to shew your cleanliness.

Be more careful to have the cork in the belly of the bottle than in the mouth; and, if the cork be musty, or white fryers in your liquor, your master will save the more.

If an humble companion, a chaplain, a tutor, or a dependent cousin happen to be at table, whom you find to be little regarded by the master, and the company, which nobody is readier to discover and observe than we servants, it must be the business of you and the footman to follow the example of your betters by treating him many degrees worse than any of the rest, and you cannot please your master better, or at least your lady.

If any one calls for small-beer towards the end of dinner, do not give yourself the pains of going down to the cellar, but gather the droppings and leavings out of the several cups and glasses and salvers into one; but turn your back to the company for fear of being observed. On the contrary, when any one calls for ale towards the end of dinner, fill the largest tankard-cup top-full, by which you will have the greatest part left to oblige your fellow-servants without the sin of stealing from your master.

There is likewise a perquisite full as honest, by which you have a chance of getting every day the best part of a bottle of wine for yourself; for you are to suppose, that gentlefolks will not care for the remainder of a bottle; therefore always set a fresh one before them after dinner, although there hath not been above a glass drank of the other.

Take special care that your bottles be not musty before you fill them; in order to which, blow strongly into the mouth of every bottle, and then if you smell nothing but your own breath, immediately fill it.

If you are sent down in haste to draw any drink, and find it will not run, do not be at the trouble of opening a vent, but blow strongly into the foffet, and you will find it immediately pour into your mouth; or take out the vent, but do not stay to put it in again, for fear your master should want you.

If you are curious to taste some of your master's choice bottles, empty as many of them just below the neck as will make the quantity you want; but then take care to fill them
up

up again with clean water, that you may not lessen your master's liquor.

There is an excellent invention found out of late years in the management of ale and small-beer at the side-board: for instance, a gentleman calls for a glass of ale and drinks but half; another calls for small-beer: you immediately turn out the remainder of the ale into the tankard, and fill the glass with small-beer, and so backwards and forwards, as long as dinner lasts, by which you answer three great ends: First, you save yourself the trouble of washing, and consequently the danger of breaking your glasses: Secondly, you are sure not to be mistaken in giving gentlemen the liquor they call for: And lastly, by this method you are certain that nothing is lost.

Because butlers are apt to forget to bring up their ale and beer time enough, be sure you remember to have up yours two hours before dinner; and place them in the sunny part of the room, to let people see that you have not been negligent.

Some butlers have a way of decanting (as they call it) bottled ale, by which they lose a good part of the bottom: let your method be to turn the bottle directly upside down, which will make the liquor appear double the quantity; by this means, you will be sure not to lose one drop, and the froth will conceal the mud-diness.

Clean your plate, wipe your knives, and rub the dirty tables, with the napkins and table-cloths used that day; for it is but one washing, and besides it will save you wearing out the coarse rubbers; and in reward of such good husbandry, my judgment is, that you may lawfully make use of the finest damask napkins for night-caps for yourself.

When you clean your plate, leave the whiting plainly to be seen in all the chinks, for fear your lady should not believe you had cleaned it.

There

There is nothing wherein the skill of a butler more appears, than in the management of candles, whereof although some part may fall to the share of the other servants, yet you being the principal person concerned, I shall direct my instructions upon this article to you only, leaving to your fellow-servants to apply them upon occasion.

First, to avoid burning day-light, and to save your master's candles, never bring them up till half an hour after it be dark, although they are called for never so often.

Let your sockets be full of grease to the brim, with the old snuff at the top, and then stick on your fresh candles. It is true, this may endanger their falling, but the candles will appear so much the longer and handsomer before company. At other times, for variety, put your candles loose in the sockets to shew they are clean to the bottom.

When your candle is too big for the socket, melt it to a right size in the fire; and to hide the smoke, wrap it in paper half way up.

You cannot but observe of late years the great extravagance among the gentry upon the articles of candles, which a good butler ought by all means to discourage, both to save his own pains and his master's money: this may be contrived several ways: especially when you are ordered to put candles into the sconces.

Sconces are great wasters of candles, and you, who are always to consider the advantage of your master, should do your utmost to discourage them: therefore your business must be to press the candle with both your hands into the socket, so as to make it lean in such a manner, that the grease may drop all upon the floor, if some lady's head-dress or gentleman's perriwig be not ready to intercept it: you may likewise stick the candle so loose, that it will fall upon the glass of the sconce, and break it into shatters; this will save your master many a fair penny in the year, both in
candles

candles and to the glass-man, and yourself much labour; for the sconces spoiled cannot be used.

Never let the candles burn too low, but give them, as a lawful perquisite, to your friend the cook to increase her kitchen-stuff; or if this be not allowed in your house, give them in charity to the poor neighbours, who often run on your errands.

When you cut bread for a toast, do not stand idly watching it, but lay it on the coals, and mind your other business, then come back, and if you find it toasted quite through, scrape off the burnt side, and serve it up.

When you dress up your side-board, set the best glasses as near the edge of the table as you can; by which means they will cast a double lustre, and make a much finer figure; and the consequence can be at most, but the breaking half a dozen, which is a trifle in your master's pocket.

Wash the glasses with your own water, to save your master's salt.

When any salt is spilt on the table, do not let it be lost, but when dinner is done, fold up the table-cloth with the salt in it, then shake the salt out into the salt-cellar to serve next day: but the shortest and surest way is, when you remove the cloth, to wrap the knives, forks, spoons, salt-cellars, broken bread, and scraps of meat altogether in the table-cloth, by which you will be sure to lose nothing, unless you think it better to shake them out of the window amongst the beggars, that they may with more convenience eat the scraps.

Leave the dregs of wine, ale, and other liquors in the bottles: to rince them is but loss of time, since all will be done at once in a general washing; and you will have a better excuse for breaking them.

If your master hath many musty, or very foul and crufted bottles, I advise you, in point of conscience, that those may be the first you truck at the next ale-house for ale or brandy.

When

When a message is sent to your master, be kind to your brother servant who brings it; give him the best liquor in your keeping, for your master's honour; and at the first opportunity he will do the same to you.

After supper, if it be dark, carry your plate and china together in the same basket to save candle-light, for you know your pantry well enough to put them up in the dark.

When company is expected at dinner, or in the evenings, be sure to be abroad, that nothing may be got which is under your key, by which your master will save his liquor, and not wear out his plate.

I come now to a most important part of your œconomy, the bottling of a hoghead of wine, wherein I recommend three virtues, cleanliness, frugality, and brotherly love. Let your corks be of the longest kind you can get; which will save some wine in the neck of every bottle: as to your bottles, chuse the smallest you can find, which will increase the number of dozens, and please your master; for a bottle of wine is always a bottle of wine, whether it hold more or less; and if your master hath his proper number of dozens, he cannot complain.

Every bottle must be first rinsed with wine, for fear of any moisture left in the washing: some out of a mistaken thrift, will rinse a dozen bottles with the same wine; but I would advise you, for more caution, to change the wine at every second bottle; a gill may be enough. Have bottles ready by to save it; and it will be a good perquisite either to sell or drink with the cook.

Never draw your hoghead too low; nor tilt it for fear of disturbing your liquor. When it begins to run flow, and before the wine grows cloudy, shake the hoghead, and carry a glass of it to your master, who will praise you for your discretion, and give you all the rest as a perquisite to your place: you may tilt the hoghead the next day, and in a fortnight get a dozen or two of good clear wine to dispose of as you please.

In

In bottling wine, fill your mouth full of corks, together with a large plug of tobacco, which will give to the wine the true taste of the weed, so delightful to all good judges in drinking.

When you are ordered to decant a suspicious bottle, if a pint be out, give your hand a dextrous shake, and shew it in a glass, that it begins to be muddy.

When a hoghead of wine or any other liquor is to be bottled off, wash your bottles immediately before you begin; but, be sure not to drain them, by which good management your master will save some gallons in every hoghead.

This is the time, that in honour to your master you ought to shew your kindness to your fellow-servants, and especially to the cook; for what signifies a few flagons out of a whole hoghead? But make them be drank in your presence, for fear they should be given to other folks, and so your master be wronged: but advise them, if they get drunk, to go to bed, and leave word they are sick; which last caution I would have all the servants observe, both male and female.

If your master finds the hoghead to fall short of his expectation, what is plainer, than that the vessel leaked: that the wine-cooper had not filled it in proper time: that the merchant cheated him with a hoghead below the common measure?

When you are to get water on for tea after dinner (which in many families is part of your office) to save firing, and to make more haste, pour it into the tea-kettle from the pot where cabbage or fish have been boiling, which will make it much wholesomer by curing the acid and corroding quality of the tea.

Be saving of your candles, and let those in the sconces of the hall, the stairs, and in the lanthorn, burn down into the sockets, until they go out of themselves, for which your master and lady will commend your thriftiness, as soon as they shall smell the snuff.

If a gentleman leaves a snuff-box or pick-tooth-case on the table after dinner, and goeth away, look upon it as part of your
D vails;

vails ; for so it is allowed by all servants, and you do no wrong to your master or lady.

If you serve a country 'squire, when gentlemen and ladies come to dine at your house, never fail to make their servants drunk, and especially the coachman, for the honour of your master, to which in all your actions you must have a special regard, as being the best judge: for the honour of every family is deposited in the hands of the cook, the butler, and the groom, as I shall hereafter demonstrate.

Snuff the candles at supper as they stand on the table, which is much the securest way ; because, if the burning snuff happens to get out of the snuffers, you have a chance that it may fall into a dish of soup, sack-posset, rice-milk, or the like, where it will be immediately extinguished with very little stink.

When you have snuffed the candle, always leave the snuffers open, for the snuff will of itself burn away to ashes, and cannot fall out and dirty the table, when you snuff the candles again.

That the salt may lie smooth in the salt-cellar, press it down with your moist palm.

When a gentleman is going away after dining with your master, be sure to stand full in view, and follow him to the door, and as you have opportunity look full in his face, perhaps it may bring you a shilling ; but if the gentleman hath lain there a night, get the cook, the house-maid, the stable-men, the scullion, and the gardiner, to accompany you, and to stand in his way to the hall in a line on each side of him: if the gentleman performs handsomely, it will do him honour, and cost your master nothing.

You need not wipe your knife to cut bread for the table, because in cutting a slice or two it will wipe itself.

Put your finger into every bottle to feel whether it be full, which is the surest way, for feeling hath no fellow.

When you go down to the cellar, to draw ale or small-beer, take care to observe directly the following method : hold the vessel
between

between the finger and thumb of your right hand, with the palm upwards, then hold the candle between your fingers, but a little leaning towards the mouth of the vessel; then take out the spiggot with your left hand, and clap the point of it in your mouth, and keep your left hand to watch accidents; when the vessel is full, withdraw the spiggot from your mouth, well wetted with spittle, which being of a slimy consistence will make it stick faster in the fossét: if any tallow drops into the vessel you may easily (if you think of it) remove it with a spoon, or rather with your finger.

Always lock up a cat in the closet where you keep your china plates, for fear the mice may steal in and break them.

A good butler always breaks off the point of his bottle-screw in two days by trying which is hardest, the point of the screw, or the neck of the bottle: in this case, to supply the want of a screw, after the stump hath torn the cork in pieces, make use of a silver fork, and when the scraps of the cork are almost drawn out, flirt the mouth of the bottle into the cistern three or four times until you quite clear it.

If a gentleman dines often with your master, and gives you nothing when he goes away, you may use several methods to shew him some marks of your displeasure, and quicken his memory: if he calls for bread or drink, you may pretend not to hear, or send it to another who called after him: if he asks for wine, let him stay a while, and then send him small-beer; give him always foul glasses; send him a spoon when he wants a knife; wink at the footman to leave him without a plate: by these, and the like expedients, you may probably be a better man by half a crown before he leaves the house, provided you watch an opportunity of standing by, when he is going.

If your lady loves play, your fortune is fixed for ever: moderate gaming will be a perquisite of ten shillings a week; and in such a family I would rather chuse to be butler than chaplain, or even

rather than be steward: it is all ready money, and got without labour, unless your lady happens to be one of those, who either obligeth you to find wax-candles, or forceth you to divide it with some favourite servants; but at worst, the old cards are your own; and if the gamesters play deep or grow peevish, they will change the cards so often, that the old ones will be a considerable advantage by selling them to coffee-houses, or families who love play, but cannot afford better than cards at second hand: when you attend at the service, be sure to leave new packs within the reach of the gamesters, which those who have ill luck will readily take to change their fortune; and now and then an old pack mingled with the rest will easily pass. Be sure to be very officious on play nights, and ready with your candles to light out your company, and have salvers of wine at hand to give them when they call; but manage so with the cook, that there be no supper, because it will be so much saved in your master's family; and, because a supper will considerably lessen your gains.

Next to cards there is nothing so profitable to you as bottles, in which perquisite you have no competitors except the footmen, who are apt to steal and vend them for pots of beer: but you are bound to prevent any such abuses in your master's family: the footmen are not to answer for what are broken at a general bottling; and those may be as many as your discretion will make them.

The profit of glasses is so very inconsiderable, that it is hardly worth mentioning: it consists only in a small present made by the glafsman, and about four shillings in the pound added to the prices for your trouble and skill in chusing them. If your master hath a large stock of glasses, and you or your fellow-servants happen to break any of them without your master's knowledge, keep it a secret till there are not enough left to serve the table, then tell your master that the glasses are gone; this will be but one vexation to him, which is much better than fretting once or twice a week; and it is the office of a good servant to discompose his
master

master and his lady as seldom as he can; and here the cat and dog will be of great use to take the blame from you. Note, that bottles missing are supposed to be half stolen by stragglers and other servants, and the other half broken by accident, and a general washing.

Whet the backs of your knives until they are as sharp as the edge, which will have this advantage, that when gentlemen find them blunt on one side, they may try the other; and to shew you spare no pains in sharpening the knives, whet them so long, till you wear out a good part of the iron, and even the bottom of the silver-handle. This doth credit to your master, for it shews good house-keeping, and the goldsmith may one day make you a present.

Your lady, when she finds the small-beer or ale dead, will blame you for not remembering to put the peg into the vent-hole. This is a great mistake, nothing being plainer, than that the peg keeps the air in the vessel, which spoils the drink, and therefore ought to be let out; but if she insists upon it, to prevent the trouble of pulling out the vent, and putting it in a dozen times a day, which is not to be borne by a good servant, leave the spiggot half out at night, and you will find, with only the loss of two or three quarts of liquor, the vessel will run freely.

When you prepare your candles, wrap them up in a piece of brown paper, and so stick them into the socket: let the paper come half way up the candle, which looks handsome, if any body should come in.

Do all in the dark to save your master's candles.

CHAP. II.

Directions to the COOK.

ALTHOUGH I am not ignorant, that it hath been a long time since the custom began among people of quality to keep men cooks, and generally of the *french* nation; yet because my treatise is chiefly calculated for the general run of knights, 'squires, and gentlemen both in town and country, I shall therefore apply to you Mrs. Cook, as a woman: however, a great part of what I intend may serve for either sex; and your part naturally follows the former, because the butler and you are joined in interest; your vails are generally equal, and paid when others are disappointed: you can junket together at nights upon your own progue, when the rest of the house are a-bed; and have it in your power to make every fellow-servant your friend; you can give a good bit or a good sup to the little masters and misses, and gain their affections: a quarrel between you is very dangerous to you both, and will probably end in one of you being turned off; in which fatal case perhaps it will not be so easy in some time to cotton with another. And now Mrs. Cook, I proceed to give you my instructions, which I desire you will get some fellow-servant in the family to read to you constantly one night in every week when you are going to bed, whether you serve in town or country, for my lessons shall be fitted for both.

If your lady forgets at supper, that there is any cold meat in the house, do not you be so officious as to put her in mind; it is plain she did not want it; and if she recollects it the next day, say she gave you no orders, and it is spent; therefore, for fear of telling a lye, dispose of it with the butler, or any other crony, before you go to bed.

Never send up a leg of a fowl at supper, while there is a cat or a dog in the house, that can be accused for running away with it:
but

but if there happen to be neither, you must lay it upon the rats, or a strange greyhound.

It is ill housewifery to foul your kitchen rubbers with wiping the bottoms of the dishes you send up, since the table-cloth will do as well, and is changed every meal.

Never clean your spits after they have been used; for the grease left upon them by meat is the best thing to preserve them from rust; and when you make use of them again, the same grease will keep the inside of the meat moist.

If you live in a rich family, roasting and boiling are below the dignity of your office, and which it becomes you to be ignorant of; therefore leave that work wholly to the kitchen-wench, for fear of disgracing the family you live in.

If you are employed in marketing, buy your meat as cheap as you can, but when you bring in your accounts, be tender of your master's honour, and set down the highest rate; which besides is but justice, for nobody can afford to sell at the same rate that he buys, and I am confident that you may charge safely; swear that you gave no more, than what the butcher and poulterer asked. If your lady orders you to set up a piece of meat for supper, you are not to understand that you must set it up all, therefore you may give half to yourself and the butler.

Good cooks cannot abide what they justly call fiddling work, where abundance of time is spent and little done: such for instance is the dressing small birds, requiring a world of cookery and clutter, and a second or third spit, which by the way is absolutely needless; for it will be a very ridiculous thing indeed, if a spit which is strong enough to turn a sirloin of beef, should not be able to turn a lark; however, if your lady be nice, and is afraid that a large spit will tear them, place them handsomely in the dripping-pan, where the fat of roasted mutton or beef falling on the birds will serve to baste them, and so save both time and butter: for what cook of any spirit would lose her time in picking
larks,

larks, wheat-ears, and other small birds? Therefore, if you cannot get the maids, or the young misses to assist you, e'en make short work, and either finge or flay them; there is no great loss in the skins, and the flesh is just the same.

If you are employed in market, do not accept a treat of a beef-stake and a pot of ale from the butcher, which I think in conscience is no better than wronging your master; but do you always take that perquisite in money if you do not go in trust, or in poundage when you pay the bills.

The kitchen bellows being usually out of order with stirring the fire with the muzzle to save the tongs and poker, borrow the bellows out of your lady's bed-chamber, which being least used are commonly the best in the house; and if you happen to damage or grease them, you have a chance to have them left entirely for your own use.

Let a black-guard boy be always about the house to send on your errands, and go to market for you on rainy days, which will save your cloaths, and make you appear more creditable to your mistress.

If your mistress allows you the kitchen-stuff, in return of her generosity take care to boil and roast your meat sufficiently. If she keeps it for her own profit, do her justice, and rather than let a good fire be wanting, enliven it now and then with the dripping and the butter that happens to turn to oil.

Send up your meat well stuck with skewers, to make it look round and plump; and an iron skewer rightly employed now and then will make it look handfomer.

When you roast a long joint of meat, be careful only about the middle, and leave the two extreme parts raw, which may serve another time, and will also save firing.

When you scour your plates and dishes, bend the brim inward, so as to make them hold the more.

Always

Always keep a large fire in the kitchen when there is a small dinner, or the family dines abroad, that the neighbours seeing the smoak may commend your master's house-keeping: but, when much company is invited, then be as sparing as possible of your coals, because a great deal of the meat being half raw will be saved, and serve next day.

Boil your meat constantly in pump water, because you must sometimes want river or pipe water, and then your mistress observing your meat of a different colour, will chide you when you are not in fault.

When you have plenty of fowl in the larder, leave the door open in pity to the poor cat, if she be a good mouser.

If you find it necessary to go to market in a wet day, take out your mistress's riding-hood and cloak to save your cloaths.

Get three or four chair-women to attend you constantly in the kitchen, whom you pay at small charges, only with the broken meat, a few coals, and all the cinders.

To keep troublesome servants out of the kitchen, always leave the winder sticking on the jack to fall on their heads.

If a lump of foot falls into the soup, and you cannot conveniently get it out, stir it well, and it will give the soup a high *french* taste.

If you melt your butter to oil, be under no concern, but send it up, for oil is a genteeler sauce than butter.

Scrape the bottoms of your pots and kettles with a silver spoon, for fear of giving them a taste of copper.

When you send up butter for sauce, be so thrifty as to let it be half water; which is also much wholesomer.

If your butter when it is melted tastes of brass, it is your master's fault, who will not allow you a silver sauce-pan; besides, the less of it will go farther, and new tinning is very chargeable: if you have a silver sauce-pan, and the butter smells of smoak, lay the fault upon the coals.

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Never

Never make use of a spoon in any thing that you can do with your hands, for fear of wearing out your master's plate.

When you find that you cannot get dinner ready at the time appointed, put the clock back, and then it may be ready to a minute.

Let a red-hot coal now and then fall into the dripping-pan, that the smoak of the dripping may ascend, and give the roast meat a high taste.

You are to look upon the kitchen as your dressing-room; but you are not to wash your hands till you have gone to the necessary-house, and spitted your meat, trussed your fowl, picked your fallad, nor indeed till after you have sent up your second course; for your hands will be ten times fouler with the many things you are forced to handle; but when your work is over, one washing will serve for all.

There is but one part of your dressing that I would admit while the victuals are boiling, roasting, or stewing; I mean the combing your head, which loseth no time, because you can stand over your cookery, and watch it with one hand, while you are using your comb with the other.

If any of the combings happen to be sent up with the victuals, you may safely lay the fault upon any of the footmen that hath vexed you: as those gentlemen are sometimes apt to be malicious, if you refuse them a sop in the pan, or a slice from the spit, much more when you discharge a ladleful of hot porridge on their legs, or send them up to their masters with a dish-clout pinned at their tails.

In roasting and boiling, order the kitchen-maid to bring none but the large coals, and save the small ones for the fires above stairs; the first are properest for dressing meat, and when they are out, if you happen to miscarry in any dish, you may fairly lay the fault upon want of coals; besides, the cinder-pickers will be sure to speak ill of your master's house-keeping, where they do not
find

find plenty of large cinders mixt with fresh large coals: thus you may dress your meat with credit, do an act of charity, raise the honour of your master, and sometimes get share of a pot of ale for your bounty to the cinder-woman.

As soon as you have sent up the second course, you have nothing to do (in a great family) until supper: therefore scour your hands and face, put on your hood and scarf, and take your pleasure among your cronies, till nine or ten at night. — But dine first.

Let there be always a strict friendship between you and the butler, for it is both your interests to be united: the butler often wants a comfortable tit-bit, and you much oftener a cool cup of good liquor. However be cautious of him, for he is sometimes an inconstant lover, because he hath great advantage to allure the maids with a glass of sack, or white wine and sugar.

When you roast a breast of veal, remember your sweet-heart the butler loves a sweet-bread; therefore set it aside till evening: you can say, the cat or the dog has run away with it, or you found it tainted, or fly-blown; and besides it looks as well at the table without it as with it.

When you make the company wait long for dinner, and the meat be over-done, which is generally the case, you may lawfully lay the fault upon your lady, who hurried you so to send up dinner, that you was forced to send it up too much boiled and roasted.

If your dinner miscarries in almost every dish, how could you help it? You were teized by the footmen coming into the kitchen; and to prove it true, take occasion to be angry, and throw a ladleful of broth on one or two of their liveries; besides, *Friday* and *Childermas-day* are two cross days in the week, and it is impossible to have good luck on either of them; therefore on those two days you have a lawful excuse.

When you are in haste to take down your dishes, tip them in such a manner, that a dozen will fall together upon the dresser, just ready for your hand.

To save time and trouble, cut your apples and onions with the same knife; and well-bred gentry love the taste of an onion in every thing they eat.

Lump three or four pounds of butter together with your hand, then dash it against the wall just over the dresser, so as to have it ready to pull by pieces as you have occasion for it.

If you have a silver sauce-pan for the kitchen use, let me advise you to batter it well, and keep it always black; this will be for your master's honour, for it shews there has been constant good house-keeping: and make room for the sauce-pan by wriggling it on the coals, *etc.*

In the same manner, if you are allowed a large silver spoon for the kitchen, let half the bole of it be worn out with continual scraping and stirring, and often say merrily, This spoon owes my master no service.

When you send up a mess of broth, water-gruel, or the like, to your master in a morning, do not forget with your thumb and two fingers to put salt on the side of the plate; for if you make use of a spoon, or the end of a knife, there may be danger that the salt would fall, and that would be a sign of ill luck. Only remember to lick your thumb and fingers clean, before you offer to touch the salt.

CHAP. III.

Directions to the FOOTMAN.

YOUR employment being of a mixt nature, extends to a great variety of business, and you stand in a fair way of being the favourite of your master or mistress, or of the young masters and misses; you are the fine gentleman of the family, with whom

whom all the maids are in love. You are sometimes a pattern of dress to your master, and sometimes he is so to you. You wait at table in all companies, and consequently have the opportunity to see and know the world, and to understand men and manners; I confess your vails are but few, unless you are sent with a present, or attend the tea in the country; but you are called Mr. in the neighbourhood, and sometimes pick up a fortune; perhaps your master's daughter; and I have known many of your tribe to have good commands in the army. In town you have a seat reserved for you in the play-house, where you have an opportunity of becoming wits and criticks: you have no professed enemy except the rabble, and my lady's waiting-woman, who are sometimes apt to call you skip-kennel. I have a true veneration for your office, because I had once the honour to be one of your order, which I foolishly left by demeaning myself with accepting an employment in the custom-house. But that you, my brethren, may come to better fortunes, I shall here deliver my instructions, which have been the fruits of much thought and observation, as well as of seven years experience.

In order to learn the secrets of other families, tell them those of your master's; thus you will grow a favourite both at home and abroad, and regarded as a person of importance.

Never be seen in the streets with a basket or bundle in your hands, and carry nothing but what you can hide in your pocket, otherwise you will disgrace your calling: to prevent which, always retain a black-guard boy to carry your loads; and if you want farthings, pay him with a good slice of bread, or scrap of meat.

Let a shoe-boy clean your own shoes first, for fear of fouling the chamber, then let him clean your master's; keep him on purpose for that use, and to run of errands, and pay him with scraps. When you are sent on an errand, be sure to edge in some business of your own, either to see your sweet-heart, or drink a pot of ale with some brother-servants, which is so much time clear gained.

There

There is a great controversy about the most convenient and genteel way of holding your plate at meals; some stick it between the frame and the back of the chair, which is an excellent expedient, where the make of the chair will allow it: others, for fear the plate should fall, grasp it so firmly, that their thumb reacheth to the middle of the hollow; which however, if your thumb be dry, is no secure method; and therefore in that case, I advise your wetting the ball of it with your tongue: as to that absurd practice of letting the back of the plate lye leaning on the hollow of your hand, which some ladies recommend, it is universally exploded, being liable to so many accidents. Others again are so refined, that they hold their plate directly under the left arm-pit, which is the best situation for keeping it warm; but this may be dangerous in the article of taking away a dish, where your plate may happen to fall upon some of the company's heads. I confess myself to have objected against all these ways, which I have frequently tried; and therefore I recommend a fourth, which is to stick your plate up to the rim inclusive, in the left side between your waistcoat and your shirt: this will keep it at least as warm as under your arm-pit, or ockster (as the *Scots* call it;) this will hide it so, as strangers may take you for a better servant, too good to hold a plate; this will secure it from falling, and thus disposed, it lies ready for you to whip out in a moment ready warmed to any guest within your reach, who may want it. And lastly, there is another convenience in this method, that if any time during your waiting you find yourself going to cough or sneeze, you can immediately snatch out the plate, and hold the hollow part close to your nose or mouth, and thus prevent spirting any moisture from either upon the dishes or the ladies head-dress: you see gentlemen and ladies observe a like practice on such an occasion with a hat or a handkerchief; yet a plate is less fouled and sooner cleaned than either of these; for when your cough or sneeze is

is over, it is but returning your plate to the same position, and your shirt will clean it in the passage.

Take off the largest dishes, and set them on with one hand to shew the ladies your vigour and strength of back; but always do it between two ladies, that if the dish happens to slip, the soup or sauce may fall on their cloaths, and not daub the floor: by this practice, two of our brethren, my worthy friends, got considerable fortunes.

Learn all the new-fashion words, and oaths, and songs, and scraps of plays that your memory can hold. Thus, you will become the delight of nine ladies in ten, and the envy of ninety-nine beaux in a hundred.

Take care, that at certain periods, during dinner especially, when persons of quality are there, you and your brethren be all out of the room together, by which you will give yourselves some ease from the fatigue of waiting, and at the same time leave the company to converse more freely without being constrained by your presence.

When you are sent on a message, deliver it in your own words, although it be to a duke or a duchess, and not in the words of your master or lady; for how can they understand what belongs to a message as well as you, who have been bred to the employment? But never deliver the answer till it is called for, and then adorn it with your own style.

When dinner is done, carry down a great heap of plates to the kitchen, and when you come to the head of the stairs, trundle them all before you: there is not a more agreeable sight or sound, especially if they be silver, besides the trouble they save you, and there they will lie ready near the kitchen door for the scullion to wash them.

If you are bringing up a joint of meat in a dish, and it falls out of your hand, before you get into the dining-room, with the meat on the ground, and the sauce spilled, take up the meat gently,

gently, wipe it with the flap of your coat, then put it again into the dish, and serve it up; and when your lady misses the sauce, tell her, it is to be sent up in a plate by itself.

When you carry up a dish of meat, dip your fingers in the sauce, or lick it with your tongue, to try whether it be good, and fit for your master's table.

You are the best judge of what acquaintance your lady ought to have, and therefore if she sends you on a message of compliment or business to a family you do not like, deliver the answer in such a manner, as may breed a quarrel between them not to be reconciled: or, if a footman comes from the same family on the like errand, turn the answer she orders you to deliver in such a manner, as the other family may take it for an affront.

When you are in lodgings, and no shoe-boy to be got, clean your master's shoes with the bottom of the curtains, a clean napkin, or your landlady's apron.

Ever wear your hat in the house, but when your master calls; and as soon as you come into his presence, pull it off to shew your manners.

Never clean your shoes on the scraper, but in the entry, or at the foot of the stairs, by which you will have the credit of being at home almost a minute sooner, and the scraper will last longer.

Never ask leave to go abroad, for then it will be always known that you are absent, and you will be thought an idle rambling fellow; whereas if you go out and nobody observes, you have a chance of coming home without being missed, and you need not tell your fellow-servants where you are gone, for they will be sure to say, you were in the house but two minutes ago, which is the duty of all servants.

Snuff the candles with your fingers, and throw the snuff on the floor, then tread it out to prevent stinking: this method will very much save the snuffers from wearing out. You ought also to snuff them close to the tallow, which will make them run, and so
encrease

increase the perquisite of the cook's kitchen-stuff; for she is the person you ought in prudence to be well with.

While grace is saying after meat, do you and your brethren take the chairs from behind the company, so that when they go to sit again, they may fall backwards, which will make them all merry; but be you so discreet as to hold your laughter till you get to the kitchen, and then divert your fellow-servants.

When you know your master is most busy in company, come in and pretend to fettle about the room, and if he chides, say, you thought he rung the bell. This will divert him from plodding on business too much, or spending himself in talk, or racking his thoughts, all which are hurtful to his constitution.

If you are ordered to break the claw of a crab or a lobster, clap it between the sides of the dining room door between the hinges: thus you can do it gradually without mashing the meat, which is often the fate of the street-door-key, or the pestle.

When you take a foul plate from any of the guests, and observe the foul knife and fork lying on the plate, shew your dexterity, take up the plate, and throw off the knife and fork on the table without shaking off the bones or broken meat that are left: then the guest, who hath more time than you, will wipe the fork and knife already used.

When you carry a glass of liquor to any person who hath called for it, do not bob him on the shoulder, or cry, sir, or madam, here's the glass; that would be unmannerly, as if you had a mind to force it down one's throat; but stand at the person's left shoulder and wait his time; and if he strikes it down with his elbow by forgetfulness, that was his fault and not yours.

When your mistress sends you for a hackney coach in a wet day, come back in the coach to save your cloaths and the trouble of walking; it is better the bottom of her petticoats should be daggled with your dirty shoes, than your livery be spoiled, and yourself get a cold.

There is no indignity so great to one of your station, as that of lighting your master in the streets with a lanthorn; and therefore it is very honest policy to try all arts how to evade it: besides, it shews your master to be either poor or covetous, which are the two worst qualities you can meet with in any service. When I was under these circumstances, I made use of several wise expedients, which I here recommend to you: sometimes I took a candle so long, that it reached to the very top of the lanthorn and burned it: but my master after a good beating, ordered me to paste it over with paper. I then used a middling candle, but stuck it so loose in the socket, that it leaned towards one side, and burned a whole quarter of the horn. Then I used a bit of candle of half an inch, which sunk in the socket, and melted the folder, and forced my master to walk half the way in the dark. Then he made me stick two inches of candle in the place where the socket was; after which I pretended to stumble, put out the candle, and broke all the tin part to pieces: at last, he was forced to make use of a lanthorn-boy out of perfect good husbandry.

It is much to be lamented, that gentlemen of our employment have but two hands to carry plates, dishes, bottles, and the like out of the room at meals; and the misfortune is still the greater, because one of those hands is required to open the door, while you are encumbered with your load: therefore I advise, that the door may be always left at jarr, so as to open it with your foot, and then you may carry out plates and dishes from your belly up to your chin, besides a good quantity of things under your arms, which will save you many a weary step; but take care that none of the burden falls till you are out of the room, and if possible out of hearing.

If you are sent to the post-office with a letter in a cold rainy night, step to the alehouse and take a pot, until it is supposed you have

have done your errand, but take the next fair opportunity to put the letter in carefully, as becomes an honest servant.

If you are ordered to make coffee for the ladies after dinner, and the pot happens to boil over, while you are running up for a spoon to stir it, or thinking of something else, or struggling with the chamber-maid for a kiss, wipe the sides of the pot clean with a dishcloth, carry up your coffee boldly, and when your lady finds it too weak, and examines you whether it has not run over, deny the fact absolutely, swear you put in more coffee than ordinary, that you never stirred an inch from it, that you strove to make it better than usual, because your mistress had ladies with her, that the servants in the kitchen will justify what you say: upon this, you will find that the other ladies will pronounce your coffee to be very good, and your mistress will confess that her mouth is out of taste, and she will for the future suspect herself, and be more cautious in finding fault. This I would have you do from a principle of conscience, for coffee is very unwholesome; and out of affection to your lady you ought to give it her as weak as possible: and upon this argument, when you have a mind to treat any of the maids with a dish of fresh coffee, you may, and ought to subtract a third part of the powder on account of your lady's health, and getting her maids good-will.

If your master sends you with a small trifling present to one of his friends, be as careful of it as you would be of a diamond ring; therefore, if the present be only half a dozen pippins, send up the servant who received the message to say, that you were ordered to deliver them with your own hands. This will shew your exactness and care to prevent accidents or mistakes; and the gentleman or lady cannot do less than give you a shilling: so when your master receives the like present, teach the messenger who brings it to do the same, and give your master hints that may stir up his generosity; for brother servants should assist one another, since it

is all for their master's honour, which is the chief point to be consulted by every good servant, and of which he is the best judge.

When you step but a few doors off to tattle with a wench, or take a running pot of ale, or to see a brother footman going to be hanged, leave the street door open, that you may not be forced to knock, and your master discover you are gone out; for a quarter of an hour's time can do his service no injury.

When you take away the remaining pieces of bread after dinner, put them on foul plates and press them down with other plates over them, so as no body can touch them; and so they will be a good perquisite to the black-guard boy in ordinary.

When you are forced to clean your master's shoes with your own hand, use the edge of the sharpest case-knife, and dry them with the toes an inch from the fire, because wet shoes are dangerous, and besides, by these arts you will get them the sooner for yourself.

In some families the master often sends to the tavern for a bottle of wine, and you are the messenger: I advise you therefore, to take the smallest bottle you can find; but however, make the drawer give you a full quart, then you will get a good sup for yourself, and your bottle will be filled. As for a cork to stop it, you need be at no trouble, for the thumb will do as well, or a bit of dirty chewed paper.

In all disputes with chairmen and coachmen for demanding too much, when your master sends you down to chaffer with them, take pity of the poor fellows, and tell your master that they will not take a farthing less: it is more for your interest to get share of a pot of ale, than to save a shilling for your master, to whom it is a trifle.

When you attend your lady in a dark night, if she useth her coach, do not walk by the coach side, so as to tire and dirt yourself, but get up into your proper place behind it, and so hold the flambeau sloping forward over the coach roof; and when it wants snuffing, dash it against the corners.

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When you leave your lady at church on *Sundays*, you have two hours safe to spend with your companions at the ale-house, or over a beef-stake and a pot of beer at home with the cook, and the maids; and indeed poor servants have so few opportunities to be happy, that they ought not to lose any.

Never wear socks when you wait at meals, on account of your own health, as well as of them who sit at table; because as most ladies like the smell of young mens toes, so it is a sovereign remedy against the vapours.

Chuse a service, if you can, where your livery colours are least tawdry and distinguishing: green and yellow immediately betray your office, and so do all kinds of lace, except silver, which will hardly fall to your share, unless with a duke or some prodigal just come to his estate. The colours you ought to wish for, are blue, or filemot turned up with red; which with a borrowed sword, a borrowed air, your master's linen, and a natural and improved confidence, will give you what title you please, where you are not known.

When you carry dishes or other things out of the room at meals, fill both your hands as full as possible; for although you may sometimes spill, and sometimes let fall, yet you will find at the year's end, you have made great dispatch, and saved abundance of time.

If your master or mistress happens to walk the streets, keep on one side, and as much on the level with them as you can, which people observing will either think you do not belong to them, or that you are one of their companions; but if either of them happen to turn back and speak to you, so that you are under the necessity to take off your hat, use but your thumb and one finger, and scratch your head with the rest.

In winter time light the dining-room fire but two minutes before dinner is served up, that your master may see how saving you are of his coals.

When

When you are ordered to stir up the fire, clean away the ashes from betwixt the bars with the fire-brush.

When you are ordered to call a coach, although it be midnight, go no farther than the door, for fear of being out of the way when you are wanted; and there stand bawling, Coach, coach, for half an hour.

Although you gentlemen in livery have the misfortune to be treated scurvily by all mankind, yet you make a shift to keep up your spirits, and sometimes arrive at considerable fortunes. I was an intimate friend to one of our brethren, who was footman to a court lady: she had an honourable employment, was sister to an earl, and the widow of a man of quality. She observed something so polite in my friend, the gracefulness with which he tript before her chair, and put his hair under his hat, that she made him many advances; and one day taking the air in her coach with *Tom* behind it, the coachman mistook the way, and stopt at a privileged chapel, where the couple were married, and *Tom* came home in the chariot by his lady's side: but he unfortunately taught her to drink brandy, of which she died, after having pawned all her plate to purchase it, and *Tom* is now a journeyman maltster.

Boucher, the famous gamester, was another of our fraternity, and when he was worth 50,000 *l.* he dunned the duke of *Buckingham* for an arrear of wages in his service; and I could instance many more, particularly another, whose son had one of the chief employments at court; and is sufficient to give you the following advice, which is to be pert and saucy to all mankind, especially to the chaplain, the waiting-woman, and the better sort of servants in a person of quality's family, and value not now and then a kicking, or a caneing; for your insolence will at last turn to good account; and from wearing a livery, you may probably soon carry a pair of colours.

When

When you wait behind a chair at meals, keep constantly wriggling the back of the chair, that the person behind whom you stand may know you are ready to attend him.

When you carry a parcel of china plates, if they chance to fall, as it is a frequent misfortune, your excuse must be, that a dog ran across you in the hall; that the chamber-maid accidentally pushed the door against you; that a mop stood across the entry, and tript you up; that your sleeve stuck against the key, or button of the lock.

When your master and lady are talking together in their bed-chamber, and you have some suspicion that you or your fellow-servants are concerned in what they say, listen at the door for the publick good of all the servants, and join all to take proper measures for preventing any innovations that may hurt the community.

Be not proud in prosperity: you have heard that fortune turns on a wheel; if you have a good place, you are at the top of the wheel. Remember how often you have been stripped, and kicked out of doors, your wages all taken up before-hand, and spent in translated red-heeled shoes, second-hand toupees, and repaired lace ruffles, besides a swinging debt to the ale-wife and the brandy-shop. The neighbouring tapster, who before would beckon you over to a favours bit of ox-cheek in the morning, give it you gratis, and only score you up for the liquor, immediately after you were packed off in disgrace, carried a petition to your master to be paid out of your wages, whereof not a farthing was due, and then pursued you with bailiffs into every blind cellar. Remember how soon you grew shabby, thread-bare, and out-at-heels; was forced to borrow an old livery coat, to make your appearance while you were looking for a place; and sneak to every house where you have an old acquaintance to steal you a scrap to keep life and soul together; and upon the whole, were in the lowest station of human life, which, as the old ballad says, is that of a
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skip-kennel turned out of place; I say, remember all this now in your flourishing condition. Pay your contributions duly to your late brothers the cadets, who are left to the wide world: take one of them as your dependant to send on your lady's messages, when you have a mind to go to the ale-house; slip him out privately now and then a slice of bread, and a bit of cold meat; your master can afford it; and if he be not yet put upon the establishment for a lodging, let him lye in the stable, or the coach-house, or under the back-stairs, and recommend him to all the gentlemen who frequent your house as an excellent servant.

To grow old in the office of a foot-man, is the highest of all indignities: therefore when you find years coming on without hopes of a place at court, a command in the army, a succession to the stewardship, an employment in the revenue, (which two last you cannot obtain without reading and writing) or running away with your master's niece or daughter; I directly advise you to go upon the road, which is the only post of honour left you: there you will meet many of your old comrades, and live a short life and a merry one, and make a figure at your exit, wherein I will give you some instructions.

The last advice I give you, relates to your behaviour when you are going to be hanged; which either for robbing your master, for house-breaking, or going upon the highway, or in a drunken quarrel by killing the first man you meet, may very probably be your lot, and is owing to one of these three qualities; either a love of good fellowship, a generosity of mind, or too much vivacity of spirits. Your good behaviour on this article will concern your whole community: deny the fact with all solemnity of imprecations: a hundred of your brethren, if they can be admitted, will attend about the bar, and be ready upon demand to give you a good character before the court: let nothing prevail on you to confess, but the promise of a pardon for discovering your comrades: but I suppose all this to be in vain, for if you escape now, your fate will

will be the same another day. Get a speech to be written by the best author of *Newgate*: some of your kind wenches will provide you with a *Holland* shirt, and white cap crowned with a crimson or black ribbon: take leave chearfully of all your friends in *Newgate*: mount the cart with courage; fall on your knees; lift up your eyes; hold a book in your hands, although you cannot read a word; deny the fact at the gallows; kiss and forgive the hangman, and so farewell: you shall be buried in pomp at the charge of the fraternity: the surgeon shall not touch a limb of you; and your fame shall continue until a successor of equal renown succeeds in your place.

CHAP. IV.

Directions to the COACHMAN.

YOU are strictly bound to nothing, but to step into the box, and carry your master or lady.

Let your horses be so well trained, that when you attend your lady at a visit, they will wait until you slip into a neighbouring ale-house to take a pot with a friend.

When you are in no humour to drive, tell your master that the horses have got a cold, that they want shoeing, that rain does them hurt, and roughens their coat, and rots the harness. This may likewise be applied to the groom.

If your master dines with a country friend, drink as much as you can get; because it is allowed, that a good coachman never drives so well as when he is drunk; and then shew your skill by driving to an inch by a precipice; and say, you never drive so well as when drunk.

If you find any gentleman fond of one of your horses, and willing to give you a consideration beside the price; persuade your master to sell him, because he is so vicious that you cannot undertake to drive with him, and is foundered into the bargain.

Get a black-guard boy to watch your coach at the church-door on *Sundays*, that you and your brother coachmen may be merry together at the ale-house, while your master and lady are at church.

Take care that your wheels be good; and get a new fett bought as often as you can, whether you are allowed the old as your perquisite or not: in one case it will turn to your honest profit, and in the other, it will be a just punishment on your master's covetousness; and probably, the coachmaker will consider you too.

CHAP. V.

Directions to the GROOM.

YOU are the servant, upon whom the care of your master's honour in all journeys entirely depends; your breast is the sole repository of it. If he travels the country, and lodgeth at inns, every dram of brandy, every pot of ale extraordinary that you drink, raiseth his character; and therefore his reputation ought to be dear to you; and I hope you will not stint yourself in either. The smith, the sadler's journeyman, the cook at the inn, the ostler, and the boot-catcher, ought all by your means to partake of your master's generosity: thus his fame will reach from one county to another; and what is a gallon of ale, or a pint of brandy in his worship's pocket? And, although he should be in the number of those, who value their credit less than their purse, yet your care of the former ought to be so much the greater. His horse wanted two removes; your horse wanted nails; his allowance of oats and beans was greater than the journey required; a third part may be retrenched, and turned into ale or brandy; and thus his honour may be preserved by your discretion, and less expence to him; or if he travels with no other servant, the matter is easily made up in the bill between you and the tapster.

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Therefore as soon as you alight at the inn, deliver your horses to the stable-boy, and let him gallop them to the next pond; then call for a pot of ale, for it is very fit that a christian should drink before a beast. Leave your master to the care of the servants in the inn, and your horses to those in the stable: thus both he and they are left in the properest hands; but you are to provide for yourself; therefore get your supper, drink freely, and go to bed without troubling your master, who is in better hands than yours. The ostler is an honest fellow, and loves horses in his heart; and would not wrong the dumb creatures for the world. Be tender of your master, and order the servants not to wake him too early. Get your breakfast before he is up, that he may not wait for you; make the ostler tell him the roads are very good, and the miles short; but advise him to stay a little longer till the weather clears up, for he is afraid there will be rain, and he will be time enough after dinner.

Let your master mount before you, out of good manners. As he is leaving the inn drop a good word in favour of the ostler, what care he took of the cattle; and add, that you never saw civiller servants. Let your master ride on before, and do you stay until your landlord has given you a dram; then gallop after him through the town or village with full speed, for fear he should want you, and to shew your horsemanship.

If you are a piece of a farrier, as every good groom ought to be, get sack, brandy, or strong-beer to rub your horses heels every night, and be not sparing, for (if any be spent) what is left, you know how to dispose it.

Consider your master's health, and rather than let him take long journeys, say the cattle are weak, and fallen in their flesh with hard riding; tell him of a very good inn five miles nearer than he intended to go; or leave one of his horse's fore-shoes loose in the morning; or contrive that the saddle may pinch the beast in his withers; or keep him without corn all night and morn-

ing, so that he may tire on the road; or wedge a thin plate of iron between the hoof and the shoe to make him halt; and all this in perfect tenderneſs to your maſter.

When you are going to be hired, and the gentleman aſks you, Whether you are apt to be drunk; own freely that you love a cup of good ale; but that it is your way, drunk or ſober, never to neglect your horſes.

When your maſter hath a mind to ride out for the air, or for pleaſure, if any private buſineſs of your own makes it inconvenient for you to attend him; give him to underſtand, that the horſes want bleeding or purging; that his own pad hath got a ſurfeit; or that the ſaddle wants ſtuffing, and his bridle is gone to be mended: this you may honeſtly do, becauſe it will be no injury to the horſes or your maſter; and at the ſame time ſhews the great care you have of the poor dumb creatures.

If there be a particular inn in the town whither you are going, and where you are well acquainted with the oſtler or tapſter, and the people of the houſe; find fault with the other inns, and recommend your maſter thither; it may probably be a pot and a dram or two more in your way, and to your maſter's honour.

If your maſter ſends you to buy hay, deal with thoſe who will be the moſt liberal to you; for ſervice being no inheritance, you ought not to let ſlip any lawful and cuſtomary perquiſite. If your maſter buys it himſelf, he wrongs you, and to teach him his duty, be ſure to find fault with the hay as long as it laſts; and if the horſes thrive with it, the fault is yours.

Hay and oats in the management of a ſkilful groom will make excellent ale, as well as brandy; but this I only hint.

When your maſter dines, or lies at a gentleman's houſe in the country, although there be no groom, or he be gone abroad, or that the horſes have been quite neglected, be ſure employ ſome of the ſervants to hold the horſe when your maſter mounts. This I would have you do, when your maſter only alights to call in for a few

few minutes : for brother servants must always befriend one another, and that also concerns your master's honour ; because he cannot do less than give a piece of money to him, who holds his horse.

In long journeys, ask your master leave to give ale to the horses ; carry two quarts full to the stable, pour half a pint into a bowl, and if they will not drink it, you and the ostler must do the best you can ; perhaps they may be in a better humour at the next inn, for I would have you never fail to make the experiment.

When you go to air your horses in the park, or the fields, give them to a horse-boy, or one of the black-guards, who being lighter than you, may be trusted to run races with less damage to the horses, and teach them to leap over hedges and ditches, while you are drinking a friendly pot with your brother grooms : but sometimes you and they may run races yourselves for the honour of your horses, and of your masters.

Never stint your horses at home in hay and oats, but fill the rack to the top, and the manger to the brim, for you would take it ill to be stinted yourself ; although perhaps they may not have the stomach to eat ; consider, they have no tongues to ask. If the hay be thrown down, there is no loss, for it will make litter and save straw.

When your master is leaving a gentleman's house in the country, where he hath lain a night ; then consider his honour : let him know how many servants there are of both sexes, who expect vails ; and give them their cue to attend in two lines, as he leaves the house ; but desire him not to trust the money with the butler, for fear he should cheat the rest ; this will force your master to be more generous ; and then you may take occasion to tell your master, that 'squire such a one, whom you lived with last, always gave so much apiece to the common servants, and so much to the house-keeper, and the rest, naming at least double to what he intended to give ; but be sure to tell the servants what a
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good office you did them: this will gain you love, and your master honour.

You may venture to be drunk much oftener than the coachman, whatever he pretends to alledge in his own behalf, because you hazard nobody's neck but your own; for the horse will probably take so much care of himself, as to come off with only a strain or a shoulder-slip.

When you carry your master's riding-coat in a journey, wrap your own in it, and buckle them up close with a strap, but turn your master's inside out, to preserve the outside from wet and dirt; thus, when it begins to rain, your master's coat will be first ready to be given him; and if it get more hurt than yours, he can afford it better, for your livery must always serve its year's apprenticeship.

When you come to your inn with the horses wet and dirty after hard riding, and are very hot, make the ostler immediately plunge them into water up to their bellies, and allow them to drink as much as they please; but be sure to gallop them full-speed a mile at least to dry their skins and warm the water in their bellies. The ostler understands his business, leave all to his discretion, while you get a pot of ale and some brandy at the kitchen fire to comfort your heart.

If your horse drop a fore-shoe, be so careful to alight and take it up: then ride with all the speed you can (the shoe in your hand that every traveller may observe your care) to the next smith on the road, make him put it on immediately, that your master may not wait for you, and that the poor horse may be as short a time as possible without a shoe.

When your master lies at a gentleman's house, if you find the hay and oats are good, complain aloud of their badness; this will get you the name of a diligent servant; and be sure to cram the horses with as much oats as they can eat, while you are there, and you may give them so much the less for some days at the inns,

inns, and turn the oats into ale. When you leave the gentleman's house, tell your master what a covetous huncks that gentleman was, that you got nothing but butter-milk or water to drink; this will make your master out of pity allow you a pot of ale the more at the next inn: but if you happen to get drunk in a gentleman's house, your master cannot be angry, because it cost him nothing; and so you ought to tell him as well as you can in your present condition, and let him know it is both for his and the gentleman's honour to make a friend's servant welcome.

A master ought always to love his groom, to put him in a handsome livery, and to allow him a silver laced hat. When you are in this equipage, all the honours he receives on the road are owing to you alone: that he is not turned out of the way by every carrier, is caused by the civility he receives at second hand from the respect paid to your livery.

You may now and then lend your master's pad to a brother servant, or your favourite maid, for a short jaunt, or hire him for a day, because the horse is spoiled for want of exercise: and if your master happens to want his horse, or hath a mind to see the stable, curse that rogue the helper, who is gone out with the key.

When you want to spend an hour or two with your companions at the ale-house, and that you stand in need of a reasonable excuse for your stay, go out of the stable door, or the back way, with an old bridle, girth, or stirrup leather in your pocket, and on your return come home by the street door with the same bridle, girth, or stirrup leather dangling in your hand, as if you came from the saddler's, where you were getting the same mended; (if you were not missed, all is well) but if you are met by your master, you will have the reputation of a careful servant. This I have known practised with good success.

CHAP. VI.

Directions to the HOUSE-STEWARD, *and* LAND-STEWARD.

LORD *Peterborough's* steward, that pulled down his house, sold the materials, and charged my lord with repairs. Take money for forbearance from tenants. Renew leases, and get by them, and sell woods. Lend my lord his own money. (*Gil Blas* said much of this, to whom I refer.)

CHAP. VII.

Directions to the PORTER.

IF your master be a minister of state, let him be at home to none but his pimp, or chief flatterer, or one of his pensionary writers, or his hired spy, and informer, or his printer in ordinary, or his city solicitor, or a land-jobber, or his inventor of new funds, or a stock-jobber.

CHAP. VIII.

Directions to the CHAMBER-MAID.

THE nature of your employment differs according to the quality, the pride, or the wealth of the lady you serve; and this treatise is to be applied to all sorts of families; so that I find myself under great difficulty to adjust the business, for which you are hired. In a family where there is a tolerable estate, you differ from the house-maid, and in that view I give my directions. Your particular province is your lady's chamber, where you make the bed, and put things in order; and if you live in the country, you take care of rooms, where ladies lie who come into the house, which brings in all the vails that fall to your share. Your usual lover,

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as I take it, is the coachman; but, if you are under twenty, and tolerably handsome, perhaps a footman may cast his eyes on you.

Get your favourite footman to help you in making your lady's bed; and if you serve a young couple, the footman and you, as you are turning up the bed cloaths, will make the prettiest observations in the world, which whispered about will be very entertaining to the whole family, and get among the neighbourhood.

Do not carry down the necessary vessels for the fellows to see, but empty them out of the window, for your lady's credit. It is highly improper for men-servants to know, that fine ladies have occasion for such utensils; and do not scour the chamber-pot, because the smell is wholesome.

If you happen to break any china with the top of the whisk on the mantle-tree or the cabinet, gather up the fragments, put them together as well as you can, and place them behind the rest, so that when your lady comes to discover them, you may safely say they were broke long ago, before you came to the service. This will save your lady many an hour's vexation.

It sometimes happens, that a looking-glass is broken by the same means; while you are looking another way, as you sweep the chamber, the long end of the brush strikes against the glass, and breaks it to shivers. This is the extremest of all misfortunes, and all remedy desperate in appearance, because it is impossible to be concealed. Such a fatal accident once happened in a great family, where I had the honour to be a footman; and I will relate the particulars to shew the ingenuity of the poor chamber-maid on so sudden and dreadful an emergency, which perhaps may help to sharpen your invention, if your evil star should ever give you the like occasion: the poor girl had broken a large japan glass of great value with a stroke of her brush: she had not considered long, when by a prodigious presence of mind she locked the door, stole into the yard, brought a stone of three pound weight into

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the chamber, laid it on the hearth just under the looking-glass, then broke a pane in the sash-window that looked into the same yard, so shut the door, and went about her other affairs. Two hours after the lady goes into the chamber, sees the glass broken, the stone lying under, and a whole pane in the window destroyed; from all which circumstances she concluded, just as the maid could have wished, that some idle straggler in the neighbourhood, or perhaps one of the out-servants, had through malice, accident, or carelessness, flung in the stone and done the mischief. Thus far all things went well, and the girl concluded herself out of danger: but it was her ill fortune, that a few hours after in came the parson of the parish, and the lady (naturally) told him the accident, which you may believe had much discomposed her; but the minister, who happened to understand mathematicks, after examining the situation of the yard, the window, and the chimney, soon convinced the lady, that the stone could never reach the looking-glass without taking three turns in its flight from the hand that threw it; and the maid being proved to have swept the room the same morning, was strictly examined, but constantly denied that she was guilty upon her salvation, offering to take her oath upon the Bible before his reverence, that she was as innocent as the child unborn; yet the poor wench was turned off, which I take to have been hard treatment, considering her ingenuity: however, this may be a direction to you in the like case to contrive a story, that will better hang together. For instance, you might say, that while you were at work with the mop or brush, a flash of lightening came suddenly in at the window, which almost blinded you; that you immediately heard the ringing of broken glass on the hearth; that as soon as you recovered your eyes, you saw the looking-glass all broken to pieces: or you may alledge, that observing the glass a little covered with dust, and going very gently to wipe it, you suppose the moisture of the air had dissolved the glue or cement, which made it fall to
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the ground : or as soon as the mischief is done, you may cut the cords that fastened the glass to the wainscot, and so let it fall flat on the ground ; run out in a fright, tell your lady, curse the upholsterer ; and declare how narrowly you escaped, that it did not fall upon your head. I offer these expedients from a desire I have to defend the innocent ; for innocent you certainly must be, if you did not break the glass on purpose, which I would by no means excuse, except upon great provocations.

Oil the tongs, poker, and fire-shovel up to the top, not only to keep them from rusting, but likewise to prevent meddling people from wasting your master's coals with stirring the fire.

When you are in haste, sweep the dust into a corner of the room, but leave your brush upon it, that it may not be seen, for that would disgrace you.

Never wash your hands, or put on a clean apron, till you have made your lady's bed, for fear of rumpling your apron, or fouling your hands again.

When you bar the window-shuts of your lady's bed-chamber at nights, leave open the sashes to let in the fresh air, and sweeten the room against morning.

In the time when you leave the windows open for air, leave books, or something else on the window-seat, that they may get air too.

When you sweep your lady's room, never stay to pick up foul smocks, handkerchiefs, pinner, pin-cushions, tea-spoons, ribbons, slippers, or whatever lies in your way ; but sweep all into a corner, and then you may take them up in a lump, and save time.

Making beds in hot weather is a very laborious work, and you will be apt to sweat ; therefore, when you find the drops running down from your forehead, wipe them off with a corner of the sheet, that they may not be seen on the bed.

When your lady sends you to wash a china cup, and it happen to fall, bring it up, and swear you did but just touch it with

your hand, when it broke into *three halves*: and here I must inform you, as well as all your fellow-servants, that you ought never to be without an excuse; it doth no harm to your master, and it lessens your fault: as in this instance, I do not commend you for breaking the cup; it is certain you did not break it on purpose; and the thing is possible, that it might break in your hand.

You are sometimes desirous to see a funeral, a quarrel, a man going to be hanged, a wedding, a bawd carted, or the like: as they pass by in the street, you lift up the sash suddenly, there by misfortune it sticks: this was no fault of yours; young women are curious by nature; you have no remedy but to cut the cord, and lay the fault upon the carpenter, unless no body saw you, and then you are as innocent as any servant in the house.

Wear your lady's smock when she has thrown it off; it will do you credit, save your own linen, and be not a pin the worse.

When you put a clean pillow-case on your lady's pillow, be sure to fasten it well with three corking pins, that it may not fall off in the night.

When you spread bread and butter for tea, be sure that all the holes in the loaf be left full of butter, to keep the bread moist against dinner; and let the mark of your thumb be seen only upon one end of every slice to shew your cleanliness.

When you are ordered to open or lock any door, trunk, or cabinet, and miss the proper key, or cannot distinguish it in the bunch; try the first key that you can thrust in, and turn it with all your strength, till you open the lock, or break the key; for your lady will reckon you a fool to come back and do nothing.

CHAP. IX.

Directions to the WAITING-MAID.

TWO accidents have happened to lessen the comforts and profits of your employment; first, that execrable custom got among ladies of trucking their old cloaths for china, or turning them to cover easy chairs, or making them into patch-work for screens, stools, cushions, and the like. The second is, the invention of small chests and trunks with lock and key, wherein they keep the tea and sugar, without which it is impossible for a waiting-maid to live: for by this means you are forced to buy brown sugar, and pour water upon the leaves, when they have lost all their spirit and taste. I cannot contrive any perfect remedy against either of these two evils. As to the former, I think there should be a general confederacy of all the servants in every family, for the publick good, to drive those china hucksters from the doors; and as to the latter, there is no other method to relieve yourselves, but by a false key, which is a point both difficult and dangerous to compass; but, as to the circumstances of honesty in procuring one I am under no doubt, when your mistress gives you so just a provocation by refusing you an ancient and legal perquisite. The mistress of the tea-shop may now and then give you half an ounce, but that will be only a drop in the bucket: therefore I fear you must be forced like the rest of your sisters to run in trust, and pay for it out of your wages, as far as they will go, which you can easily make up other ways, if your lady be handsome, or her daughters have good fortunes.

If you are in a great family, and my lady's woman, my lord may probably like you, although you are not half so handsome as his own lady. In this case take care to get as much out of him as you can; and never allow him the smallest liberty, not the squeezing of your hand, unless he puts a guinea into it; so by degrees

grees make him pay accordingly for every new attempt, doubling upon him in proportion to the concessions you allow, and always struggling, and threatening to cry out, or tell your lady, although you receive his money: five guineas for handling your breast is a cheap pennyworth, although you seem to resist with all your might; but never allow him the last favour under a hundred guineas, or a settlement of twenty pounds a year for life.

In such a family, if you are handsome, you will have the choice of three lovers; the chaplain, the steward, and my lord's gentleman. I would first advise you to chuse the steward; but if you happen to be young with child by my lord, you must take up with the chaplain. I like my lord's gentleman the least of the three; for he is usually vain and sawcy from the time he throws off his livery; and if he misseth a pair of colours, or a tide-waiter's place, he hath no remedy but the highway.

I must caution you particularly against my lord's eldest son: if you are dextrous enough, it is odds that you may draw him in to marry you, and make you a lady: if he be a common rake (and he must be one or t'other) avoid him like *Satan*; for he stands less in awe of a mother, than my lord doth of a wife; and after ten thousand promises, you will get nothing from him, but a big belly or a clap, and probably both together.

When your lady is ill, and after a very bad night is getting a little nap in the morning, if a footman comes with a message to enquire how she doth, do not let the compliment be lost, but shake her gently until she wakes; then deliver the message, receive her answer, and leave her to sleep.

If you are so happy as to wait on a young lady with a great fortune, you must be an ill manager if you cannot get five or six hundred pounds for disposing of her. Put her often in mind, that she is rich enough to make any man happy; that there is no real happiness but in love; that she hath liberty to chuse wherever she pleaseth, and not by the directions of parents, who never give al-

allowances for an innocent passion; that there are a world of handsome, fine, sweet young gentlemen in town, who would be glad to die at her feet; that the conversation of two lovers is a heaven upon earth; that love, like death, equals all conditions; that if she should cast her eyes upon a young fellow below her in birth and estate, his marrying her would make him a gentleman; that you saw yesterday on the *Mall* the prettiest ensign; and that if you had forty thousand pounds it should be at his service. Take care that every body should know what lady you live with; how great a favourite you are; and that she always takes your advice. Go often to *St. James's* park, the fine fellows will soon discover you, and contrive to slip a letter into your sleeve or your bosom: pull it out in a fury, and throw it on the ground, unless you find at least two guineas along with it; but in that case, seem not to find it, and to think he was only playing the wag with you: when you come home, drop the letter carelessly in your lady's chamber; she finds it, is angry; protest you knew nothing of it, only you remember, that a gentleman in the park struggled to kiss you, and you believe it was he that put the letter into your sleeve or petticoat; and indeed he was as pretty a man as ever she saw: that she may burn the letter if she pleaseth. If your lady be wise, she will burn some other paper before you, and read the letter when you are gone down. You must follow this practice as often as you safely can; but let him, who pays you best with every letter, be the handsomest man. If a footman presumes to bring a letter to the house to be delivered to you for your lady, although it come from your best customer, throw it at his head; call him impudent rogue and villain, and shut the door in his face: run up to your lady, and as a proof of your fidelity, tell her what you have done.

I could enlarge very much upon this subject, but I trust to your own discretion.

If

If you serve a lady, who is a little disposed to gallantries, you will find it a point of great prudence how to manage: three things are necessary. First, how to please your lady; secondly, how to prevent suspicion in the husband, or among the family; and lastly, but principally, how to make it most for your own advantage. To give you full directions in this important affair would require a large volume. All assignations at home are dangerous both to your lady and yourself; and therefore contrive as much as possible, to have them in a third place; especially if your lady, as it is a hundred odds, entertains more lovers than one, each of whom is often more jealous than a thousand husbands; and very unlucky rencounters may often happen under the best management. I need not warn you to employ your good offices chiefly in favour of those, whom you find most liberal; yet, if your lady should happen to cast an eye upon a handsome footman, you should be generous enough to bear with her humour, which is no singularity, but a very natural appetite: it is still the safest of all home intrigues, and was formerly the least suspected, until of late years it hath grown more common. The great danger is, lest this kind of gentry, dealing too often in bad ware, may happen not to be found; and then your lady and you are in a very bad way, although not altogether desperate.

But to say the truth, I confess it is a great presumption in me to offer you any instructions in the conduct of your lady's amours, wherein your whole sisterhood is already so expert, and deeply learned; although it be much more difficult to compass, than that assistance which my brother footmen give their masters on the like occasion; and therefore I leave this affair to be treated by some abler pen.

When you lock up a silk mantua, or laced head in a trunk or chest, leave a piece out, that when you open the trunk again, you may know where to find it.

CHAP. X.

Directions to the HOUSE-MAID.

IF your master and lady go into the country for a week or more, never wash the bed-chamber or dining-room until just the hour before you expect them to return: thus the rooms will be perfectly clean to receive them, and you will not be at the trouble to wash them so soon again.

I am very much offended with those ladies, who are so proud and lazy, that they will not be at the pains of stepping into the garden to pluck a rose, but keep an odious implement, sometimes in the bed-chamber itself, or at least in a dark closet adjoining, which they make use of to ease their worst necessities; and you are the usual carriers away of the pan, which maketh not only the chamber, but even their cloaths, offensive to all who come near. Now to cure them of this odious practice let me advise you, on whom the office lies to convey away this utensil, that you will do it openly, down the great stairs, and in the presence of the footmen; and if any body knocks, to open the street-door, while you have the vessel filled in your hands; this, if any thing can, will make your lady take the pains of evacuating her person in the proper place, rather than expose her filthiness to all the men servants in the house.

Leave a pail of dirty water with the mop in it, a coal-box, a bottle, a broom, a chamber-pot, and such other unsightly things, either in a blind entry, or upon the darkest part of the backstairs, that they may not be seen; and if people break their shins by trampling on them, it is their own fault.

Never empty the chamber-pots until they are quite full: if that happeneth in the night, empty them into the street; if in the morning, into the garden; for it would be an endless work to go a dozen times from the garret and upper rooms down to

the backside; but never wash them in any other liquor except their own: what cleanly girl would be dabbling in other folks urine? and besides the smell of stale, as I observed before, is admirable against the vapours; which, a hundred to one, may be your lady's case.

Brush down the cobwebs with a broom that is wet and dirty, which will make them stick the faster to it, and bring them down more effectually.

When you rid up the parlour-hearth in a morning, throw the last night's ashes into a sieve; and what falls thorough, as you carry it down, will serve instead of sand for the room and the stairs.

When you have scoured the brasses and irons in the parlour chimney, lay the foul wet clout upon the next chair, that your lady may see you have not neglected your work: observe the same rule, when you clean the brass locks, only with this addition, to leave the marks of your fingers on the doors to shew you have not forgot.

Leave your lady's chamber-pot in her bed-chamber window all day to air.

Bring up none but large coals to the dining-room and your lady's chamber; they make the best fires, and if you find them too big, it is easy to break them on the marble hearth.

When you go to bed, be sure take care of fire; and therefore blow the candle out with your breath, and then thrust it under your bed. Note, the smell of the snuff is very good against vapours.

Persuade the footman, who got you with child, to marry you before you are six months gone; and if your lady asks you, why you would take a fellow who was not worth a groat? let your answer be, That service is no inheritance.

When your lady's bed is made, put the chamber-pot under it, but in such a manner, as to thrust the valance along with it,
that

that it may be full in sight, and ready for your lady when she hath occasion to use it.

Lock up a cat or a dog in some room or closet, so as to make such a noise all over the house, as may frighten away the thieves, if any should attempt to break or steal in.

When you wash any of the rooms towards the street over night, throw the foul water out of the street-door; but be sure not to look before you, for fear those on whom the water lights, might think you uncivil, and that you did it on purpose. If he who suffers, breaks the windows in revenge, and your lady chides you, and gives positive orders that you should carry the pail down, and empty it in the sink, you have an easy remedy: when you wash an upper room, carry down the pail so as to let the water dribble on the stairs all the way down to the kitchen; by which not only your load will be lighter, but you will convince your lady, that it is better to throw the water out of the windows, or down the street-door steps: besides, this latter practice will be very diverting to you and the family in a frosty night to see a hundred people falling on their noses or back-sides before your door, when the water is frozen.

Polish and brighten the marble-hearths and chimney-pieces with a clout dipt in grease; nothing maketh them shine so well; and it is the business of the ladies to take care of their petticoats.

If your lady be so nice that she will have the room scoured with freestone, be sure to leave the marks of the freestone six inches deep 'round the bottom of the wainscot, that your lady may see your obedience to her orders.

CHAP. XI.

Directions to the DAIRY-MAID.

FATIGUE of making butter: put scalding water in your churn, although in summer, and churn close to the kitchen fire, and with cream of a week old. Keep cream for your sweetheart.

CHAP. XII.

Directions to the CHILDRENS-MAID.

IF a child be sick, give it whatever it wants to eat or drink, although particularly forbid by the doctor: for what we long for in sickness will do us good; and throw the physick out of the window; the child will love you the better; but bid it not tell. Do the same for your lady when she longs for any thing in sickness, and engage it will do her good.

If your mistress cometh to the nursery, and offers to whip a child, snatch it out of her hands in a rage, and tell her she is the cruellest mother you ever saw: she will chide, but love you the better. Tell the children stories of spirits, when they offer to cry, *etc.*

Be sure to wean the children, *etc.*

CHAP. XIII.

Directions to the NURSE.

IF you happen to let the child fall, and lame it, be sure never confess it; and if it dies all is safe.

Contrive to be with child as soon as you can, while you are giving suck, that you may be ready for another service, when the child you nurse dies, or is weaned.

CHAP. XIV.

Directions to the LAUNDRESS.

IF you singe the linen with the iron, rub the place with flour, chalk, or white powder; and if nothing will do, wash it so long till it be either not to be seen, or torn to rags.

About tearing linen in washing.

When your linen is pinned on the line, or on a hedge, and it rains, whip it off, although you tear it, *etc.* But the place for hanging them is on young fruit trees, especially in blossom; the linen cannot be torn, and the trees give them a fine smell.

CHAP. XV.

Directions to the HOUSE-KEEPER.

YOU must always have a favourite footman, whom you can depend upon; and order him to be very watchful when the second course is taken off, that it be brought safely to your office, that you and the steward may have a tit-bit together.

CHAP. XVI.

Directions to the TUTORESS, or GOVERNESS.

SAY the children have sore eyes; miss *Betty* won't take to her book, *etc.*

Make the misses read *french* and *english* novels, and *french* romances, and all the comedies writ in king *Charles II*, and king *William's* reigns, to soften their nature, and make them tender-hearted, *etc.*

To the preceding directions to servants the following may be added, as they were both written with the same design, though in a very different manner. It will easily be perceived, that these are to be understood literally, and the others ironically; nor is it improbable, that the thought of giving them an ironical turn was conceived after the general design was formed, and in some part executed. If the literal instruction be more useful it must be confessed, that the irony is more entertaining; and if both had been completed, the peculiar advantages of each would have been so evident, that the publick would have had reason to complain, if either of them had been suppressed.

The duty of SERVANTS at inns.

BE mounted before your master. When you see him mounted, ride out before him. When he baits at noon, enter the inn-gate before him, and call the ostler to hold your master's horse while he alights. Leave your master to the servants of the inn; go you with the horses into the stable; chuse a place farthest from the stable-door; see the standing be dry; send immediately for fresh straw; see all the old hay out of the rack, and get fresh put in; see your horses girths be loosed and stuffed; take not off the bridles till they are cool, nor saddles in an hour; see their hoofs be well picked; try if the heads of the nails be fast, and whether they be well clinched; if not, send presently for a smith; always stand by while the smith is employed. Give the oats the last thing. Water your horses when you are within a mile of the inn. Never keep above forty yards before or behind your master, unless he commands you. Try the oats by smelling and weighing them; see you have good measure; stand by while your horses are eating their oats. When you enter your evening-inn, let your horses feet be stuffed with cow-dung every night.

Observe

Observe the same rules, only be sure if any thing be wanting for a smith, let it be done over night.

Know the time your master will set out in the morning: allow him a full hour to get himself ready. Contrive both at morn and noon to eat, so that your master need not stay for you. Do not let the drawer carry the bill to your master, but examine it first carefully and honestly, and then bring it yourself, and be able to account for every article. If the servants have not been civil, tell your master before their faces, when he is going to give them money.

Duty of the other SERVANT, where there are two.

Ride forty yards behind your master, but be mounted before him. Observe now and then whether his horse's shoes be right. When you come to an inn at noon, give your horse to the ostler; bestir yourself to get a convenient room for your master; bring all his things into his room, full in his sight; enquire what is in the house, see it yourself, and tell your master how you like it. Step yourself now and then into the kitchen to hasten dinner or supper, and observe whether they be cleanly. Taste the ale, and tell your master whether it be good or bad. If he want wine, go you with the drawer and chuse a bottle well filled and stopped: if the wine be in hogheads, desire to taste and smell it; if it be sour or not clear, or ill-tasted, let your master know it, that he may not be at the charge of wine not fit to be drunk. See the salt be dry and powdered, the bread new and clean, the knives sharp. At night observe the same rules: but first chuse him a warm room, with a lock and key in order; then call immediately for the sheets, see them well aired and at a large fire; feel the blankets, bed, bolster, pillow, whether they be dry, and whether the floor under the bed be damp. Let the chamber be that, which hath been last lain in; enquire about it. If the bed itself be damp, let it be brought before a large fire, and air it on both sides. That
you

you may forget nothing in the inn, have a fair list of what you want to take out; and when you put them up, compare them with your list.

You are to step now and then into the stable to see whether the groom performs his duty.

For packing up your things, have a list of linen, *etc.* In packing take care that no two hard things be together, and that they be wrapped up in paper or towels. Have a good provision of large coarse paper, and other waste paper. Remember to put every thing in their proper places in the portmanteau. Stuff the shoes and slippers at the toes with a small lock of hay; fold up the cloaths so as that they may not be rumpled. When your master is in his room at night, put all his things in such a manner as he has them at home. Learn to have some skill in cookery, that at a pinch you may be able to make your master easy.

The groom. Carry with you a stirrup-leather, an awl, twelve horse nails, and a horse's fore-shoes, pick and an hammer, for fear of an accident; and some ends, and pack-thread, a bottle-screw, knife and pen-knife, needles, pins, thread, silk, worsted, *etc.* Some plaisters and scissars.

Item. The servants to carry their own things. Have a pocket-book, keep all the bills, date the time and place; and endorfe the numbers.

Enquire in every town, if there be any thing worth seeing. Observe the country-seats, and ask who they belong to; and enter them, and the counties where they are.

Search under your master's bed when he is gone up, lest a cat or something else may be under it.

When your master's bed is made, and his things ready, lock the chamber-door, and keep the key till he goes to bed; then keep it in your pocket till morn.

Let the servants of the inn be sure to wake you above an hour before your master is to go, that he may have an hour to prepare himself.

If

If the ostler hath been knavish or negligent, do not let him hold your master's horse. Observe the same rule at a gentleman's house; if the groom hath not taken care of your horses, do not let him hold your master's.

Enquire at every inn where you stay, what is the best inn in the next town you are to come to; yet do not rely on that, but likewise as you enter into any town to stay, ask the people which is the best inn, and go to that, which most people commend.

See that your master's boots be dried and well liquored over night.

THE
STORY
OF THE
INJURED LADY.

Written by HERSELF,

In a LETTER to her FRIEND.

With his ANSWER.

SIR,

BEING ruined by the inconstancy and unkindness of a lover, I hope, a true and plain relation of my misfortunes may be of use and warning to credulous maids, never to put too much trust in deceitful men.

A gentleman * in the neighbourhood had two mistresses, another and myself †; and he pretended honourable love to us both. Our three houses stood pretty near one another; his was parted from mine by a river ‡, and from my rival's by an old broken wall §. But before I enter into the particulars of this gentleman's hard usage of me, I will give a very just impartial character of my rival and myself.

As to her person she is tall and lean, and very ill shaped; she hath bad features, and a worse complexion; she hath a stinking breath, and twenty ill smells about her besides; which are yet more unsufferable by her natural fluttishness: for she is always lousy, and never without the itch. As to her other qualities, she

* *England.*

† *Scotland and Ireland.*

‡ *The Irish-sea.*

§ *The Piets wall.*

hath

hath no reputation either for virtue, honesty, truth, or manners: and it is no wonder, considering what her education hath been. Scolding and cursing are her common conversation. To sum up all; she is poor and beggarly, and gets a sorry maintenance by pilfering wherever she comes. As for this gentleman, who is now so fond of her, she still beareth him an invincible hatred; revileth him to his face, and railleth at him in all companies. Her house is frequented by a company of rogues and thieves, and pick-pockets, whom she encourageth to rob his hen-roosts, steal his corn and cattle, and do him all manner of mischief. She hath been known to come at the head of these rascals, and beat her lover until he was sore from head to foot, and then force him to pay for the trouble she was at. Once attended with a crew of raggamuffins, she broke into his house, turned all things topsy-turvy, and then set it on fire. At the same time she told so many lies among his servants, that it set them all by the ears, and his poor steward* was knocked on the head; for which I think, and so doth all the country, that she ought to be answerable. To conclude her character; she is of a different religion, being a presbyterian of the most rank and violent kind, and consequently having an inveterate hatred to the church; yet I am sure, I have been always told, that in marriage there ought to be an union of minds as well as of persons.

I will now give my own character, and shall do it in few words, and with modesty and truth.

I was reckoned to be as handsome as any in our neighbourhood, until I became pale and thin with grief and ill usage. I am still fair enough, and have I think no very ill feature about me. They that see me now, will hardly allow me ever to have had any great share of beauty; for besides being so much altered, I go always mobbed, and in an undress, as well out of neglect, as indeed

* Ch. I.

for want of cloaths to appear in. I might add to all this, that I was born to a good estate, although it now turneth to little account under the oppressions I endure, and hath been the true cause of all my misfortunes.

Some years ago this gentleman taking a fancy either to my person or fortune, made his addressees to me; which, being then young and foolish, I too readily admitted; he seemed to use me with so much tenderness, and his conversation was so very engaging, that all my constancy and virtue were too soon overcome; and to dwell no longer upon a theme that causeth such bitter reflections, I must confess with shame, that I was undone by the common arts practised upon all easy credulous virgins, half by force, and half by consent, after solemn vows and protestations of marriage. When he had once got possession, he soon began to play the usual part of a too fortunate lover, affecting on all occasions to shew his authority, and to act like a conqueror. First, he found fault with the government of my family, which I grant was none of the best, consisting of ignorant illiterate creatures; for at that time I knew but little of the world. In compliance to him therefore, I agreed to fall into his ways and methods of living; I consented that his steward should govern my house, and have liberty to employ an under-steward*, who should receive his directions. My lover proceeded farther, turned away several old servants and tenants, and supplying me with others from his own house, these grew so domineering and unreasonable, that there was no quiet, and I heard of nothing but perpetual quarrels, which although I could not possibly help, yet my lover laid all the blame and punishment upon me; and upon every falling-out, still turned away more of my people, and supplied me in their stead with a number of fellows and dependents of his own, whom he had no other way to provide for. Overcome by love, and to avoid

* Lord lieutenant.

noise and contention, I yielded to all his usurpations, and finding it in vain to resist, I thought it my best policy to make my court to my new servants, and draw them to my interests; I fed them from my own table with the best I had, put my new tenants on the choice parts of my land, and treated them all so kindly, that they began to love me as well as their master. In process of time all my old servants were gone, and I had not a creature about me, nor above one or two tenants but what were of his chusing; yet I had the good luck by gentle usage to bring over the greatest part of them to my side. When my lover observed this, he began to alter his language; and to those who enquired about me, he would answer, that I was an old dependent upon his family, whom he had placed on some concerns of his own; and he began to use me accordingly, neglecting by degrees all common civility in his behaviour. I shall never forget the speech he made me one morning, which he delivered with all the gravity in the world. He put me in mind of the vast obligations I lay under to him in sending me so many of his people for my own good, and to teach me manners: that it had cost him ten times more than I was worth to maintain me: that it had been much better for him if I had been damned, or burnt, or sunk to the bottom of the sea: that it was but reasonable I should strain myself as far as I was able to reimburse him some of his charges: that from henceforward he expected his word should be a law to me in all things; that I must maintain a parish-watch against thieves and robbers, and give salaries to an overseer, a constable, and others, all of his own chusing, whom he would send from time to time to be spies upon me: that to enable me the better in supporting these expences, my tenants shall be obliged to carry all their goods cross the river to his own town-market, and pay toll on both sides, and then sell them at half value. But because we were a nasty sort of people, and that he could not endure to touch any thing we had a hand in, and likewise, because he wanted work to employ his

his

his own folks, therefore we must send all our goods to his market just in their naturals; the milk immediately from the cow, without making it into cheese or butter; the corn in the ear; the grass as it is mowed; the wool as it cometh from the sheep's back; and bring the fruit upon the branch, that he might not be obliged to eat it after our filthy hands: that, if a tenant carried but a piece of bread and cheese to eat by the way, or an inch of worsted to mend his stockings, he should forfeit his whole parcel: and because a company of rogues usually plyed on the river between us, who often robbed my tenants of their goods and boats, he ordered a waterman of his to guard them, whose manner was to be out of the way until the poor wretches were plundered; then to overtake the thieves, and seize all as lawful prize to his master and himself. It would be endless to repeat a hundred other hardships he hath put upon me; but it is a general rule, that whenever he imagines the smallest advantage will redound to one of his foot-boys by any new oppression of me and my whole family and estate, he never disputeth it a moment. All this hath rendered me so very insignificant and contemptible at home, that some servants, to whom I pay the greatest wages, and many tenants, who have the most beneficial leases, are gone over to live with him; yet I am bound to continue their wages, and pay their rents; by which means one third part of my whole income is spent on his estate, and above another third by his tolls and markets; and my poor tenants are so sunk and impoverished, that instead of maintaining me suitably to my quality, they can hardly find me cloaths to keep me warm, or provide the common necessities of life for themselves.

Matters being in this posture between me and my lover; I received intelligence that he had been for some time making very pressing overtures of marriage to my rival, until there happened some misunderstandings between them; she gave him ill words, and threatened to break off all commerce with him. He, on the
other

other side, having either acquired courage by his triumphs over me, or supposing her as tame a fool as I, thought at first to carry it with a high hand; but hearing at the same time, that she had thoughts of making some private proposals to join with me against him, and doubting with very good reason, that I would readily accept them, he seemed very much disconcerted. This I thought was a proper occasion to shew some great example of generosity and love; and so without further consideration, I sent him word, that hearing there was like to be a quarrel between him and my rival, notwithstanding all that had passed, and without binding him to any conditions in my own favour, I would stand by him against her and all the world, while I had a penny in my purse, or a petticoat to pawn. This message was subscribed by all my chief tenants; and proved so powerful, that my rival immediately grew more tractable upon it. The result of which was, that there is now a treaty of marriage* concluded between them, the wedding cloaths are bought, and nothing remaineth but to perform the ceremony, which is put off for some days, because they design it to be a publick wedding. And to reward my love, constancy, and generosity, he hath bestowed on me the office of being sempstress to his grooms and footmen, which I am forced to accept or starve. Yet in the midst of this my situation, I cannot but have some pity for this deluded man, to cast himself away on an infamous creature, who, whatever she pretendeth, I can prove would at this very minute rather be a whore to a certain great man, that shall be nameless, if she might have her will. For my part I think, and so doth all the country too, that the man is possessed; at least none of us are able to imagine what he can possibly see in her, unless she hath bewitched him, or given him some powder.

I am sure I never sought this alliance, and you can bear me witness, that I might have had other matches; nay if I were

* Treaty of union.

lightly disposed, I could still perhaps have offers, that some, who hold their heads higher, would be glad to accept. But alas! I never had any such wicked thought; all I now desire is, only to enjoy a little quiet, to be free from the persecutions of this unreasonable man, and that he will let me manage my own little fortune to the best advantage; for which I will undertake to pay him a considerable pension every year, much more considerable than what he now gets by his oppressions; for he must needs find himself a loser at last, when he hath drained me and my tenants so dry, that we shall not have a penny for him or ourselves. There is one imposition of his I had almost forgot, which I think unsufferable, and will appeal to you, or any reasonable person, whether it be so or not. I told you before, that by an old compact we agreed to have the same steward, at which time I consented likewise to regulate my family and estate by the same method with him, which he then shewed me written down in form, and I approved of. Now, the turn he thinks fit to give this compact of ours is very extraordinary; for he pretends, that whatever orders he shall think fit to prescribe for the future in his family, he may, if he will, compel mine to observe them without asking my advice, or hearing my reasons. So that I must not make a lease without his consent, or give any directions for the well governing of my family, but what he countermands whenever he pleaseth. This leaveth me at such confusion and uncertainty, that my servants know not when to obey me, and my tenants, although many of them be very well inclined, seem quite at a loss.

But I am too tedious upon this melancholy subject, which however I hope you will forgive, since the happiness of my whole life dependeth upon it. I desire you will think a while, and give your best advice, what measures I shall take with prudence, justice, courage, and honour, to protect my liberty and fortune against the hardships and severities I lie under from that unkind, inconsistent man.

THE

THE
ANSWER
TO THE
INJURED LADY.

MADAM,

I Have received your ladyship's letter, and carefully considered every part of it, and shall give you my opinion how you ought to proceed for your own security. But first I must beg leave to tell your ladyship, that you were guilty of an unpardonable weakness t'other day in making that offer to your lover, of standing by him in any quarrel he might have with your rival. You know very well, that she began to apprehend he had designs of using her as he had done you; and common prudence might have directed you rather to have entered into some measures with her for joining against him, until he might at least be brought to some reasonable terms: but your invincible hatred to that lady hath carried your resentments so high, as to be the cause of your ruin; yet if you please to consider, this aversion of yours began a good while before she became your rival, and was taken up by you and your family in a sort of compliment to your lover, who formerly had a great abhorrence for her. It is true, since that time you have suffered very much by her encroachments upon your estate, but she never pretended to govern or direct you; and now you have drawn a new enemy upon yourself; for I think you may count upon all the ill offices she can possibly do you by her credit with her husband; whereas, if instead of openly declaring against her without any provocation, you had but sat still a while, and said nothing, that gentleman would have lessened his severity to you out of perfect fear. This weakness of yours you call

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generosity; but I doubt there was more in the matter: in short, madam, I have good reasons to think you were betrayed to it by the pernicious counsels of some about you: for to my certain knowledge, several of your tenants and servants, to whom you have been very kind, are as arrant rascals as any in the country. I cannot but observe, what a mighty difference there is in one particular between your ladyship and your rival. Having yielded up your person, you thought nothing else worth defending, and therefore you will not now insist upon those very conditions, for which you yielded at first. But your ladyship cannot be ignorant, that some years since your rival did the same thing, and upon no conditions at all; nay, this gentleman kept her as a mistress, and yet made her pay for her very diet and lodging. But, it being at a time when he had no steward, and his family out of order, she stole away, and hath now got the trick very well known among the women of the town, to grant a man the favour over night, and the next day have the impudence to deny it to his face. But it is too late to reproach you with any former oversights, which cannot now be rectified. I know the matters of fact, as you relate them, are true and fairly represented. My advice therefore is this: get your tenants together as soon as you conveniently can, and make them agree to the following resolutions:

First, That your family and tenants have no dependence upon the said gentleman, further than by the old agreement, which obligeth you to have the same steward, and to regulate your household by such methods as you shall both agree to.

Secondly, That you will not carry your goods to the market of his town, unless you please, nor be hindered from carrying them any where else.

Thirdly, That the servants you pay wages to shall live at home, or forfeit their places.

Fourthly, That whatever lease you make to a tenant, it shall not be in his power to break it.

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If he will agree to these articles, I advise you to contribute as largely as you can to all charges of parish and county.

I can assure you, several of that gentleman's ablest tenants and servants are against his severe usage of you, and would be glad of an occasion to convince the rest of their error, if you will not be wanting to yourself.

If the gentleman refuses these just and reasonable offers, pray let me know it, and perhaps I may think of something else that will be more effectual.

I am,

MADAM,

Your ladyship's, etc.

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LETTERS

THE INJURED LADY.
LETTERS
TO AND FROM
DOCTOR SWIFT.

LETTER I.

A Monsieur Monsieur Hunter, gentilhomme Anglois, à Paris.

London, Jan. 12, 1708-9.

SIR,

I know no people so ill used by your men of business, as their intimate friends. About a fortnight after Mr. *Addison* had received the letter you were pleased to send me, he first told me of it with an air of recollection, and after ten further of grace, thought fit to give it me; so you know where to fix the whole blame that it was no sooner acknowledged. 'Tis a delicate expedient you prisoners have of diverting yourselves in an enemy's country, for which other men would be hanged. I am considering, whether there be no way of disturbing your quiet by writing some dark matter, that may give the *french* court a jealousy of you. I suppose, monsieur *Chamillard*, or some of his commissaries, must have this letter interpreted to them, before it comes to your hands; and therefore I here think good to warn them, that if they exchange you under six of their lieutenant-generals, they will be losers by the bargain. But that they may not mistake me, I do not mean as *viceroy de Virginia*, mais comme le colonel Hunter. I would advise you to be very tender of your honour, and not fall in love; because I have a scruple, whether you can keep your parole, if you become a prisoner to the ladies; at least it will be a scandal for a *free Briton* to drag two chains at once. I presume, you have the liberty of *Paris*, and fifty miles round, and have a
very

very light pair of fetters, contrived to ride or dance in, and see *Versailles*, and every place else, except *St. Germans*.—I hear the ladies call you already *notre prisonnier* Hunter, *le plus bonnête garçon du monde*.—Will you *French* yet own us *Britons* to be a brave people? Will they allow the duke of *Marlborough* to be a great general? Or, are they all as partial as their gazetteers? Have you yet met any *french* colonel whom you remember to have formerly knocked from his horse, or shivered at least a lance against his breast-plate? Do you know the wounds you have given, when you see the scars? Do you salute your old enemies with *Stetimus tela aspera contra, contulimusque manus. Vos saves que*—*Monsieur d'Addison*, *notre bon ami*, *est fait secretaire d'etat d'Irlande*; and unless you make haste over, and get me my *Virginian* bishoprick, he will persuade me to go with him, for the *Vienna* project is off, which is a great disappointment to the design I had of displaying my politicks at the emperor's court. I do not like the subject you have assigned me to entertain you with. *Crauder* is sick, to the comfort of all quiet people, and *Fraud* is *reueur à peindre*. Mr. *Addison* and I often drink your health, and this day I did it with *Will Pate*, a certain adorer of yours, who is both a *bel esprit* and a woollen-drapeer. The whigs carry all before them, and how far they will pursue their victories, we under-rate whigs can hardly tell. I have not yet observed the tories noses; their number is not to be learnt by telling of noses, for every tory has not a nose.—'Tis a loss, you are not here to partake of three weeks frost, and eat gingerbread in a booth by a fire upon the *Thames*. Mrs. *Floyd** looked out with both her eyes, and we had one day's thaw; but she drew in her head, and it now freezes as hard as ever. As for the convocation, the queen thought fit to prorogue it, though at the expence of Dr. *Atterbury's* displeasure, who was

* The lady whom the author here compliments by putting her name for that of the sun, was Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*, to whom he addressed a short but elegant copy of verses about a year before. See vol. III.

designed

designed their prolocutor, and is now raging at the disappointment. I amuse myself sometimes with writing verses to Mr. *Finch*, and sometimes with projects for uniting of parties, which I perfect over night, and burn in the morning. Sometimes Mr. *Addison* and I steal to a pint of bad wine, and wish for no third person but you, who, if you were with us, would never be satisfied without three more.—You know, I believe, that poor Dr. *Gregory* is dead, and *Keil* solicits to be his successor; but party reaches even to lines and circles, and he will hardly carry it, being reputed a tory, which yet he utterly denies.—We are here nine times madder after operas than ever; and have got a new *Castrato* from *Italy*, called *Nicolini*, who exceeds *Valentini*, I know not how many bars length. Lords *Somers* and *Hallifax* are as well as busy statesmen can be in parliament time. Lord *Dorset* is nobody's favourite but your's and Mr. *Prior's*, who has lately dedicated his book of poems to him, which is all the press has furnished us of any value since you went. Mr. *Bringle*, a gentleman of *Scotland* succeeds Mr. *Addison* in the secretary's office; and Mr. *Shute*, a notable young presbyterian gentleman under thirty years old, is made a commissioner of the customs. This is all I can think of, either publick or private, worth telling you; perhaps you have heard part or all of both from other hands, but you must be content: pray let us know what hopes we have of seeing you, and how soon; and be so kind, or just, to believe me always

Your most faithful,

humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

P. S. Mr. *Steel* presents his most humble service to you; and I cannot forbear telling you of your *mechanceté* to impute the letter of enthusiasm to me; when I have some good reasons to think the author is now at *Paris*.

LETTER

LETTER II.

A Monsieur Monsieur Hunter, gentilhomme Anglois, à Paris.

London, March 22, 1708-9.

SIR,

I AM very much obliged to you for the favour of a kind reproach you sent me, in a letter to Mr. *Addison*, which he never told me of till this day, and that accidentally; but I am glad at the same time, that I did not deserve it, having sent you a long letter, in return to that you was pleased to honour me with; and it is a pity it should be lost; for as I remember, it was full of the *Diei fabulas*, and such particularities as do not usually find place in news-papers. Mr. *Addison* has been so taken up for some months in the amphibious circumstances of premier C—— to my lord *Sunderland*, and secretary of state for *Ireland*, that he is the worst man I know either to convey an idle letter, or deliver what he receives; so that I design, when I trust him with this, to give him a memorial along with it; for if my former has miscarried, I am half persuaded to give him the blame. I find you a little lament your bondage, and indeed in your case it requires a good share of philosophy: but if you will not be angry, I believe I may have been the cause you are still a prisoner, for I imagine my former letter was intercepted by the *french* court, when the most christian king reading one passage in it, (and duly considering the weight of the person who wrote it) where I said, if the *french* understood your value as well as we do, he would not exchange you for count *Tallard*, and all the *Delris* of *Blenheim* together; for I must confess, I did not railly when I said so.

I hear your good sister, the queen of *Pomunki*, waits with impatience till you are restored to your dominions; and that your rogue of a viceroy returns money fast for *England*, against the time
he

he must retire from his government. Mean time *Philips* writes verses in a sledge upon the frozen sea, and transmits them hither to thrive in our warmer clime under the shelter of my lord *Dorset*. I could send you a great deal of news from the *Republica Grub-streetaria*, which was never in greater altitude, though I have been of late but a small contributor. A cargo of splinters from the *arabian* rocks have been lately shipwrecked in the *Thames*, to the irreparable damage of the virtuosi. Mrs. *Long* and I are fallen out; I shall not trouble you with the cause, but don't you think her altogether in the wrong? But Mrs. *Barter* is still in my good graces; I design to make her tell me when you are to be redeemed, and will send you word. — There's it now, you think I am in jest; but I assure you, the best intelligence I get of publick affairs is from ladies, for the ministers never tell me any thing; and Mr. *Addison* is nine times more secret to me than any body else, because I have the happiness to be thought his friend. The company at *St. James's* coffee-house is as bad as ever, but it is not quite so good. The beauties you left are all gone off this frost, and we have got a new sett for spring, of which Mrs. *Chetwind* and Mrs. *Worsley* are the principal. The vogue of operas holds up wonderfully, though we have had them a year; but I design to set up a party among the wits to run them down by next winter, if true *english* caprice does not interpose to save us the labour. Mademoiselle *Spanheim* is going to marry my lord *Fitzharding*, at least I have heard so; and if you find it otherwise at your return, the consequences may possibly be survived; however, you may tell it the *Paris* gazetteer, and let me have the pleasure to read a lye of my own sending. I suppose you have heard, that the town has lost an old duke, and recovered a mad duchess. — The duke of *Marlborough* has at length found an enemy that dares face him, and which he will certainly fly before with the first opportunity, and we are all of opinion it will be his wisest course to do so. Now the way to be prodigiously witty would be by keeping you in
suspense,

suspense, and not letting you know that this enemy is nothing but this north-east wind, which stops his voyage to *Holland*.— This letter going in Mr. *Addison's* packet will, I hope, have better luck than the former. I shall go for *Ireland* some time in summer, being not able to make my friends in the ministry consider my merits, or their promises, enough to keep me here, so that all my hopes now terminate in my bishoprick of *Virginia*; in the mean time I hold fast my claim to your promise of corresponding with me, and that you will henceforward address your letter for me at Mr. *Steele's* office at the cockpit, who has promised his care in conveying them. Mr. *Domvil* is now at *Geneva*, and sends me word, he is become a convert to the whigs by observing the good and ill effects of freedom and slavery abroad.

I am now with Mr. *Addison*, with whom I have fifty times drank your health since you left us. He is hurrying away for *Ireland*, and I can at present lengthen my letter no farther; and I am not certain, whether you will have any from him or no, till he gets for *Ireland*. However, he commands me to assure you of his humble service, and I pray God too much business may not spoil *le plus bonnête homme du monde*; for it is certain, which of a man's good talents he employs on business, must be detracted from his conversation. I cannot write longer in so good company, and therefore conclude

Your most faithful,

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

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LETTER

LETTER III.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. WILLIAM KING, Archbishop of Dublin.

London, October 10, 1710.

MY LORD,

I Had the honour of your grace's letter of *September 16*, but I was in no pain to acknowledge it, nor shall be at any other time, until I have something that I think worth troubling you; because I know how much an insignificant letter is worse than none at all. I had likewise your memorial*, *etc.* in another packet. I should have been glad the bishops had been here; although I take bishops to be the worst solicitors in the world, except for themselves. They cannot give themselves the little trouble of attendance, that other men are content to swallow: else, I am sure, their two lordships might have succeeded easier, than men of my level are likely to do.

As soon as I received the packets from your grace, I went to wait upon Mr. *Harley*†. I had prepared him before by another hand, where he was very intimate; and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill used by the last ministry after some obligations, because I refused to go certain lengths they would have me. This happened to be in some sort Mr. *Harley's* own case. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greatest marks of kindness and esteem; as I was whispered he would; and the more upon the ill usage I had met with. I sat with him two hours among company, and two hours we were alone; where I told him my business, and gave him the history of it: which he heard as I could wish, and de-

* A memorial of the bishops and clergy of *Ireland*, concerning the first fruits and twentieth parts.

† Lord high treasurer of *England*, created afterwards earl of *Oxford*.

clared

clared he would do his utmost to effect it. I told him the difficulties we met with by lord-lieutenants and their secretaries; who would not suffer others to solicit, and neglected it themselves. He fell in with me intirely; and said, neither they nor himself should have the merit of it, but the queen, to whom he would shew my memorial with the first opportunity, in order if possible to have it done in this interregnum. I said the honour and merit, next to the queen, would be his; that it was a great encouragement to the bishops that he was in the treasury, whom they knew to be the chief adviser of the queen to grant the same favour in *England*: that consequently the honour and merit were nothing to him, who had done so much greater things: and that for my part, I thought he was obliged to the clergy of *Ireland* for giving him an opportunity of gratifying the pleasure he took in doing good to the church. He took my compliment extremely well, and renewed his promises. Your grace will please to know that, besides the first fruits, I told him of the crown-rents; and shewed the nature and value of them; but said, my opinion was, that the convocation had not mentioned them in their petition to the queen, delivered to lord *Wharton** with the address, because they thought the times would not then bear it; but that I looked on myself to have a discretionary power to solicit it in so favourable a juncture.

I had two memorials ready of my own drawing up, as short as possible, shewing the nature of the thing, and how long it had been depending, *etc.* One of these memorials had a paragraph at the end relating to the crown rents. I would have given him the last; but I gave him the other, which he immediately read, and promised to second *both* with his best offices to the queen. As I have placed that paragraph in my memorial, it can do no harm, and may possibly do good. However, I beg your grace to

* Then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.

say nothing of it, but if it dieth, let it die in silence: we must take up with what we can get.

I forgot to tell your grace, that when I said I was empowered, *etc.* he desired to see my powers: and then I heartily wished them more ample than they were: and I have since wondered, what scruple a number of bishops could have to empower a clergyman to do the church and them a service without any imagination of interest for himself.

Mr. *Harley* has invited me to dine with him to-day: but I shall not put him upon this discourse so soon. If he begins it himself, I shall add it at the bottom of this. He says, M. secretary *St. John** desireth to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together. That may be a further help; although I told him I had no thoughts of applying to any but himself, wherein he differed from me, and desired I would speak to others, if it were but for form; and seemed to mean, as if he would avoid the envy of being thought to do such a thing alone. But an old courtier (an intimate friend) advised me still to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good inclinations and credit with the queen, *etc.*

I find I am forced to say all this very confusedly, just as it lieth in my memory; but perhaps it may give your grace a truer idea how matters are, than if I had writ in more order.

I am, etc.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

* Afterwards created lord viscount *Bolingbroke*.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

*The Archbishop to Dr. SWIFT.**Dublin, October 24, 1710.*

REVEREND SIR,

I Thank you for yours of the 10th instant, and send you inclosed a farther power by my lord primate and me. My lord is not able to come to town, which obliged me to wait on him at *Johnston*, and hindered the joining of two or three bishops in it, who are yet in town: but I suppose our signing is sufficient. I went in the morning to wait on his grace, and intended, when he had signed it, to have applied to other bishops; but he was abroad taking the air, and I could not get it until it was late, and thought it better to sign and send it as it is, than wait for another post. You may expect by the next a letter to his grace of *Canterbury*, and another to the archbishop of *York*. I apprized them both of the business. The latter, if I remember right, spoke to her majesty about it; I am not sure, that her majesty remembers what I said on that subject; but am sure she was pleased to seem satisfied with it, and to scruple only the time: I suppose, not thinking it fit to confer the favour she designed the clergy of *Ireland* by the hands it must then have passed through, but said, that in the interval of a change, or absence of a chief governor, it should be done. I hope now is the proper time, and that her majesty will rather follow the dictates of her own bountiful inclinations, than the intrigues of cunning covetous counsellors.

I thought to have troubled you with a great many things; but such a crowd of visitors have broken in upon me before I could lock my gates, that I am forced to break off abruptly, recommending you to God's care.

*I am, etc.*WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

LETTER V.

The lord Primate and Archbishop of Dublin to Dr. SWIFT.*

Dublin, October 24, 1710.

SIR,

WE directed a letter to the bishops of *Ossory* and *Killaloo* last *August*, desiring and empowering them to solicit the affair of our first fruits and twentieth parts with her majesty; which has depended so long, notwithstanding her majesty's good intentions, and several promises of the chief governors here to lay our addresses before her majesty in the best manner. We were then apprehensive, that those bishops might return from *England* before the business could be effected, and therefore we desired them to concern you in it; having so good assurance of your ability, prudence, and fitness to prosecute such a matter. We find the bishops returned before you came to *London*, for which we are very much concerned; and judging this the most proper time to prosecute it with success, we entreat you to take the *full management* of it into your hands; and do commit the care of soliciting it to your diligence and prudence; desiring you to let us know from time to time what progress is made in it. And if any thing farther be necessary on our part, on your intimation we shall be ready to do what shall be judged reasonable.

This, with our prayers for the good success of your endeavours, is all from

Your, etc.

NARCISSUS, *Armagh.*
WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

* Dr. Narcissus Marsh.

LETTER VI.

The Archbishop of Dublin to Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Dec. 16, 1710.

SIR,

THIS is to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 20th past, which came not to my hands till *Thursday* last, by reason of winds that kept the pacquets on the other side.

I find the matter of our first fruits, *etc.* is talked of now. I reckon on nothing certain, till her majesty's letter comes in form; and quaere, why should not you come and bring it with you? It would make you a very welcome clergyman to *Ireland*, and be the best means to satisfy mankind how it was obtained, although I think that will be out of dispute. I am very well apprized of the dispatch you gave this affair, and well pleased, that I judged better of the person fit to be employed than some of my brethren. But now it is done, as I hope it is effectually, they will assume as much as their neighbours; which I shall never contradict.

Things are taking a new turn here, as well as with you, and I am of opinion, by the time you come here few will profess themselves *whigs*. The greatest danger I apprehend, and which terrifies me more than perhaps you will be able to imagine, is the fury and indiscretion of some of our own people, who never had any merit; but by imbroiling things they did, and I am afraid will yet do mischief.

I heartily recommend you to GOD's favour,

And am, etc.

WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

N. B. *Doctor SWIFT used his credit with the ministry, for the benefit of the church of Ireland, so heartily and so effectually at this critical time, that he procured a grant from the queen for exonerating the clergy of Ireland from paying twentieth parts, dated the seventh of February, one thousand seven hundred and ten; and another grant bearing the same date to Narcissus, lord archbishop of Armagh, sir Constantine Phipps, lord high chancellor of Ireland, William, lord archbishop of Dublin, John, lord archbishop of Tuam, and others, of the first fruits payable out of all ecclesiastical benefices, in trust to be for ever applied towards purchasing glebes, and building residentiary houses for poor endowed vicars.*

The success of which charitable fund hitherto may be seen in the printed pamphlet containing an account of the first fruits of Ireland.

LETTER VII.

The Archbishop to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, Suffolk-street,
Nov. 22, 1716.*

SIR,

I Read yours of the thirteenth instant with great satisfaction. It is not only an advantage to you and me, that there should be a good correspondence between us, but also to the publick; and I assure you I had much ado to persuade people here, that we kept any tolerable measures with one another; much less, that there was any thing of a good intelligence: and therefore you judged right, that it ought not to be said, that in some many months I had not received any letter from you.

I do a little admire, that those that should be your fastest friends, should be so opposite to acknowledge the service you did
in

in procuring the twentieth parts and first fruits: I know no reason for it, except the zeal I shewed to do you *justice* in *that particular* from the beginning. But since I only did it, as obliged to bear testimony to the truth in a matter, which I certainly knew, and would have done the same for the worst *enemy* I had in the world, I see no reason why you should suffer, because I among others was your witness. But be not concerned, ingratitude is warranted by modern and ancient custom: and it is more honour for a man to have it asked, why he had not a *suitable return* to his *merits*, than why he was overpaid. *Benefacere et male audire* is the lot of the best men. If calumny or ingratitude could have put me out of my way, God knows where I should have wandered by this time.

I am glad the business of St. *Nicholas** is over any way: my inclination was Mr. *Wall*; that I might have joined the vicarage of *Castle-knock* to the prebend of *Malabidart*; which would have made a good provision for one man, served the cures better, and yielded more then to the incumbent, than it can do now, when in different hands. But I could not compass it without using more power over my clergy, than I am willing to exert. But as I am thankful to you for your condescension in that affair, so I will expect that those, with whom you have complied, should shew their sense of it by a mutual return of the like compliance, when there shall be occasion. Such reciprocal kind offices are the ground of mutual confidence and friendship, and the fewel that keeps them alive: and I think, nothing can contribute more to our common ease, and the publick good, than maintaining these between you and me, and with the clergy.

We have a strong report, that my lord *Bolingbroke* will return here, and be pardoned; certainly it must not be for nothing. I hope, he can tell no ill story of you.

* The dean and chapter of St. *Patrick's* are the appropriators of that church, and have the right of bestowing the cure on whom they please.

I add only my prayers for you, and am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

and brother,

WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

LETTER VIII.

Dr. SWIFT to the Archbishop of Dublin.

Trim, Dec. 16, 1716.

MY LORD,

I Should be sorry to see my lord *Bolingbroke* following the trade of an informer: because he is a person, for whom I always had, and still continue, a very great love and esteem. For I think, as the rest of mankind do, that informers are a detestable race of people, although they may be sometimes necessary. Besides, I do not see, whom his lordship can inform against, except himself: he was three or four days at the court of *France*, while he was secretary; and it is barely possible, he might then have entered into some deep negotiation with the *pretender*: although I would not believe him, if he should swear it; because *he protested to me*, that he never saw *him but once*; and that was at a great distance, *in publick at an opera*. As to any others of the ministry at that time, I am confident he cannot accuse them: and that they will *appear as innocent* with relation to the *pretender*, as any who are now at the helm. And as to myself, if I were of any importance, I should be very easy under *such an accusation*; much easier, than I am to think your grace imagineth me in any danger, or that lord *Bolingbroke* should have any ill story to tell of me. He knoweth,

knoweth, and loveth, and thinketh too well of me, to be capable of such an action. But I am surpris'd to think your grace could talk, or act, or correspond with me for some years past; while you must needs believe me a most false and vile man; declaring to you on all occasions *my abhorrence of the pretender*, and yet privately engaged with a ministry to bring him in; and therefore warning me to look to myself, and prepare my defence against a false BROTHER, coming over to discover such secrets as would hang me. Had there been ever the least *overture* or *intent* of *bringing in the pretender*, during my acquaintance with the ministry, I think I must have been very stupid not to have picked out some discoveries or suspicions. And although I am not sure I should have turned informer, yet I am certain I should have dropt some general cautions; and immediately have retired. When people say, things were not ripe at the queen's death; they say, they know not what. Things were rotten: and had the ministers any such thoughts, they should have begun three years before; and they, who say otherwise, understand nothing of the state of the kingdom at that time.

But whether I am mistaken or no in other men, I beg your grace to believe, that I am not mistaken in myself. I always professed to be *against the pretender*; and *am so still*. And this is not to make my court (which I know is vain) for I own myself full of doubts, fears, and dissatisfactions; which I think on as seldom as I can: yet if I were of any value, the publick may safely *rely on my loyalty*; because I look upon the *coming of the pretender* as a greater evil, than any we are like to suffer under the worst whig ministry that can be found.

I have not spoke or thought so much of party these two years, nor could any thing have tempted me to it, but the grief I have in standing so ill in your grace's opinion. I beg your grace's blessing,

And am, etc.

JONATHAN SWIFT

LETTER IX.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Dec. 14, 1719. 9 at night.

SIR,

IT is impossible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you in plain *english* tell us so?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to sit with the ladies* this night.

And if they had not told me there was a letter from you, and your man *Alexander* had not gone, and come back from the deanry, and the boy here had not been sent to let *Alexander* know I was here, I should have mist the letter outright.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be sending for corks to stop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and send your man *Alexander* to buy corks, for *Saunders* already has gone above ten jaunts.

Mrs. *Dingley* and Mrs. *Johnson* say, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own house to drink in quiet.

However they own it is very civil in Mr. *Sheridan* to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

I wish *Alexander* safe at *St. Catherine's* to-night, with all my heart and soul, upon my word and honour.

But I think it base in you to send a poor fellow out so late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr. *Conna*.

* Mrs. *Dingley* and Mrs. *Johnson*, who lived at a little distance from the deanry.

Swift was resident at the deanry when this letter was written, of which every paragraph

ends with a rhyme. And

Sheridan was at his country house called *Quilca*, in the county of *Cavan*, about eight miles from *Dublin*.

I would

I would present my humble service to my lady *Mountcashel*; but truly I thought she would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as she pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my paper is ended.

P. S. *I wish when you prated,
Your letter you'd dated,
Much plague it created,
I scolded and rated,
My soul it much grated,
For your man I long waited.
I think you are fated,
Like a bear to be baited:
Your man is belated,
The case I have stated,
And me you have cheated.
My stable's unslated,
Come back t' us well freighted;
I remember my late-head,
And wish you translated,
For teasing me.*

2 P. S. *Mrs. Dingley
Desires me singly
Her service to present you,
Hopes that will content you;
But Johnson madam
Is grown a sad dame,
For want of your converse,
And cannot send one verse.*

3 P. S.

3 P. S. *You keep such a twattling* [Vida,

With you and your bottling, [Rule 34.

But I see the sum total,

We shall ne'er have one bottle;

The long and the short,

We shall not have a quart.

I wish you wou'd sign't,

That we may have a pint.

For all your colloquing,

I'd be glad of a knocking:

But I doubt 'tis a sham,

You won't give us a dram.

'Tis of shine a mouth moon-full,

You won't part with a spoonfull,

And I must be nimble,

If I can fill my thimble.

You see I won't stop,

Till I come to a drop;

But I doubt the oraculum,

Is a poor supernaculum;

Tho' perhaps you tell it

For a grace, if we smell it.

STELLA.

LETTER X.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Dub. Dec. 22. 1722.

WHAT care we, whether you swim or sink? Is this a time to talk of boats, or a time to sail in them, when I am shuddering? or a time to build boat-houses, or pay for carriage? No; but towards summer, I promise hereby under my hand to
subscribe

subscribe a (guinea *) shilling for one; or, if you please me, what is blotted out, or something thereabouts, and the ladies shall subscribe three thirteens betwixt 'em, and Mrs. *Brent* a penny, and *Robert* and *Archy* half-pence a piece, and the old man and woman a farthing each: in short, I will be your collector, and we will send it down full of wine, a fortnight before we go at *Whitsuntide*. You will make eight thousand blunders in your planting; and who can help it? for I cannot be with you. My horses eat hay, and I hold my visitation on *January* 7. just in the midst of *Christmas*. Mrs. *Brent* is angry, and swears as much as a fanatick can do, that she will subscribe six-pence to your boat. — Well, I shall be a country-man when you are not; we are now at Mr. *Fad's*, with *Dan* and *Sam*; and I steal out while they are at cards, like a lover writing to his mistress. — We have no news in our town. The ladies have left us to-day, and I promised them that you would carry your club to *Arsellagh*, when you are weary of one another. You express your happiness with grief in one hand and sorrow in the other. What fowl have you but the weep? what hares, but Mrs. *Mackfeden's* gray hairs? What pease but your own? Your mutton and your weather are both very bad, and so is your weather-mutton. Wild fowl is what we like. — How will this letter get to you? — A fortnight good from this morning. You will find *Quilca* not the thing it was last *August*; nobody to relish the lake; nobody to ride over the downs; no trout to be caught; no dining over a well; no night heroicks, no morning epicks; no stolen hour when the wife is gone; no creature to call you names. Poor miserable master *Sheridan*! No blind harpers! no journeys to *Rantavan*! — Answer all this, and be my *magnus Apollo*. We have new plays and new libels, and nothing valuable is old but *Stella*, whose bones she recommends to you. *Dan* † desires to know whether you saw the advertisement of your being robbed — and so I conclude,

Your's, etc.

* The word *guinea* is struck through with a pen in the copy. † The reverend Mr. *Dan. Jackson*.

LETTER XI.

*Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.**Clonfert, Aug. 3. 1723.*

NO, I cannot possibly be with you so soon, there are too many rivers, bogs, and mountains between; besides, when I leave this, I shall make one or two short visits in my way to *Dublin*, and hope to be in town by the end of this month; though it will be a bad time, in the hurry of your lousy p——t. Your dream is wrong, for this bishop* is not able to lift a cat upon my shoulders; but if you are for a curacy of twenty-five pounds a year, and ride five miles every Sunday to preach to six beggars, have at you: and yet this is no ill country, and the bishop has made in four months twelve miles of ditches from his house to the *Shannon*, if you talk of improving. How are you this moment? Do you love or hate *Quilca* the most of all places? Are you in or out of humour with the world, your friends, your wife, and your school? Are the ladies in town or in the country? If I knew, I would write to them, and how are they in health? *Quilca* (let me see) (you see I can (if I please) make parentheses as well as others) is about a hundred miles from *Clonfert*; and I am half weary with the four hundred I have rode. With love and service, and so adieu.

Yours, etc.

* Doctor *Theophilus Bolton*, afterwards bishop of *Elphin*, and archbishop of *Cashel*.

LETTER XII ||.

*Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.**Jan. 25, 1725.*

I Have a packet of letters, which I intended to send by *Molly*, who hath been stopt three days by the bad weather; but now I will send them by the post to-morrow to *Kells*, and inclosed to Mr. *Tickell** there is one to you, and one to *James Stopford*.

I can do no work this terrible weather; which hath put us all seventy times out of patience.—I have been deaf nine days, and am now pretty well recovered again.

Pray desire Mr. *Stanton*† and *Worral*‡ to continue giving themselves some trouble with Mr. *Prat*§; but let it succeed or not, I hope I shall be easy.

Mrs. *Johnson* swears it will rain till *Michaelmas*. She is so pleased with her pick-ax, that she wears it fastened to her girdle on her left side, in balance with her watch. The lake is strangely overflowed, and we are desperate about turf, being forced to buy it three miles off: and Mrs. *Johnson* (God help her) gives you many a curse. Your mason is come, but cannot yet work upon your garden. Neither can I agree with him about the great wall. For the rest, *vide* the letter you will have on *Monday*, if Mr. *Tickell* uses you well.

The news of this country is, that the maid you sent down, *John Farelly's* sister, is married; but the portion and settlement are yet a secret. The cows here never give milk on *Midsummer-eve* †.

You would wonder, what carking and caring there is among us for small beer and lean mutton, and starved lamb, and stopping

|| This seems to be written from *Quilca*.

* *Thomas Tickell*, esq; a very ingenious poet, secretary to the lords justices of *Ireland*.

† Dr. *Stanton* a master in chancery.

‡ Reverend Mr. *John Worral* the dean's vicar.

§ Deputy vice-treasurer of *Ireland*.

† Being the time maids go out to try pranks about their sweethearts.

gaps, and driving cattle from the corn. In that we are all-to-be-Dingleyed.

The ladies room smoaks; the rain drops from the skies into the kitchen; our servants eat and drink like the devil, and pray for rain, which entertains them at cards and sleep; which are much lighter than spades, fledges and crows. Their maxim is,

*Eat like a Turk,
Sleep like a dormouse;
Be last at work,
At victuals foremost.*

Which is all at present, hoping you and your good family are well, as we, etc. are all at this present writing, etc.

Robin has just carried out a load of bread and cold meat for breakfast; this is their way; but now a cloud hangs over them, for fear it should hold up, and the clouds blow off.

I write on till *Molly* comes in for the letter. O, what a draggle-tail will she be before she gets to *Dublin*! I wish she may not happen to fall upon her back by the way.

I affirm against *Aristotle*, that cold and rain congregate homogenes, for they gather together you and your crew, at whist, punch, and claret. Happy weather for Mrs. *Mau*, *Betty*, and *Stopford*, and all true lovers of cards and laziness.

The blessings of a country life.

*Far from our debtors,
No Dublin letters,
Not seen by our betters.*

The plagues of a country life.

*A companion with news,
A great want of shoes;*

Eat

Eat lean meat, or chuse;

A church without pews.

Our horses astray,

No straw, oats or hay;

December in May,

Our boys run away,

All servants at play,

Molly sends for the letter.

LETTER XIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 28, 1725.

YOU run out of your time so merrily, that you are forced to anticipate it like a young heir, that spends his fortune faster than it comes in; for your letter is dated to-morrow, *June 29.* and God knows when it was writ, or what *Saturday* you mean; but I suppose it is the next, and therefore your own mare and Dr. *Swift's* horse or mare, or some other horse or mare, with your own mare aforesaid, shall set out on *Wednesday* next, which will be *June 30.* and so they will have two nights rest, if you begin your journey on *Saturday*. You are an unlucky devil, to get a living* the furthest in the kingdom from *Quilca*. If it be worth two hundred pound a year, my lord lieutenant hath but barely kept his word, for the other fifty must go in a curate and visitation charges, and poxes, proxies I mean. If you are under the bishop of *Cork*†, he is a capricious gentleman; but you must flatter him monstrously upon his learning and his writings; that you have read his book against *Toland* a hundred times, and his sermons (if he has printed any) have been always your model, *etc.* Be not disappointed, if your living does not answer the sum. Get letters of recommenda-

* In the county of *Cork*.

† Dr. *Peter Browne*.

tion to the bishop and principal clergy, and to your neighbouring parson or parsons particularly. I often advised you to get some knowledge of tythes and church-livings. You must learn the extent of your parish, the general quantity of arable land and pasture in your parish, the common rate of tythes for an acre of the several sorts of corn, and of fleeces and lambs, and to see whether you have any glebe; pray act like a man of this world. I doubt being so far off, you must not let your living, as I do, to the several farmers, but to one man: but by all means do not now let it for more than one year, till you are surely apprized of the real worth; and even then never let it for above three. Pray take my advice for once, and be very busy while you are there. It is one good circumstance, that you got such a living in a convenient time, and just when tythes are fit to be let; only wool and lamb are due in spring, or perhaps belong to the late incumbent. You may learn all on the spot, and your neighbouring parsons may be very useful, if they please, but do not let them be your tenants: advise with archdeacon *Wall*, but do not follow him in all things. Take care of the principal 'squire or 'squires, they will all tell you the worst of your living; so will the proctors and tythe-jobbers; but you will pick out truth from among them. Pray shew yourself a man of abilities. After all I am but a weak brother myself; perhaps some clergy in *Dublin*, who know that country, will further inform you. Mr. *Townsend* of *Cork* will do you any good offices on my account, without any letter.——Take the oaths heartily to the powers that be, and remember that party was not made for depending puppies. I forgot one principal thing, to take care of going regularly through all the forms of oaths and inductions; for the least wrong step will put you to the trouble of repassing your patent, or voiding your living.——

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

*Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.**Quilca, June 29, 1725.*

I Writ to you yesterday, and said as many things as I could then think on, and gave it a boy of *Kells* who brought me yours. It is strange, that I and *Stella* and Mrs. *Mackfadin* should light on the same thought, to advise you to make a great appearance of temperance while you are abroad. But Mrs. *Johnson* and I go further, and say, you must needs observe all grave forms, for the want of which both you and I have suffered. On supposal that you are under the bishop of *Cork*, I send you a letter inclosed to him, which I desire you will seal. Mrs. *Johnson* put me in mind to caution you not to drink or pledge any health in his company, for you know his weak side in that matter*. I hope Mr. *Tickell* has not complimented you with what fees are due to him for your patent; I wish you would say to him (if he refuses them) that I told you, it was Mr. *Addison's* maxim to excuse nobody; for here, says he, I may have forty friends, whose fees may be two guineas a piece; then I lose eighty guineas, and my friends save but two a piece.

I must tell you, *Dan Jackson* ruined his living by hudling over the first year, and then hoping to mend it the next: therefore pray take all the care you can to enquire into the value, and set it at the best rate to substantial people.

I know not whether you are under the bishop of *Cork*, or no; if not, you may burn the letter.

I must desire that you will not think of enlarging your expences, no not for some years to come, much less at present; but rather retrench them. You might have lain destitute till *Antichrist* came, for any thing you could have got from those you used to treat;

* He wrote a pamphlet against drinking to the memory of the dead.

neither

neither let me hear of one rag of better cloaths for your wife or brats, but rather plainer than ever. This is positively *Stella's* advice as well as mine. She says, now you need not be ashamed to be thought poor.

We compute, you cannot be less than 30 days absent; and pray do not employ your time in lolling a bed till noon to read *Homer*, but mind your business effectually: and we think you ought to have no breaking up this *August*; but affect to adhere to your school closer than ever; because you will find that your ill-wishers will give out, you are now going to quit your school, since you have got preferment, *etc.*

Pray send me a large bundle of exercises, good as well as bad, for I want something to read.

I would have you carry down three or four sermons, and preach every Sunday at your own church, and be very devout.

I sent you in my last a bill of twenty pound on Mr. *Worral*, I hope you have received it.

Pray remember to leave the pamphlet with *Worral*, and give him directions, unless you have settled it already some other way. You know, it must come out just when the parliament meets.

Keep these letters, where I advise you about your living, till you have taken advice.

Keep very regular hours for the sake of your health and credit; and wherever you lie a night within twenty miles of your livings, be sure call the family that evening to prayers.

I desire you will wet no commission with your old crew, nor with any but those who befriend you, as Mr. *Tickell*, *etc.*

LETTER

LETTER XV.

Dr. SWIFT to lord CARTERET.

July 3, 1725.

MY LORD,

I AM obliged to return your excellency my most humble thanks for your favour to Mr. *Sheridan*, because when I recommended him to you, I received a very gracious answer; and yet I am sensible, that your chief motive to make some provision for him was, what became a great and good person, your distinguishing him as a man of learning, and one who deserved encouragement on account of his great diligence and success in a most laborious and difficult employment*.

Since your excellency hath had an opportunity, so early in your government, of gratifying your *english* dependents by a bishoprick, and the best deanry in the kingdom †, I cannot but hope, that the clergy of *Ireland* will have their share in your patronage. There is hardly a gentleman in the nation, who hath not a near alliance with some of that body; and most of them who have sons, usually breed one of them to the church; although they have been of late years much discouraged, and discontented by seeing strangers to the country almost perpetually taken into the greatest ecclesiastical preferments, and too often, under governors very different from your excellency, the choice of persons was not to be accounted for either to prudence or justice.

The misfortune of having bishops perpetually from *England*, as it must needs quench the spirit of emulation among us to excel in learning and the study of divinity, so it produceth another great discouragement, that those prelates usually draw after them colonies of sons, nephews, cousins, or old college-companions, to whom

* A schoolmaster,

† *Downe*.

they

they bestow the best preferments in their gift; and thus the young men sent into the church from the university here have no better prospect than to be curates, or small country vicars, for life.

It will become so excellent a governor as you a little to moderate this great partiality; wherein, as you will act with justice and reason, so you will gain the thanks and prayers of the whole nation, and take away one great cause of universal discontent. For I believe your excellency will agree, that there is not another kingdom in *Europe*, where the natives (even those descended from the conquerors) have been treated, as if they were almost unqualified for any employment either in church or state.

Your excellency, when I had the honour to attend you, was pleased to let me name some clergymen, who are generally understood by their brethren to be the most distinguished for their learning and piety. I remember the persons were, Dr. *Delany*, Dr. *Ward* of the *North*, Mr. *Ecklin*, Mr. *Synge* of *Dublin*, and Mr. *Corbet*; they were named by me without any regard to friendship, having little commerce with most of them, but only to the universal character they bear: this was the method I always took with my lord *Oxford* at his own command, who was pleased to believe I would not be swayed by any private affections, and confessed I never deceived him, for I always dealt openly when I offered any thing in behalf of a friend, which was but seldom: because in that case I generally made use of the common method at court, to solicit by another.

I shall say nothing of the young men among the clergy, of whom the three hopefulest are said to be Mr. *Stopford*, Mr. *King*, and Mr. *Dobbs*, all fellows of the college*, of whom I am only acquainted with the first. But these are not likely to be great expectors under your excellency's administration, according to the usual period of governors here.

* The university of *Dublin*.

If I have dealt honestly in representing such persons among the clergy, as are generally allowed to have the most merit, I think I have done you a service, and I am sure I have made you a great compliment by distinguishing you from most great men I have known these thirty years past, whom I have always observed to act as if they never received a true character, nor had any value for the best, and consequently dispensed their favours without the least regard to abilities or virtue. And this defect I have often found among those, from whom I least expected it.

That your excellency may long live a blessing and ornament to your country by pursuing, as you have hitherto done, the steps of honour and virtue, is the most earnest wish and prayer of,

MY LORD,

Your excellency's most obedient

and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

LETTER XVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sept. 11, 1725.

IF you are indeed a discarded courtier, you have reason to complain, but none at all to wonder; you are too young for many experiences to fall in your way, yet you have read enough to make you know the nature of man. It is safer for a man's interest to blaspheme God, than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought so. And since the last was the case, how could you imagine that all mouths would not be open when you were received, and in some manner preferred by the government, though in a poor way? I tell you, there is hardly a whig in *Ireland*, who

P

would

would allow a potato and butter-milk to a reputed tory. Neither is there any thing in your countrymen upon this article, more than what is common in all other nations, only *quoad magis et minus*. Too much advertency is not your talent, or else you had fled from that text, as from a rock*. For as *Don Quixot* said to *Sancho*, what business had you to speak of a halter in a family, where one of it was hanged? And your innocence is a protection, that wise men are ashamed to rely on, further than with God. It is indeed against common sense to think, that you should chuse such a time, when you had received a favour from the lord lieutenant, and had reason to expect more, to discover your disloyalty in the pulpit. But what will that avail? Therefore sit down and be quiet, and mind your business as you should do, and contract your friendships, and expect no more from man than such an animal is capable of, and you will every day find my description of *Yahoos* more resembling. You should think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him so, or flying from him, or valuing him less. This is an old true lesson. You believe, every one will acquit you of any regard to temporal interest; and how came you to claim an exception from all mankind? I believe you value your temporal interest as much as any body, but you have not the arts of pursuing it. You are mistaken. Domestick evils are no more within a man than others; and he who cannot bear up against the first, will sink under the second, and in my conscience I believe this is your case; for being of a weak constitution, in an employment precarious and tiresome, loaden with children, *cum uxore neque leni neque commoda*, a man of intense and abstracted thinking, enslaved by mathematicks and complaint of the world, this new weight of party malice hath struck you down, like a feather on a horse's back already loaden as far as he is able to bear. You ought to change the apostles expression, and say, I will strive to learn in whatever state, etc.

* *Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof*: on church on the first of August. See a vindication which Dr. Sheridan preached at his parish of his excellency John lord Carteret. Vol. v.

I will

I will bear none of your visions; you shall live at *Quilca* but three fortnights and a month in the year; perhaps not so much. You shall make no entertainments but what are necessary to your interests; for your true friends would rather see you over a piece of mutton and a bottle once a quarter; you shall be merry at the expence of others; you shall take care of your health, and go early to bed, and not read late at night; and laugh with all men, without trusting any; and then a fig for the contrivers of your ruin, who now have no further thoughts than to stop your progress, which perhaps they may not compass, unless I am deceived more than is usual. All this you will do, *si mihi credis*, and not dream of printing your sermon, which is a project abounding with objections unanswerable, and with which I could fill this letter. You say nothing of having preached before the lord lieutenant, nor whether he is altered towards you; for you speak nothing but generals. You think all the world has now nothing to do but to pull Mr. *Sheridan* down, whereas it is nothing but a slap in your turn, and away. Lord *Oxford* said once to me on an occasion: These fools, because they hear a noise about their ears of their own making, think the whole world is full of it.—When I come to town, we will change all this scene, and act like men of the world. Grow rich, and you will have no enemies. Go sometimes to the castle, keep fast Mr. *Tickell* and *Balaguer*; frequent those on the right side, friends to the present powers; drop those, who are loud on the wrong party, because they know they can suffer nothing by it.

LETTER XVII.

*Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.**Quilca, Sept. 19, 1725.*

WE have prevailed with *Neal* in spite of his harvest to carry up miss, with your directions; and it is high time, for she was run almost wild, though we have something civilized her since she came among us. You are too short in circumstances. I did not hear you was forbid preaching. Have you seen my lord? Who forbid you to preach? Are you no longer chaplain? Do you never go to the castle? Are you certain of the accuser, that it is *Tigh*? Do you think my lord acts thus, because he fears it would breed ill humour, if he should openly favour one who is looked on as of a different party? I think, that is too mean for him. I do not much disapprove your letter, but I think it a wrong method; pray read over the inclosed twice, and if you do not dislike it, let it be sent (not by a servant of yours, nor from you) to Mr. *Tickell*. There the case is stated, as well as I could do it, in generals for want of knowing particulars. When I come to town, I shall see the lord lieutenant, and be as free with him as possible. In the mean time I believe it may keep cold; however advise with Mr. *Tickell*, and Mr. *Balaguer*. I should fancy that the bishop of *Limerick** could easily satisfy his excellency, and that my lord lieutenant believes no more of your guilt than I, and therefore it can be nothing but to satisfy the noise of party at this juncture, that he acts as he does; and if so (as I am confident it is) the effect will cease with the cause. But without doubt, *Tigh* and others have dinned the words *tory* and *jacobite* into his excellency's ears, and therefore your text *etc.* was only made use of as an opportunity.

* Dr. *William Burscow*.

Upon the whole matter you are no loser, but at least have got something. Therefore be not like him who hanged himself, because going into a gaming-house and winning ten thousand pounds, he lost five thousand of it, and came away with only half his winnings. When my lord is in *London*, we may clear a way to him to do you another job, and you are young enough to wait.

We set out to *Dublin* on *Monday* the 5th of *October*, and hope to sup at the deanry the next night, where you will come to us if you are not already engaged.

I am grown a bad bailiff towards the end of my service. Your hay is well brought in, and better stacked than usual. All here are well.

I know not what you mean by my having some sport soon; I hope it is no sport that will vex me.

Pray do not forget to seal the inclosed before you send it.

I send you back your letter to the lord lieutenant.

LETTER XVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sept. 25, 1725.

YOUR confusion hindered you from giving any rational account of your distress, till this last letter, and therein you are imperfect enough. However, with much ado we have now a tolerable understanding how things stand. We had a paper sent inclosed, subscribed by Mr. *Ford*, as we suppose; it is in print, and we all approve it, and this I suppose is the sport I was to expect. I do think it is agreed, that all animals fight with the weapons natural to them, (which is a new and wise remark out of my own head) and the devil take that animal, who will not offend his enemy, when he is provoked, with his proper weapon; and though your old dull horse little values the blows I give him with the butt.

butt end of my stick, yet I strike on and make him wince in spite of his dulness; and he shall not fail of them while I am here; and I hope you will do so too to the beast, who has kicked against you, and try how far his insensibility will protect him, and you shall have help, and he will be vexed, for so I found your horse this day, though he would not move the faster. I will kill that flea or louse, which bites me, though I get no honour by it.

Laudari ab iis, quos omnes laudant, is a maxim; and the contrary is equally true. Thank you for the offer of your mare; and how a pox could we come without her? They pulled off her's and your horse's shoes for fear of being rode, and then they rode them without shoes, and so I was forced to shoe them again. All the fellows here would be *Tigh's*, if they were but privy counsellors. You will never be at ease for your friend's horses or your own, till you have walled in a park of twenty acres, which I would have done next spring.

You say not a word of the letter I sent you for Mr. *Tickell*, whether you sent it him or no; and yet it was very material that I should know it. The two devils of inadvertency and forgetfulness have got fast hold on you. I think you need not quit his and *Balaguer's* company for the reason I mentioned in that letter, because they are above suspicions, as *whiggissimi* and *unsuspectissimi*. When the lord lieutenant goes for *England*, I have a method to set you right with him, I hope, as I will tell you when I come to town, if I do not *Sheridan* it, I mean forget it.

I did a *Sheridanism*; I told you I had lost your letter inclosed, which you intended to lord *Carteret*, and yet I have it safe here.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

An answer to Lord PALMERSTON'S civil polite letter.

[So indorsed.]

Jan. 31, 1725-6.

MY LORD,

I Desire you will give yourself the last trouble I shall ever put you to. I do entirely acquit you of any injury or injustice done to Mr. *Curtis**; and if you had read that passage in my letter a second time, you could not possibly have so ill understood me. The injury and injustice the young man received were from those, who, claiming a title to his chambers, took away his key; and reviled, and threatened to beat him; with a great deal of the like monstrous conduct: whereupon at his request I laid the case before you†, as it appeared to me. And it would have been very strange, if on account of a trifle, and of a person for whom I have no concern further than as he was once employed by me, on the character he bears of piety and learning, I should charge you with injury and injustice to him, when I know from himself and Mr. *Reading*, that you were not answerable for either.

As you state the case of tenant at will, I fully agree, that no law can compel you; but law was not at all in my thoughts.

Now, my lord, if what I writ of injury and injustice were wholly applied in plain terms to one or two of the college here, whose names were below my remembrance; you will consider how I could deserve an answer in every line full of foul insinuations, open reproaches, jesting flirts, and contumelious terms; and what

* A resident master in *Trinity* college, whom the dean made one of the four minor-canons of *St. Patrick's* cathedral.

† Lord viscount *Palmerston*, (nephew to sir *William Temple*) hath a right to bestow two

handsome chambers in the university of *Dublin* upon such students, as he and his heirs shall think proper, on account of the benefactions of this family towards the college buildings.

title you claim to give me such treatment. I own my obligation to sir *William Temple** for recommending me to the late king, although without success; and for his choice of me to take care of his posthumous writings. But I hope, you will not charge my being in his family as an obligation; for I was educated to little purpose, if I had chosen his house on any other motives, than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies. For being born to no fortune, I was at his death as much to seek it as ever: and perhaps you will allow, that I was of some use to him. This I will venture to say, that in the time when I had some little credit, I did fifty times more for fifty people, from whom I never received the least service or assistance; yet I should not be pleased to hear a relation of mine reproaching them with ingratitude, although many of them well deserve it. For thanks to party, I have met in both kingdoms with ingratitude enough.

If I have been ill informed, you have not been much better, that I declared no great regard to your family; for so you express yourself: I never had occasion or opportunity to make use of any such words. The last time I saw you in *London*, was the last intercourse, that I remember to have had with your family. But having always trusted to my own innocence, I was never inquisitive to know my accusers. When I mentioned my loss of interest with you, I did it with concern: and I had no resentment; because I supposed it to arise only from different sentiments in publick matters.

My lord, if my letter were *polite*, it was against my intention, and I intreat your pardon for it. If I have *wit*, I will keep it to

* After Mr. *Swift* left the university of *Dublin*, sir *William Temple* (whose father, sir *John Temple*, master of the rolls in *Ireland*, had been a friend to the family) invited our young author to spend some time with him at *Moor-park* in *England*, for the sake of his conversation;

where he pursued his studies through all the *greek* and *roman* historians. Here it was he was introduced by his friend to king *William*; when his majesty used to pay frequent visits to that great minister, after he had retired from publick business to his seat at *Moor-park*.

shew when I am angry; which at present I am not: because, although nothing can excuse those intemperate words your pen hath let fall, yet I shall give allowance to a hasty person hurried on by a mistake beyond all rules of decency. If a first minister of state had used me as you have done, he should have heard from me in another style; because in that case retaliating would be thought a mark of courage. But as your lordship is not in a situation to do me good, nor, I am sure, of a disposition to do me mischief; so I should lose the merit of being bold, because I incurred no danger.

In this point alone we are exactly equal; but in wit and politeness I am as ready to yield to you, as in titles and estate.

I have found out one secret; that although you call me a *great wit*, you do not think me so; otherwise you would have been cautious to have writ me such a letter.

You conclude with saying, you are ready to ask pardon, where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, because I have not taken the offence; but whether you will acquit yourself, must be left to your conscience and honour.

I have formerly upon occasions been your humble servant in *Ireland*, and should not refuse to be so still, but you have so useful and excellent a friend in Mr. *Reading*, that you need no other; and, I hope, my good opinion of him will not lessen yours. I am,

MY LORD,

Your most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Q

LETTER

LETTER XX.

*Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.**London, July 8, 1726.*

GOOD DOCTOR,

I Have had two months of great uneasiness at the ill account of Mrs. *Johnson's* health, and as it is usual, feared the worst that was possible, and doubted all the good accounts that were sent me. I pray God her danger may warn her to be less wilful, and more ready to fall into those measures, that her friends and physicians advise her to. I had a letter two days ago from archdeacon *Wall*, dated six days before yours, wherein he gives me a better account than you do, and therefore I apprehend she hath not mended since; and yet he says he *can honestly tell me she is now much better*. Pray thank the archdeacon, and tell him you are to have a share in this letter; and therefore I will save him the trouble of another. Tell him also, that I never asked for my 100*l.* which he hears I have got, though I mentioned it to the princess the last time I saw her, but I bid her tell *Walpole** I scorned to ask him for it; but blot out this passage, and mention it to no one except the ladies; because I know Mrs. *Johnson* would be pleased with it, and I will not write to them till I hear from them; therefore this letter is theirs as well as yours. The archdeacon further says, that Mrs. *Johnson* has not tasted claret for several months, but once at his house. This I dislike. I cannot tell who is the fourth of your friends, unless it be yourself: I am sorry for your new laborious studies, but the best of it is, they will *not* be your own another day. I thank you for your new style, and most useful quotations. I am only concerned, that although you get the *grace of the house*,

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford.

you

you will never get the grace of the town, but die plain *Sheridan*, or *Tom* at most, because it is a syllable shorter than doctor. However I will give it you at length in the superscription, and people will so wonder how the news could come and return so quick to and from *England*, especially if the wind be fair when the packet goes over; and let me warn you to be very careful in sending for your letters two days after the commencement. You lost one post by my being out of town; for I came hither to-day, and shall stay three or four upon some business, and then go back to Mr. *Pope's*, and there continue till *August*, and then come to town till I begin my journey to *Ireland*, which I propose the middle of *August*. My old servant *Archy* is here ruined and starving, and has pursued me and wrote me a letter, but I have refused to see him. Our friend at the castle writ to me two months ago to have a sight of those papers, *etc.* of which I brought away a copy. I have answered him, that whatever papers I have, are conveyed from one place to another through nine or ten hands, and that I have the key. If he should mention any thing of papers in general either to you or the ladies, and that you can bring it in, I would have you and them to confirm the same story, and laugh at my humour in it, *etc.* My service to Dr. *Delany*, Dr. *Helsbam*, the *Grattons* and *Jacksons*. There is not so despised a creature here as your friend with the soft verses on children. I heartily pity him.—This is the first time I was ever weary of *England*, and longed to be in *Ireland*; but it is because go must; for I do not love *Ireland* better, nor *England*, as *England*, worse; in short, you all live in a wretched, dirty dog-hole and prison, but it is a place good enough to die in. I can tell you one thing, that I have had the fairest offer made me of a settlement here that one can imagine, which if I were ten years younger I would gladly accept, within twelve miles of *London*, and in the midst of my friends. But I am too old for new schemes, and especially such as would bridle me in my freedoms and liberalities. But so

it is, that I must be forced to get home partly by stealth and partly by force. I have indeed one temptation for this winter much stronger, which is of a fine house and garden, and park, and wine-cellar in *France*, to pass away winter in *, and if Mrs. *Johnson* were not so out of order I would certainly accept of it; and I wish she could go to *Montpellier* at the same time. You see I am grown visionary, and therefore 'tis time to have done. Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

† *July 27, 1726.*

I Have yours just now of the 19th, and the account you give me, is nothing but what I have some time expected with the utmost agonies; and there is one aggravation of constraint, that where I am, I am forced to put on an easy countenance. It was at this time the best office your friendship could do, not to deceive me. I was violently bent all last year, as I believe you remember, that she should go to *Montpellier*, or *Bath*, or *Tunbridge*. I entreated, if there was no amendment, they might both come to *London*. But there was a fatality, although I indeed think her stamina could not last much longer, when I saw she could take no nourishment. I look upon this to be the greatest event, that can ever happen to me; but all my preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a christian. There hath been the most intimate friendship between us from her childhood, and the greatest merit on her side, that ever was in one human creature towards another. — Nay if I were now

* Lord *Bolingbroke* invited the dean to spend a winter with him at his house in *France*, on the banks of the *Loire*.

† This was written from Mr. *Pope's* at *Twickenham*.

near her, I would not see her; I could not behave myself tolerably, and should redouble her sorrow. — Judge in what a temper of mind I write this. — The very time I am writing, I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body. — Confusion! that I am this moment called down to a visitor, when I am in the country, and not in my power to deny myself. — I have passed a very constrained hour, and now return to say I know not what: I have been long weary of the world, and shall for my small remainder of years be weary of life, having for ever lost that conversation, which could only make it tolerable. — I fear while you are reading this, you will be shedding tears at her funeral; she loved you well, and a great share of the little merit I have with you, is owing to her solicitations.

I writ to you about a week ago *.

LETTER XXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

London, May 13, 1727.

THIS goes by a private hand, for my writing is too much known, and my letters often stopt and opened. I had yours of the 4th instant, and it is the only one I have received out of *Ireland*, since I left you. I hardly thought our friend would be in danger by a cold; I am of opinion she should be generally in the country, and only now and then visit the town. — We are here in a strange situation; a firm settled resolution to assault the present administration, and break it if possible. It is certain that *Walpole* is peevish and disconcerted, stoops to the vilest offices of hireling scoundrels to write *Billingsgate* of the lowest and most

* Soon after the date of this letter the dean went back to *Ireland*, but Mrs. *Johnson* recovering a moderate state of health, he returned again to *England* the beginning of the year 1727.

prostitute

prostitute kind, and has none but beasts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas very liberally. I am in high displeasure with him and his partisans; a great man, who was very kind to me last year, doth not take the least notice of me at the prince's court, and there hath not been one of them to see me. I am advised by all my friends, not to go to *France* (as I intended for two months) for fear of their vengeance in a manner which they cannot execute here.—I reckon there will be a warm winter, wherein my comfort is, I shall have no concern. I desire you will read this letter to none but our two friends, and Mr. *P*——; his cousin with the red ribbon enquired very kindly after him.—I hear no news about your bishops, farther than that the lord lieutenant sticks to have them of *Ireland*, which *Walpole* always is averse from, but does not think it worth his trouble to exert his credit on such trifles. The dispute about a war or no war still continues, and the major part inclines to the latter, although ten thousand men are ordered for *Holland*. But this will bring such an addition to our debts, that it will give great advantages against those in power, in the next sessions. *Walpole* laughs at all this, but not so heartily as he used. I have at last seen the princess * twice this week by her own commands; she retains her old civility, and I my old freedom; she charges me without ceremony to be author of a bad book †, though I told her how angry the ministry were; but she assures me, that both she and the p—— were very well pleased with every particular; but I disowned the whole affair, as you know I very well might, only gave her leave, since she liked the book, to suppose what author she pleased.—You will wonder to find me say so much of politicks, but I keep very bad company, who are full of nothing else. Pray be very careful of your charge, or I shall order my lodgers the bulk of their glasses, and the number of their bottles.—I stole this time to

* *Caroline* princess of *Wales*, afterwards queen, consort of *George II.* † *Gulliver's Travels.*

write to you, having very little to spare. I go as soon as possible to the country, and shall rarely see this town.

My service to all friends.

I desire you will send me six setts of the edition of the *Drapiers* by the first convenience of any friend or acquaintance, that comes hither.

LETTER XXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

London, June 24, 1727.

I Have received your last, with the inclosed print. I desire you will let Dr. *Delany* know, that I transcribed the substance of his letter, and the translation of what was registered, and added a whole state of the case, and gave it Mrs. *Howard* to give to the prince from me, and to desire, that as chancellor, he would do what he thought most fit*. I forgot to ask Mrs. *Howard*† what was done in it, the next time I saw her, and the day I came to town came the news of the king's death, of which I sent particulars the very same day to our friend; since then we have been all in a hurry, with millions of schemes. I deferred kissing the king's and queen's hands till the third day, when my friends at court chid me for deferring it so long. I have been and am so extremely busy, that though I begin this letter, I cannot finish it till next post; for now it is the last moment it can go, and I have much more to say. I was just ready to go to *France*, when the news of the king's‡ death arrived, and I came to town in order to begin my journey. But I was desired to delay it, and I then determined it a second time: when upon some new incidents I was with great vehemence dissuaded from it by certain

* His royal highness *George* prince of *Wales*,
chancellor of the university of *Dublin*.

† Afterwards countess of *Suffolk*.

‡ King *George* I.

persons,

persons, whom I could not disobey. Thus things stand with me. My stomach is pretty good, but for some days my head has not been right, yet it is what I have been formerly used to. Here is a strange world, and our friend would reproach me for my share in it; but it shall be short, for I design soon to return into the country. I am thinking of a chancellor for the university, and have pitched upon one; but whether he will like it, or my word be of any use, I know not. The talk is now for a moderating scheme, wherein no body shall be used the worse or better for being called whig or tory, and the king hath received both with great equality, shewing civilities to several who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen, that we should go in a line to kiss the king's and queen's hands. We have now done with repining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it, and if things do not mend it is not our faults: we have made our offers: if otherwise, we are as we were. It is agreed the ministry will be changed, but the others will have a soft fall; although the king must be excessive generous, if he forgives the treatment of some people. I writ long ago my thoughts to my viceroy, and he may proceed as he shall be advised. But if the archbishop * goes on to proceed to *sub poena contemptus* etc. I would have an appeal at proper time, which I suppose must be to delegates, or the crown, I know not which. However I will spend a hundred or two pounds, rather than be enslaved, or betray a right which I do not value three-pence, but my successors may. My service to all friends; and so thinking I have said enough, I bid you farewell heartily, and long to eat of your fruit, for I dare eat none here. It hath cost me five shillings in victuals since I came here, and ten pounds to servants where I have dined. I suppose my agent † in *Sheep-street* takes care and enquires about my new agent.

* Dr. William King.

† Rev. Mr. John Worral.

LETTER XXIV.

*Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.**Twickenham, July 1, 1727.*

I Had yours of *June 22*. You complain of not hearing from me; I never was so constant a writer. I have writ six times to our friends, and as many to you. Mr. *Pope* is reading your *Persius*; he is frequently sick, and so at this time; he has read it, but you must wait till next letter for his judgment. He would know whether it is designed for an elegant translation, or only to shew the meaning; I reckon it an explanation of a difficult author, not only for learners, but for those also who are not expert in latin, because he is a very dark author: I would not have your book printed entire, till I treat with my bookseller here for your advantage. There is a word (*Concacuus*) which you have not explained, nor the reason of it. Where you are ignorant, you should confess you are ignorant. I writ to *Stella* the day we heard the king was dead, and the circumstances of it. I hold you a guinea, I shall forget something. *Worral* writ to me lately. In answer, I desire that when the archbishop comes to a determination, that an appeal be properly lodged, by which I will elude him till my return, which will be at *Michaelmas*. I have left *London*, and stay here a week, and then I shall go thither again, just to see the queen, and so come back hither. Here are a thousand schemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embrace but coldly, because I like none of them. I have been this ten days inclining to my old disease of giddiness, a little tottering; our friend understands it, but I grow cautious, and am something better; cyder and champagne and fruit have been the cause. But now I am very regular, and I eat enough. I took Dr. *Delany's* paper to the king

R

when

when he was prince ; he and his secretary * are discontented with the provost †, but they find he has law on his side. The king's death hath broke that measure. I proposed the prince of *Wales* to be chancellor, and I believe so it will go. Pray copy out the verses I writ to *Stella* on her collecting my verses, and send them to me, for we want some to make our poetical miscellany large enough, and I am not there to pick what should be added. Direct them, and all other double papers to lord *Bathurst*, in *St. James's square, London*. I was in a fright about your verses on *Stella's* sickness, but glad when they were a month old.

Desire our friends to let me know, what I should buy for them here of any kind. I had just now a long letter from Mr. *Dingley*, and another from Mr. *Synge*. Pray tell the latter, that I return him great thanks, and will leave the visiting affair to his discretion. But all the lawyers in *Europe* shall never persuade me, that it is in the A. Bp's power to take or refuse my proxy, when I have the king's leave of absence. If he be violent, I will appeal, and die two or three hundred pounds poorer to defend the rights of the dean. Pray ask Mr. *Synge*, whether his fenocchio be grown ; it is now fit to eat here, and we eat it like fellary, either with or without oil, etc. I design to pass my time wholly in the country, having some business to do, and settle, before I leave *England* for the last time. I will send you Mr. *Pope's* criticisms, and my own, on your work. Pray forget nothing of what I desire you. Pray God bless you all. If the king had lived but ten days longer, I should be now at *Paris*. Simpleton ! the *Drapiers* should have been sent unbound, but 'tis no great matter ; two or three would have been enough. I see Mrs. *Fad* but seldom, I never trouble them but when I am sent for ; she expects me soon, and after that perhaps no more while I am here. I desire it may be told, that I never go to court, which I mention because of a passage in Mrs. *Dingley's* letter ; she speaks

* Samuel Mollyneux, esq;

† Rev. Mr. Baldwin.

mighty good things of your kindness. I do not want that poem to *Stella* to print it entire, but some passages out of it, if they deserve it, to lengthen the volume. Read all this letter without hesitation, and I'll give you a pot of ale. I intend to be with you at *Michaelmas*, barr impossibilities.

LETTER XXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Aug. 12, 1727.

I AM cleverly caught, if ever gentleman was cleverly caught; for three days after I came to town with lord *Oxford** from *Cambridgeshire*, which was ten days ago, my old deafness seized me, and hath continued ever since with great encrease; so that I am now deafer than ever you knew me, and yet a little less I think than I was yesterday; but which is worse, about four days ago my giddiness seized me, and I was so very ill, that yesterday I took a hearty vomit, and though I now totter, yet I think I am a thought better; but what will be the event, I know not; one thing I know, that these deaf fits use to continue five or six weeks, and I am resolved if it continues, or my giddiness, some days longer, I will leave this place, and remove to *Greenwich*, or somewhere near *London*, and take my cousin *Lancelot* to be my nurse. Our friends know her; it is the same with *Pat Rolt*. If my disorder should keep me longer than my licence of absence lasts, I would have you get Mr. *Worral* to renew it; it will not expire till the sixth or seventh of *October*, and I resolved to begin my journey *Sept. 15th*. Mr. *Worral* will see by the date of my licence what time the new one should commence; but he has seven weeks yet to consider: I only speak in time. I am very un-

* Son of the late right honourable *Robert Harley*, lord high treasurer of *England*, created earl of *Oxford* and *Mortimer* by queen *Anne*.

easy here, because so many of our acquaintance come to see us, and I cannot be seen; besides, Mr. *Pope* is too sickly and complaisant; therefore I resolve to go somewhere else. This is a little unlucky, my head will not bear writing long: I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I think best. The king and queen come in two days to our neighbourhood*; and there I shall be expected, and cannot go; which however is none of my grievances, for I had rather be absent, and have now too good an excuse. I believe this giddiness is the disorder, that will at last get the better of me; but I had rather it should not be now; and I hope and believe it will not, for I am now better than yesterday.—Since my dinner my giddiness is much better, and my deafness a hair's breadth not so bad. 'Tis just as usual, worst in the morning and at evening. I will be very temperate; and in the midst of peaches, figs, nectarins, and mulberries, I touch not a bit. I hope I shall however set out in the midst of *September*, as I designed.—This is a long letter for an ill head: so adieu. My service to our two friends and all others.

LETTER XXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Aug. 29, 1727.

I Have had your letter of the 19th, and expect, before you read this, to receive another from you with the most fatal news that can ever come to me, unless I should be put to death for some ignominious crime. I continue very ill with my giddiness and deafness, of which I had two days intermission, but since worse, and I shall be perfectly content if God shall please to call me away at this time. Here is a triple cord of friendship broke, which hath

* *Richmond.*

lasted thirty years, twenty-four of which in *Ireland*. I beg, if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general: my weakness, my age, my friendship will bear no more. I have mentioned the case as well as I knew it to a physician, who is my friend; and I find his methods were the same, air and exercise, and at last asses-milk. I will tell you sincerely, that if I were younger, and in health, or in hopes of it, I would endeavour to divert my mind by all methods in order to pass my life in quiet; but I now want only three months of sixty. I am strongly visited with a disease, that will at last cut me off, if I should this time escape; if not, I have but a poor remainder, and that is below any wise man's valuing. I do not intend to return to *Ireland* so soon as I purposed; I would not be there in the very midst of grief. I desire you will speak to Mr. *Worral* to get a new licence about the beginning of *October*, when my old one (as he will see by the date) shall expire; but if that fatal accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my present condition. What I intend is, immediately to leave this place, and go with my cousin for a nurse about five miles from *London* on the other side towards the sea, and if I recover, I will either pass this winter near *Salisbury-plain*, or in *France*; and therefore I desire Mr. *Worral* may make this licence run like the former [To *Great-Britain*, or elsewhere for the recovery of his health.]

Neither my health nor grief will permit me to say more: your directions to Mr. *Lancelot* at his house in *New Bond-street*, over against the *Crown and cushion*, will reach me. Farewel.

This stroke was unexpected, and my fears last year were ten times greater*.

* See Letter *xxi*.

LETTER XXVII.

*Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.**Lond. Sept. 2, 1727.*

I Had yours of the 19th of *August*, which I answered the 29th from *Twickenham*. I came to town on the last day of *August*, being impatient of staying there longer, where so much company came to us while I was so giddy and deaf. I am now got to my cousin *Lancelot's* house, where I desire all letters may be directed to me; I am still in the same condition, or rather worse, for I walk like a drunken man, and am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to *Ireland*; yet I think I would not, considering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have just received yours of *August* 24; I kept it an hour in my pocket with all the suspense of a man, who expected to hear the worst news that fortune could give him; and at the same time was not able to hold up my head. These are the perquisites of living long: the last act of life is always a tragedy at best; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one. I desired in my last, that you would not enlarge upon that event; but tell me the bare fact. I long knew that our dear friend had not the *stamina vitae*; but my friendship could not arm me against this accident, although I foresaw it. I have said enough in my last letter, which now I suppose is with you. I know not whether it be an addition to my grief or no, that I am now extremely ill; for it would have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health, when such a friend is desperate. I do profess upon my salvation, that the distressed and desperate condition of our friend makes life so indifferent to me, who by course of nature have so little left, that I do not think it worth the time to struggle; yet I should think, according to what hath been formerly,
that

that I may happen to overcome this present disorder; and to what advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. I brought both those friends over*, that we might be happy together as long as God should please; the knot is broken, and the remaining person, you know, has ill answered the end; and the other, who is now to be lost, is all that was valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great hypocrite. What have I to do in the world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket.—I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer.

LETTER XXVIII†.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Sept. 6.

SIR,

I AM both obliged and alarmed by your letter. What you mention of a particular friend of the dean's being upon the brink of another world, gives me great pain; for it makes me, in tenderness to him, wish him with you; and at the same time I fear he is not in a condition to make the journey. Though (to ease you as far as I can) his physician and friend Dr. *Arbutnot* assures me, he will soon be well. At present he is very deaf, and more uneasy than I hoped that complaint alone would have made him. I apprehend he has written to you in a melancholy way, which has put you into a greater fright, than (with God's will)

* Mrs. *Johnson* and Mrs. *Dingley*, both relations of sir *William Temple*.

† This letter was probably an answer to one sent by Dr. *Sheridan* to Mr. *Pope*, when he last wrote to the dean. The reason of his going to *London* appears by the two preceding letters, and about the time mentioned in this he re-

turned again to *Ireland*. Mrs. *Johnson* languished till the 28th of *January* following and then died. During her sickness he composed the prayers which immediately follow this little collection of letters. They were originally printed from his own hand writing.

we may have any reason for. He talks of returning to *Ireland* in three weeks, if he recovers sufficiently; if not, he will stay here this winter. Upon pretence of some very unavoidable occasions he went to *London* four days since, where I see him as often as he will let me. I was extremely concerned at his *opiniatreté* in leaving me; but he shall not get rid of the friend, though he may of his house. I have suggested to him the remedy you mention: and I will not leave him a day till I see him better. I wish you could see us in *England* without manifest inconvenience to yourself; though I heartily hope and believe, that our friend will do well. I sincerely honour you for your warmth of affection, where it is so justly merited; and am, both for his sake and your own, with great esteem,

SIR,

*Your truly-affectionate**and obedient servant,*

A. POPE.

P. S. I have often desired the dean to make known to you my sense of the good opinion you have expressed of me in your letters. I am pleased to have an opportunity of thanking you under my hand, and I desire you to continue it to one, who is no way ungrateful.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

*Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. MOORE.**Deanry-house, Dec. 7th, 1727.*

DEAR MADAM,

THOUGH I see you seldomer than is agreeable to my inclinations, yet you have no friend in the world, that is more concerned for any thing that can affect your mind, your health, or your fortune; I have always had the highest esteem for your virtue, the greatest value for your conversation, and the truest affection for your person; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the loss of so amiable, and (what is more) so favourite a child. These are the necessary consequences of too strong attachments, by which we are grieving ourselves with the death of those we love, as we must one day grieve those, who love us, with the death of ourselves. For life is a tragedy, wherein we sit as spectators a while, and then act our own part in it. Self-love, as it is the motive to all our actions, so it is the sole cause of our grief. The dear person you lament, is by no means an object of pity, either in a moral or religious sense. Philosophy always taught men to despise life, as a most contemptible thing in itself; and religion regards it only as a preparation for a better, which you are taught to be certain, that so innocent a person is now in possession of; so that she is an immense gainer, and you and her friends the only losers. Now, under misfortunes of this kind, I know no consolation more effectual to a reasonable person, than to reflect rather upon what is left, than what is lost. She was neither an only child, nor an only daughter. You have three children left, one* of them of an age to be useful to his family,

* *Charles Devenish, esq;*

and the two others as promising as can be expected from their age; so that according to the general dispensations of God almighty you have small reason to repine upon that article of life. And religion will tell you, that the true way to preserve them is, not to fix any of them too deep in your heart, which is a weakness, that God seldom leaves long unpunished: common observation shewing us, that such favourite children are either spoiled by their parents indulgence, or soon taken out of the world; which last is, generally speaking, the lighter punishment of the two.

God, in his wisdom, hath been pleased to load our declining years with many sufferings, with diseases, and decays of nature, with the death of many friends, and the ingratitude of more; sometimes with the loss or diminution of our fortunes, when our infirmities most need them; often with contempt from the world, and always with neglect from it; with the death of our most hopeful or useful children; with a want of relish for all worldly enjoyments; with a general dislike of persons and things: and though all these are very natural effects of increasing years, yet they were intended by the author of our being to wean us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach towards the end of it. And this is the use you are to make in prudence, as well as in conscience, of all the afflictions you have hitherto undergone, as well as of those, which in the course of nature and providence you have reason to expect. May God, who hath endowed you with so many virtues, add strength of mind and reliance upon his mercy in proportion to your present sufferings, as well as those he may think fit to try you with through the remainder of your life.

I fear my present ill disposition both of health and mind* has made me but a sorry comforter: however, it will shew that no

* It was written little more than a month before Mrs. *Johnson's* death, an event which was then almost daily expected.

circumstance of life can put you out of my mind, and that I am with the truest respect, esteem, and friendship,

DEAR MADAM,

Your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

LETTER XXX.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

** Market-hill, Aug. 2. 1728.*

OUR friends here, as well as myself, were sadly disappointed upon hearing the account of your journey. No body in town or country, as we were informed, knew where you were; but I persuaded our family, that you were certainly in a way of making yourself easy, and had got that living you mentioned, and accordingly we were grieved and rejoiced at the loss and settlement of a friend; but it never entered into our heads, that you were bestowing forty days in several stages between constable and constable without any real benefit to yourself, further than of exercise; and we wished, that no body should have had the benefit of your long absence from your school, but yourself by a good living, or we by your good company: much less that the pleasure of spighting *T*— had been your great motive. I heartily wish you were settled at *Hamilton's Bawn*, and I would be apt to advise you not to quit your thoughts that way, if the matter may be brought to bear; for by a letter I just received from the bishop of *Cork*, which was short and dry, with the stale excuse of pre-

** The seat of sir Arthur Acheson.*

engagements, I doubt you can hope nothing from him. — As to what you call my exercise, I have long quitted it; it gave me too much constraint, and the world does not deserve it. We may keep it cold, till the middle of winter.

As to my return, there are many speculations. I am well here, and hate removals; my scheme was, that you should come hither as you say, and I return with you in your chaise. Sir *Arthur*, on hearing your letter, pressed me to stay longer. I am a very busy man, such as at *Quilca*, which you will know when you come; yet I would contrive to be pressed more to stay till *Christmas*, and then you may contrive to be here again, and take me back with you time enough for my own visitation: and my reason of staying is, to be here the planting and pruning time, *etc.* I hate *Dublin*, and love the retirement here, and the civility of my hosts. This is my state and humour upon it, and accordingly you are to manage my scheme. However I would have you keep your vacation of *September* here; and let Mrs. *Brent* send me a dozen guineas (half of them half-guineas) by you, and a periwig, and a new riding gown and cassock, and whatever else I may want by a longer absence, provided you will resolve and swear that I shall stay.

I had all Mrs. *Brent's* packets by Mr. *Little*. My service to Mrs. *Dingley*; I cannot say, that I have more to say, than to say that I am, *etc.*

LETTER XXXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

* Sept. 18. 1728.

MY continuance here is owing partly to indolence, and partly to my hatred to *Dublin*. I am in a middling way, between

* This should also be dated from *Market-hill*.

healthy

healthy and sick, hardly ever without a little giddiness or deafness, and sometimes both: so much for that. As to what you call my lesson, I told you I would think no more of it, neither do I conceive the world deserves so much trouble from you or me. I think the sufferings of the country for want of silver deserves a paper*, since the remedy is so easy, and those in power so negligent. I had some other subjects in my thoughts; but truly I am taken up so much with long lampoons on a person, who owns you for a back, that I have no time for any thing else; and if I do not produce one every now and then of about two hundred lines, I am chid for my idleness, and threatened with you. I desire you will step to the deanry, speak to Mrs. Brent†, bid her open the middle great drawer of *Ridgeway's* scrutore in my closet, and then do you take out from thence the history‡ in folio, marble cover; and two thin folio's fairly writ. I forget the titles, but you have read them; one is an account of the proceedings of lord *Oxford's* ministry, and the other § to the same purpose. There are foul copies of both in the same drawer, but do you take out the fair ones, not in my hand. Let them be packed up, and brought hither by the bearer. My lady is perpetually quarrelling with sir *Arthur* and me, and shews every creature the libels I have writ against her ||.

Mr. *Worral* sent me the particulars of the havock made in *Naboth's* vineyard †.—The d — burst, etc.

I think lady *Dun's* burning would be an admirable subject to shew, how hateful an animal a human creature is, that is known to have never done any good. The rabble all rejoicing, etc. which they would not have done at any misfortune to a man known to be charitable.

* In the *Intelligencer*, the xixth number of which is on this subject.

† The dean's house-keeper.

‡ History of the peace of *Utrecht*.

§ The state of affairs in 1714. See vol. II.

|| See *Hamilton's Bawn*, or the grand question debated.

‡ A field not far from the deanry-house, which doctor *Swift* enclosed at a great expence with a fine stone wall lined with brick, against which he planted vines and the best chosen fruit trees, for the benefit of the dean of St. Patrick's for the time being.

I wish

I wish you could get in with the primate, on the account of some discourse about you here to-day with *Whaley* and *Walmsley*. *Whaley* goes to *Dublin* on *Monday* next in order for *England*. I would have you see him. I fancy you may do some good with the primate as to the first good vacant school, if you wheedle him, and talk a little whiggishly.

LETTER XXXII*.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I Thank you kindly for your news of the dean of *St. Patrick's*, for your *Persius*, for every thing in your letter. I will use my warmest endeavours to serve Dr. *Whaley* †. Besides his own merit, the demerit of his antagonist goes into the scale, and the dean tells me he is a coadjutant of that fool *Smedley* ‡. You *must have seen*, but you *cannot have read*, what he has lately published against our friend and me. The only pleasure a bad writer can give me, he has given, that of being abused with my betters and my friends. I am much pleased with most of the *Intelligencers*, but I am a little piqued at the author of 'em for not once doing me the honour of a mention upon so honourable an occasion as being slandered by the dunces, together with my friend the dean, who is properly the author of the *Dunciad*: it had never been writ but at his request, and for his deafness §: for had he been able to converse with me, do you think I had amused my time so ill? I will not trouble you with amendments to so imperfect an edition, as is now published; you'll soon see a better, with a full

* This letter is not dated, but it appears, by the mention made of the *Intelligencers*, to be written in 1728, and by the dean's libelling the lady, to be while he was at sir *Arthur's*, where he wrote *Hamilton's Bawn*.

† An eminent clergyman of the diocese of *Armagh*.

‡ Dean of *Fernes*. See the poetry vol. IV.

§ See this compliment elegantly returned in a poem addressed to Mr. *Pope*, vol. III.

and

and true commentary, setting all mistakes right, and branding none but our own cattle. Some very good epigrams on the gentlemen of the *Dunciad* have been sent me from *Oxford*, and others of the *London* authors: if I had an *Amanuensis* (which is a thing neither I, nor my common trifles are worth) you should have them with this. If your university or town have produced any on this subject, pray send 'em me, or keep them at least together, for another day they may all meet.

I've writ to the dean just now by Mr. *Elrington*, who charges himself with this, and have inserted a hint or two of his libelling the lady of the family; in as innocent a manner as he does it, he will hardly suspect I had any information of it.

Though I am a very ill correspondent, I shall at all times be glad to have the favour of a line from you. My eyesight is bad, my head often in pain, my time strangely taken up. Were I my own master (which I thank God I yet am in all points but one, where humanity only constrains me) I would infallibly see *Ireland* before I die. But whether that, or many other of my little, though warm designs, will ever take effect,

Calignosa nocte premit Deus!

I am (wherever I am) the dean's, and the dean's friends, and consequently faithfully,

SIR,

Your affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

*Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.**Dublin, March 27, 1733.*

I Received your letter with some pleasure, and a good deal of concern. The condition you are in requires the greatest haste hither, although your school did not; and when you arrive, I will force Dr. *Helsham* to see and direct you; your scheme of riding and country-air you find hath not answered, and therefore you have nothing to trust to but the assistance of a friendly, skilful doctor. For whether they can do any good or no, it is all we have for it; and you cannot afford to die at present, because the publick, and all your family have occasion for you. Besides, I do not like the place you are in* from your account, since you say people are dying there so fast. You cannot afford to lose daily blood; but I suppose you are no more regular, than you have been in your whole life. I like the article very much, which you propose in your will; and if that takes place forty years hence, and God for the sins of men should continue that life so long, I would have it be still inserted; unless you could make it a little sharper. I own you have too much reason to complain of some friends, who next to yourself have done you most hurt, whom still I esteem and frequent, though I confess I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the case was not merely personal malice to you, (although it had the same effect) but a kind of I know not what job, which one of them hath often heartily repented; however it came to be patched up. I am confident your collection of *Bon mots*†, *Contes à rire* will be much the best extant; but you are apt

* The free-school of *Cavan*, in the gift of the crown, for which Dr. *Sheridan* exchanged his living at *Dunboyne*, and in which he hath

been since succeeded by Mr. *Movre*.

† Perhaps *Bon mots de Stella*, and *Thoughts on various subjects*, are part of this collection.

to be terribly sanguine about the profits of publishing: however it shall have all the pushing I can give. I have been much out of order with a spice of my giddiness, which began before you left us: I am better of late days, but not right yet, though I take daily drops and bitters. I must do the best I can, but shall never more be a night-walker. You hear they have in *England* passed the excise on tobacco, and by their votes it appears they intend it on more articles. And care is taken by some special friends here to have it the same way here. We are slaves already. And from my youth upwards, the great wise men, whom I used to be among, taught me, that a general excise (which they now by degrees intend) is the most direct and infallible way to slavery. Pray God—send it them in his justice, for they well deserve it. All your friends and the town are just as you left it. I humdrum it on, either on horseback, or dining and sitting the evening at home, endeavouring to write, but write nothing merely out of indolence, and want of spirits. No soul has broke his neck, or is hanged, or married; only *Cancerina** is dead, and I let her go to her grave without a coffin, and without fees.—So I am going to take my evening walk after five, having not been out of doors yet. I wish you well and safe at home; pray call on me on *Sunday* night.

I am yours, etc.

P. S. I believe there are a hundred literal blunders, but I cannot stay to mend them.—So pick as you are able.

I am not so FRANK a writer as you.

* One of those poor people, to whom the dean used to give money, when he met them in his walks. Some of them he named thus, partly for distinction and partly for humour; *Cancerina*, *Stumpa-nympha*, *Pull-a-gown-a*, *Friterilla*, *Flora*, *Stumpantia*.

LETTER XXXIV.

*Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.**Sept. 12, 1735.*

HERE is a very ingenious observation upon the days of the week, and in rhyme, worth your observation, and very proper for the information of boys and girls, that they may not forget to reckon them: *Sunday's a pun-day, Monday's a dun-day, Tuesday's a news-day, Wednesday's a friend's-day, Thursday's a curs'd-day, Friday's a dry-day, Saturday's the latter-day.* I intend something of equal use upon the months: as *January, women vary.* I shall likewise in due time make some observation upon each year as it passes. So for the present year:

*One thousand seven hundred and thirty-five,
When only the d — and b — ps will thrive.*

And for the next:

*One thousand seven hundred and thirty-six,
When the d — will carry the b — ps to Styx.*

Perge:

*One thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven,
When the whigs are so blind they mistake hell for heav'n.*

I will carry these predictions no further than to the year 2001, when the learned think the world will be at end, or the fine-all-cat-a-strow-fee.

*The last is the period, two thousand and one,
When m — and b — to hell all are gone.*

When

When that time comes, pray remember the discovery came from me.

It is now time I should begin my letter. I hope you got safe to *Cavan*, and have got no cold in those two terrible days. All your friends are well, and I as I used to be. I received yours. My humble service to your lady, and love to your children. I suppose you have all the news sent to you. I hear of no marriages going on. One dean *Cross*, an eminent divine, we hear is to be bishop of *Cork*.—Stay till I ask a servant, what *Patrick's* bells ring for so late at night—You fellow, is it for joy or sorrow? I believe it is some of our royal birth-days.—Oh, they tell me, it is for joy a new master is chosen for the corporation of butchers. So farewell.

LETTER XXXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Sept. 30, 1735.

YESTERDAY was the going-out of the last lord-mayor, and to-day the coming-in of the new, who is alderman *Grattan*. The duke* was at both dinners, but I thought it enough to go to-day, and I came away before six, with very little meat or drink. The club† meets in a week, and I determine to leave the town as soon as possible, for I am not able to live within the air of such rascals; but whither to go, or how far my health will permit me to travel, I cannot tell; for my mind misgives me, that you are neither in humour nor capacity to receive me as a guest. I had your law-letter. Those things require serious consideration: in order to bring them to a due perfection, a wise man will prepare a large fund of idioms; which are highly useful when literally translated by a skilful, eloquent hand, and, except our

* The duke of *Dorset* lord lieutenant.
poem there mentioned.

† The *Irish* parliament. See the next letter, and the

Latino-Anglicus, is the most necessary as well as ornamental part of human learning. But then we must take special care of infusing the most useful precepts for the direction of human life, particularly for instructing princes and great ministers, distributing our praises and censures with the utmost impartiality and justice. This is what I have presumed to attempt, although very conscious to myself of my inferior abilities for such a performance. I begin with *lady*; and because the judicious Mr. *Locke* says it is necessary to settle terms, before we write upon any subject, I describe a certain female of your acquaintance, whose name shall be *Dorothy*; it is in the following manner: *Dolis astra per, astra mel, a sus, a quoque et; atra pes, an id lar, alas ibo nes, a præ ter, at at lar, avi si ter, age ipsi, astro lar, an empti pate, aræ lar, aram lar, an et, ades e ver, ast rumpet, ad en, agam lar, agrum lar, ac ros pus, afflat error, ape e per, as noti nos, araver, adhuc stare, asso fis ter, avi per, ad rive lar, age lar, apud lar, a fis lar, afis ter, a far ter, as bi ter, anus lar, a mus lar, arat lar, a minximus, a prata pace, a gallo per, a sive*. Most learned sir, I entreat you will please to observe (since I must speak in the vulgar language) that in the above forty-three denominations for females, many of them end with the domestick deity *Lar*, to shew that women were chiefly created for family affairs; and yet I cannot hear, that any other author hath made the same remark. I have likewise begun a treatise of geography, (the *Anglo-anglarians* call it erroneously *Jog Ralph I*) *Mei quo te summo fit? Astra canis a miti citi; an dy et Ali-cantis qui te as bigas it. Barba dos is more populus. An tego is a des arti here*. I have a third treatise to direct young ladies in reading. *Ama dis de Gallis a fine bis tori, an dy et Belli anis is ab et er. Summas eurus Valent in an Dorso ne isthmos te legant ovum alto bis ure. I canna me fore do mæsti cani males o fallique nat ure; na mel i, ac at, arat, amasti, fanda lædi; Imæ ad amo usto o; a lædi inde edi mite ex cæptas a beasti e verme et aram lingo ut. Præis mi cum pari sono dius orno?*

I believe

I believe some evil spirit hath got possession of you and a few others, in conceiving I have any power with the d — of *D* —, or with any one bishop or man of power. I did but glance a single word to the d — about as proper a thing as he could do, and yet he turned it off to some other discourse. You say one word of my mouth would do, *etc.* I believe the rhyme of my word would do just as much. Am I not universally known to be one, who dislikes all present persons and proceedings? Another writes to desire, that I would prevail on the archbishop of *Dublin** to give him the best prebend of *St. Patrick's*. Let bishop *Clayton*† allow the resignation, since *Donellan* is provided for. I mentioned to the d — that *Donellan* should be dean of *Cork*, on purpose to follow the resignation of old *Caulfield*, but it would not do, though *Caulfield* seems to have some hopes, and it is bishop *Clayton's* fault if he does not yield, *etc.*

LETTER XXXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

§ *April 24, 1736.*

I Have been very ill for these two months past with giddiness and deafness, which lasted me till about ten days ago, when I gradually recovered, but still am weak and indolent, not thinking any thing worth my thoughts; and although (I forget what I am going to say, so it serves for nothing) I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the pains. Your friend Mrs. *Whiteway*, who is upon all occasions so zealous to vindicate, is one whom I desire you to chide; for during my whole sickness, she was perpetually plaguing and spunging on me; and though she would drink no wine herself, yet she increased the expence by making me force

* *Dr. John Hoadly.*

† *Dr. Clayton, bishop of Cork.*

§ The paragraphs in *italick* in this and the following letter were written by Mrs. *Whiteway*.

it down her throat. Some of your eight rules I follow, some I reject, some I cannot compass, I mean merry fellows. Mr. J. R— never fails; I did within two days past ring him such a peal in relation to you, that he must be the d——l not to consider it; I will use him the same way if he comes to-morrow (which I do not doubt) for a pint of wine. I like your project of a fatyr on *Fairbrother* *, who is an arrant rascal in every circumstance.

Every syllable that is worth reading in this letter, you are to suppose I writ it; the dean only took the hints from me, but he has put them so ill together, that I am forced to tell you this in my own justification. Had you been worth hanging, you would have come to town this vacation, and I would have shewn you a poem on the legion-club. I do not doubt but that a certain person will pretend he writ it, because there is a copy of it in his hand, lying on his table; but do not mind that, for there are some people in the world will say any thing. I wish you could give some account of poor Dr. Sheridan; I hear the reason he did not come to town this Easter is, that he waited to see a neighbour of his hanged.

Whatever is said in this page by Goody *Whiteway*, I have not read, nor will read; but assure you, if it relates to me 'tis all a lie; for she says you have taught her that art, and as the world goes, and she takes you for a wise man, she ought to follow your practice. To be serious, I am sorry you said so little of your own affairs, and of your health; and when will you pay me any money? for upon my conscience you have half starved me.

The plover eggs were admirable, and the worsted for the dean's stockings so fine, that not one knitter here can knit them.

We neither of us know what the other hath writ; so one answer will serve, if you write to us both, provided you justly give us both our share, and each of us will read our own part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that disorder be better.

* See the next letter.

If the dean should give you any hint about money, you need not mind him, for to my knowledge he borrowed twenty pounds a month ago to keep himself alive.

I am sorry to tell you, that poor Mrs. *Whiteway* is to be hanged on *Tuesday* next for stealing a piece of *indian* filk out of *Bradshaw's* shop, and did not set the house on fire, as I advised her. I have wrote a very masterly poem on the *legion-club*; which, if the printer should be condemned to be hanged for it, you will see in a three-penny book; for it is 240 lines. Mrs. *Whiteway* is to have half the profit and half the hanging.

The Drapier went this day to the Tholsel as a merchant, to sign a petition to the government against lowering the gold, where we hear he made a long speech, for which he will be reckoned a jacobite. God send hanging does not go round.

Yours, etc.

LETTER XXXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Dub. May 15, 1736.

MRS. *Whiteway* and I were fretting, raging, storming, and fuming, that you had not sent a letter since you got to your *Caban*, (for the V consonant was anciently a B) I mean *Cavan*: but however, we mingled pity; for we feared you had run away from school, and left the key under the door. We were much disappointed, that the spring and beginning of summer had not introduced the muses and that your now walkable roads had not roused your spirits. We are here the happiest people in the universe; we have a year and a half before the club will meet to be revenged further on the clergy, who never offended them; and in *England* their parliament are following our steps, only with two or three steps

steps for our one. It is well you have done with the church, but pray take care to get money, else in a year or two more they will forbid all *greek* and *latin* schools, as popish and jacobite. I took leave of the duke and duchess to-day. He has prevailed on us to make a promise to bestow upon *England* 25,000*l.* a year for ever, by lowering the gold coin, against the petition of all the merchants, shop-keepers, *etc.* to a man. May his own estate be lowered the other forty parts, for we now lose by all gold two and a half *per cent.* He will be a better (that is to say a worse) man by 60,000*l.* than he was when he came over, and the nation better (that is to say worse) by above half a million; besides the worthy method he hath taken in disposal of employments in church and state. Here is a cursed long libel running about in manuscript on the *legion-club*; it is in verse, and the foolish town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen abused (as it is said) in the original; but others have added more, which I never saw; though I have once read the true one. What has *Fowlbrother** done to provoke you? I either never heard, or have forgot your provocations; but he was a fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed; and the title shall be, *Upon a certain bookseller (or printer) in Utopia.* — Mrs. *Whiteway* will be here to-morrow, and she will answer your sincere, open-hearted letter very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one night.

SIR,

I AM most sincerely obliged to you for all the civil things you have said to me, and of me to the dean. I found the good effects of them this day; when I waited on him, he received me with great good-humour, said something had happened since he saw me last, that had convinced him of my merit; that he was sorry he had treated me with

* *Fairbrother.* See the last letter, and the subsequent part of this.

so little distinction, and that hereafter I should not be put upon the foot of an humble companion, but treated like a lady of wit and learning, and fortune; that if he could prevail on Dr. Sheridan to part with his wife, he would make her his friend, his nurse, and the manager of his family. I approved entirely of his choice, and at the same time expressed my fears, that it would be impossible for you to think of living without her; this is all that sticks with me. But considering the friendship you express to me for the dean, I hope you will be persuaded to consider his good rather than your own; and send her up immediately; or else it will put him to the expence of giving three shillings and fourpence for a wife, and he declares that the badness of pay of his tythes, since the resolutions of the parliament of Ireland, puts this out of his power.

I could not guess why you were so angry at *Fowlbrother*; till Mrs. *Whiteway*, who you find is now with me, said it was for publishing some works of yours and mine like a rogue; which is so usual to their trade, that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on, to desire that Mrs. *Donaldson* * will let me know what I owe her, not in justice but generosity. If you could find wine and victuals, I could be glad to pass some part of the summer with you, if health would permit me; for I have some club-enemies, that would be glad to shoot me, and I do not love to be shot: it is a death I have a particular aversion to. But I shall henceforth walk with servants well armed, and have ordered them to kill my killers; however I would have them be the beginners. I will do what I can with Mr. R—, who (money excepted) is a very honest man. How is your breathing? As to myself, my life and health are not worth a groat. How shall we get wine to your cabin? I can spare some; and am preparing diaculum to save my skin as far as *Cavan*; and even to *Belturbut*. Pray God preserve you.

I am, etc.

* An innkeeper at *Cavan*.

LETTER XXXVIII.

*Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.**Dub. June 5, 1736.*

YOU must pay your groat (as if you had been drunk last night) for this letter, because I am neither acquainted with any frank curr, nor the of frank king. I am glad you have got the piles, because it is a mark of health, and a strong constitution. I believe what you say of the *legion-club* poem; for it plainly appears a work of a *legion-club*, for I hear there are fifty different copies; but what's that to me? And you are in the right, that they are not treated according to their merit. You never writ so regularly in your life, and therefore when you write to me, always take care to have the *piles*; I mean any *piles**, except those of lime and stone, and yet *piles* are not so bad as the *stone*. I find you intend to be here (by your date) in a dozen days hence. The room shall be ready for you, though I shall never have you in a morning, or at dinner, or in an evening; at all other times I shall be pestered with you. *John R*—— (for he does not deserve the name of *Jack*) is gone to his six-miles-off country seat for the summer. I admire at your bill of 10*l.* odd; for I thought your first was double: or is it an additional one? When you satisfy me, I will send down to him with a vengeance: although except that damned vice of avarice, he is a very agreeable man.—As to your venison, *vain is one* who expects it. I am *checking* you for your *chickens*, and could *lamb* you for your *lambs*.
Addenda quaedam.

*My wife a rattling,
My children tattling.*

* The author held puns in contempt, but would sometimes make himself merry with them.

*My money spent is,
 And due my rent is.
 My school decreasing,
 My income ceasing.
 All people tease me,
 But no man pays me.
 My worship is bit,
 By that rogue Nisbit.
 To take the right way,
 Consult friend Whiteway.
 Would you get still more?
 Go flatter Kilmore*.
 Your geese are old,
 Your wife a scold.
 You live among ill folks in a dunghill.
 You never have an old friend at Cavan.*

Mrs. *Whiteway* is ever your friend, but your old ones have forsaken you, as mine have me. My head is very bad; and I have just as much spirits left as a drowned mouse. Pray do not you give yourself airs of pretending to have flies in summer at *Cavan*; and such a *no* summer as this: I, who am the best fly-catcher in the kingdom, have not thought it worth my time to show my skill in that art. I believe nothing of your garden improvements, for I know you too well. What you say of your leanness is incredible; for when I saw you last you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free, (which nothing but exercise can give) you may be safe with as little flesh as I, which is none at all.

I had your letter just before this was sealed; but I cannot answer it now.

*Dr. *Josiah Hort*, then bishop of *Kilmore*.

LETTER XXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

July 10, 1736.

I Received your two letters. The first is mingled with *latin* and *english*, one following t'other: now I scorn that way, and put both languages in one. However, for the sake of order, I will begin with answering your second letter before the first, because it deserves one on account of your presents. From bogs, rivers, mountains, mosses, quagmires, heaths, lakes, kennels, ditches, weeds, *etc. etc. etc.* — Mrs. *Whiteway* was pleased, although very unjustly, to criticise upon every *curiosity*; she swears the paper of gravel was of your own voiding, as she found by the smell. That your whole artichoke leaf shows its mother to be smaller than a nutmeg, and I confess you were somewhat unwary in exposing it to censure. Your raspberry she compared with the head of a corking-pin, and the latter had the victory. Your currants were invisible, and we could not distinguish the red from the black. Your purslane passed very well with me, but she swore it was house-leek. She denies your *Cavan* fly to be genuine, but will have it, that for the credit of your town you would have it born there, although Mrs. *Donaldson* confesses it was sent her in a box of brown sugar, and died as it entered the gates. Mrs. *Whiteway* proceeds further in her malice, declaring your nasturtium to be only a p--fs-a-bed; your beans as brown as herself, and of the same kind with what we fatten hogs in *Leicestershire*. In one thing she admires your generosity, that for her sake you would spare a drop or two of your canal-water, which by the spongy bottom needs it so much. The only defects of them all were, that they wanted colour, sight, and smell; yet as to the last, we both acknowledged them all to exhale a general fustiness, which however did much resemble that of your *Cavan* air.

LETTER

LETTER XL.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

I Received your letter, which begun with *lings* *. You have thirteen in all, and I have got but a hundred and fixty; a trifle! find me ten more than mine, and I will give you ten guineas for the eleventh. Mine are all down, and only twelve which are not entered in a letter, which I will send you when health permits and I have nothing else to do, and that may be a twelve-month hence, if my disorder will let me hold out so long. You were born to be happy, for you take the least piece of good fortune chearfully. I suppose your arithmetick is, that three boys a week are a hundred and fifty nine in a year; and seven guineas a week are three hundred and fixty-five *per annum*. Can you reckon that the county, and the next, and *Dublin*, will provide you with thirty lads in all, and good pay, of which a dozen shall be lodgers? Does the cheapness of things answer your expectation? Have you sent away your late younger-married daughter? and will you send away the other? Let me desire you will be very regular in your accounts; because a very honest friend of yours and mine tells me, that with all your honesty, it is an uneasy thing to have any dealings with you that relate to accounts by your frequent forgetfulness and confusion: for you have no notion of regularity, and I do not wonder at it, considering the scattered, confused manner in which you have lived. Mrs. *Whiteway* thanks you for the good opinion you have of her, and I know she always loved and defended you. I cannot tell when I shall be able to travel. I have three other engagements on my hands, but the principal is to see the bishop of *Ossory*. Yet I dread the lying abroad above five miles. I am never well. Some sudden turns are every day threaten-

* A termination whimsically applied, see the next letter.

ing me with a giddy fit; and my affairs are terribly embroiled. I have a scheme of living with you, when the *College-green* club is to meet; for in these times I detest the town, and hearing the follies, corruptions, and slavish practices of those mis-representative brutes; and resolve, if I can stir, to pass that whole time at *Bath* or *Cavan*. I say again, keep very regular accounts, in large books, and a fair hand; not like me, who to save paper confuse every thing. Your mind is honest, but your memory a knave, and therefore the *scotch* mean the same thing by *minding*, that we do by *remembering*. Sirrah, said I to a *scotch* footman, why did you not go on that errand? Because I did no *mind* it, quo' *Sawny*. A curse on these twenty soldiers drumming through my liberty twice a day, and going to a barrack* the government hath placed just under my nose. I think of a line in *Virgil Travesty*. *The d—l cut their yelping weasons*. We expect lord *Orrery* and bishop *Rundle* next week.—This letter was intended for last post, but interruptions and horses hindered it. Poor Mrs. *Acheson* is relapsed at *Grange*, and worse than ever; I was there yesterday and met Dr. *H—m*, who hopes she was a little better. — 16. Here has no body been hanged, married, or dead that I hear of; Dr. *Grattan* is confined by a boil; if you ask him where, he will sell you a bargain. My chief country companion now is philosopher *Webber*; for the *Grattans* and *Jacksons* are neither to be found at home or abroad, except *Robin*, who cannot stir a foot.

* Called now the *poddle-guard*, and kept within the liberties of *St. Patrick's* to suppress riots.

LETTER XLI.

*Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.**April 9, 1737.*

ABOUT a month ago I received your last letter, wherein you complain of my long silence; what will you do when I am so long in answering? I have one excuse which will serve for all my friends, I am quite worn out with disorders of mind and body; a long fit of deafness, which still continues, hath unqualified me for conversing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing; to all this is added an apprehension of giddiness, whereof I have frequently some frightful touches. Besides, I can hardly write ten lines without twenty blunders, as you will see by the number of scratchings and blots before this letter is done: into the bargain, I have not one rag of memory left; and my friends have all forsaken me, except Mrs. *Whiteway*, who preserves some pity for my condition, and a few others who love wine that costs them nothing. As to my taking a journey to *Cavan*, I am just as capable as of a voyage to *China*, or of running races at *Newmarket*. But, to speak in the *Latinitas Grattania*; *Tu clamas meretrix primus*; for we have all expected you here at *Easter*, as you were used to do.—Your muster-roll of meat is good, but, of drink in support able. Yew wann twine. My strefs *Albavia* has eaten here all your hung beef, and said it was very good. The affair of high importance in their family is, that miss *Molly* hath issued out orders with great penalties, to be called Mrs. *Harrison*: which causeth many speck you'll ash owns.—I am now come to the noli me tan jerry, which begg inns wyth mad dam.—So I will go on by the strength of my own wit upon points of the high est imp or taunts. I have been very curious in considering that fruitful word *ling*; which explains many fine qualities in ladies, such as *grow ling*, *ray ling*, *tip ling*, (feldom) *toy ling*, *mumb ling*, *grumb ling*, *curr ling*, *pufs ling*, *buff ling*,

ling, strow ling, ramb ling, quarry ling, tat ling, whiff ling, dabb ling, doub ling. These are but as ample o fan hunn dread mower: they have all got cold this winter, big owing tooth in lick lad ink old wet her, an dare ink you rabble.—Well, I triumph over you, Is corn urine cap a city. Pray, tell me, does the land of *Quilca* pay any rent? or is any paid by the tenant? or is there not any part of 50*l.* to be got? But before you make complaints of ill payments from your school, I will declare I was never so ill paid as now, even by my richer debtors. I have finished my will for the last time, wherein I left some little legacy, which you are not to receive till you shall be entirely out of my debt, and paid all you owe me to my executors. And I have made very honourable mention of you in the will, as the consideration of my leaving these legacies to you.

Explain this proverb. *Salt dry fish, and the wedding-gold, is the vice of women both young and old.* Yes, you have it i nam o mento time. The old huncks *Shepherd* has buried his only son, who was a young huncks come to age.

POSTSCRIPT.

Here is a rhyme; it is a satire on an inconstant lover.

You are as faithless as a *Carthaginian*,
To love at once, *Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha, Jenny, Anne.*

A specimen of *Latinitas Grattaniana*.

EGO ludam diabolum super duos baculos cum te.
Voca super me cras.
Profecto ego dabo tibi tuum ventrem plenum legis.
Sine me solum cum illo. Ego capiam tempus.
Quid pestis velles tu esse apud.
Ego faciam te fumare.

Duc

Duc uxorem veni super.

Ego dabo tibi pyxidem in aure.

Ego faciam te secare saltum.

Veni, veni, solve tuum scotum, et fac non plura verba.

Id est plus expensum quam veneratio.

Si tu es pro lege, dabo tibi legem, tuum ventrem plenum.

Ut diabolus voluit habere id.

Quid materia tecum.

Tu habes vetus proverbium super tuum latus: Nihil est nunquam in periculo.

Cape me apud illud, et suspende me.

Ego capio te apud tuum verbum.

Tu venis in farti tempore.

Est formosus corporatus homo in facie.

Esne tu super pro omni die.

Morsus: Esne tu ibi cum tuis urfis.

Ille est ex super suam servationem.

Tu est carcer avis.

Ego amo mendacem in meo corde, et tu aptas me ad crinem.

Ego dicam tibi quid: hic est magnus clamor, et parva lana.

Quid! tu es super tuum altum equum.

Tu nunquam servasti tuum verbum.

Hic est diabolus et omne agere.

Visne tu esse tam bonus, quam tuum verbum.

Ego faciam porcum vel canem de id.

Ego servo hoc pro pluvioso die.

Ego possum facere id cum digito madido.

Profecto ego habui nullum manum in id.

Esne tu in aure nido.

Tu est homo extranei renis.

Precor, ambula super.

Ego feci amorem virgini honoris.

Quomodo venit id circum, quod tu ludis stultum ita?

Vos ibi, fac viam pro meo domino.

Omnes socii apud pedem pilam.

Faeminae et linteum aspiciunt optime per candelae lucem.

LETTER XLII*.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

I Will on *Monday* (this is *Saturday, May 22*, as you will read below in the date) send or talk to Mr. *Smith*: but I distrust your sanguinity so much, (by my own desponding temper) that I know not whether that affair of your justice-ship be fixed, but I shall know next week, and write or act accordingly. I battled in vain with the duke and his clan against the lowering of gold, which is just a kind settlement upon *England* of 25,000 *l.* a year for ever: yet some of my friends differ from me, though all agree that the absentees will be just so much gainers. I am excessively glad that your difficulty of breathing is over; for what is life but breath? I mean not that of our nostrils, but our lungs. You must in summer ride every half holy-day, and go to church every *Sunday* some miles off. The people of *England* are copying from us to plague the clergy, but they intend far to out-do the original. I wish I were to be born next century, when we shall be utterly rid of parsons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at present; and until your bishop give you a living, I will leave off (except this letter) giving you the title of *reverend*. I did write him lately a letter with a witness, relating to his printer of *quadrille* (did you ever see it?) with which he half ruined *Faulkner*. He promises (against his nature) to consider him, but interposed an exception, which I believe will destroy the whole. Mrs. *White-way* gives herself airs of loving you, but do not trust her too much, for she grows disobedient, and says she is going *for* to get

* This should have been dated 22 *May* 1737, but is not.

another

another favourite. In short, she calls you names, and has neither Mr. nor Dr. on her tongue, but calls you plain *Sheridan*, and pox take you. She is not with me now, else she would read this in spight of me; and between ourselves, she sets up to be my governor. I wish you had sent me the christain-name of *Knatchbull*, and I would have writ to him; but I will see him on *Monday*, if he will be visible. The poem on the *legion-club* is so altered and enlarged, as I hear (for I only saw the original) and so damnably murdered, that they have added many of the club to the *true number*. I hear it is charged to me, with great personal threatenings from the puppies offended. Some say they will wait for revenge to their next meeting. Others say the privy-council will summon the suspected author. If I could get the true copy I would send it you. Your bishop writes me word, that the real author is manifest by the work.—Your loss of flesh is nothing, if it be made up with spirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myself. I believe I shall say with *Horace*, *Non omnis moriar*; for half my body is already spent.

LETTER XLIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Dublin, April 28, 1739.

DEAR SIR,

THE gentleman who will have the honour to deliver you this, although he be one related to me, which is by no means any sort of recommendation; for I am utterly void of what the world calls natural affection, and with good reason, because they are a numerous race degenerating from their ancestors, who were of good esteem for their loyalty and sufferings in the rebellion against king *Charles* the first. This cousin of mine, who is

so desirous to wait on you, is named *Deane Swift*, because his great-grandfather by the grandmother's side was admiral *Deane*, who having been one of the regicides, had the good fortune to save his neck by dying a year or two before the restoration.

I have a great esteem for Mr. *Deane Swift*, who is much the most valuable of any in his family: he was first a student in this university, and finished his studies in *Oxford*, where Dr. *King* principal of *St. Mary Hall* assured me, that Mr. *Swift* behaved himself with good reputation and credit: he hath a very good taste for wit, writes agreeable and entertaining verses, and is a perfect master equally skilled in the best *greek* and *roman* authors. He hath a true spirit for liberty, and with all these advantages is extremely decent and modest. Mr. *Swift* is heir to the little paternal estate of our family at *Goodrich* in *Herefordshire*. My grandfather was so persecuted and plundered two and fifty times by the barbarity of *Cromwell's* hellish crew (of which I find an account in a book called *Mercurius Rusticus*) that the poor old gentleman was forced to sell the better half of his estate to support his family. However three of his sons had better fortune; for coming over to this kingdom, and taking to the law, they all purchased good estates here, of which Mr. *Deane Swift* hath a good share, but with some incumbrance.

I had a mind, that this young gentleman should have the honour of being known to you, which is all the favour I ask for him; and that if he stays any time longer in *London* than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you sometimes.

I am,

my dearest friend,

your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

*A prayer used by the Dean for Mrs. Johnson in her last sickness,
written Oct. 17, 1727.*

MOST merciful Father, accept our humblest prayers in behalf of this thy languishing servant: forgive the sins, the frailties and infirmities of her life past. Accept the good deeds she hath done in such a manner, that, at whatever time thou shalt please to call her, she may be received into everlasting habitations. Give her grace to continue sincerely thankful to thee for the many favours thou hast bestowed upon her, the ability and inclination and practice to do good, and those virtues, which have procured the esteem and love of her friends, and a most unspotted name in the world. O God, thou dispensest thy blessings and thy punishments as it becometh infinite justice and mercy; and since it was thy pleasure to afflict her with a long, constant, weakly state of health, make her truly sensible, that it was for very wise ends, and was largely made up to her in other blessings more valuable and less common. Continue to her, O Lord, that firmness and constancy of mind, wherewith thou hast most graciously endowed her, together with that contempt of worldly things and vanities, that she hath shewn in the whole conduct of her life. O all-powerful Being, the least motion of whose will can create or destroy a world; pity us, the mournful friends of thy distressed servant, who sink under the weight of her present condition, and the fear of losing the most valuable of our friends: restore her to us, O Lord, if it be thy gracious will, or inspire us with constancy and resignation to support ourselves under so heavy an affliction. Restore her, O Lord, for the sake of those poor, who by losing her will be desolate; and those sick, who will not only want her bounty, but her care and tending; or else, in thy mercy, raise up some other in her place with equal disposition and better abilities. Lessen, O Lord, we beseech thee, her bodily pains

pains, or give her a double strength of mind to support them. And if thou wilt soon take her to thyself, turn our thoughts rather upon that felicity, which we hope she shall enjoy, than upon that unspeakable loss we shall endure. Let her memory be ever dear unto us; and the example of her many virtues, as far as human infirmity will admit, our constant imitation. Accept, O Lord, these prayers poured from the very bottom of our hearts, in thy mercy, and for the merits of our blessed Saviour. *Amen.*

Another, written Nov. 6, 1727.

O Merciful Father, who never afflictest thy children, but for their own good, and with justice, over which thy mercy always prevaieth, either to turn them to repentance, or to punish them in the present life, in order to reward them in a better; take pity, we beseech thee, upon this thy poor afflicted servant, languishing so long and so grievously under the weight of thy hand. Give her strength, O Lord, to support her weakness; and patience to endure her pains, without repining at thy correction. Forgive every rash and inconsiderate expression, which her anguish may at any time force from her tongue, while her heart continueth in an entire submission to thy will. Suppress in her, O Lord, all eager desires of life, and lessen her fears of death, by inspiring into her an humble, yet assured hope of thy mercy. Give her a sincere repentance for all her transgressions and omissions, and a firm resolution to pass the remainder of her life in endeavouring to her utmost to observe all thy precepts. We beseech thee likewise to compose her thoughts; and preserve to her the use of her memory and reason, during the course of her sickness. Give her a true conception of the vanity, folly, and insignificancy of all human things; and strengthen her so as to beget in her a sincere love of thee in the midst of her sufferings. Accept, and impute all her good deeds, and forgive her all those offences

offences against thee, which she hath sincerely repented of, or through the frailty of memory hath forgot. And now, O Lord, we turn to thee in behalf of ourselves, and the rest of her sorrowful friends. Let not our grief afflict her mind, and thereby have an ill effect on her present distemper. Forgive the sorrow and weakness of those among us, who sink under the grief and terror of losing so dear and useful a friend. Accept and pardon our most earnest prayers and wishes for her longer continuance in this evil world to do what thou art pleased to call thy service, and is only her bounden duty; that she may be still a comfort to us, and to all others, who will want the benefit of her conversation, her advice, her good offices, or her charity. And since thou hast promised, that, where two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt be in the midst of them to grant their request; O gracious Lord, grant to us who are here met in thy name, that those requests, which in the utmost sincerity and earnestness of our hearts we have now made in behalf of this thy distressed servant, and of ourselves, may effectually be answered; through the merits of *Jesus Christ* our Lord. *Amen.*

A LETTER

A LETTER.

DOCTOR,

UR E verens is as fit amanto tellus toris assi. It is as illi gesto me. E veri lædi is a prata pace : sum arso denti i cursum at a venture. Amanto mari ad rapido cetis a miti folli. Ime metum at Annibal. A tu es de se nite sed ito a lædi in cum pani offa delatoris, præsit in mi lapsu. Dicti camina furiatus, orto præventus : his cotis vel vetas fine assa hero. Histrix arso rudi cantabit en durum. His arsis ne ver atqui et. Cæsi, de vilis in uti fo ra puppi. Præ heris anser. Sursum denis agrum, agros, aras calli, as ausi, an empti, an das curvi tori. A pacatoris sat at superbius, sed ito Dic ; Serra, ærugo, origo, Imæres mi angor in as lapithæ belli : I promissu as suras urina gaudi coti intendit ; fori de testa vi olent parti rogas mi ene mi. As suras veni sonis fit fora pasti. Ima deni se ; far ab ove ad rumor, ora piper, ora caper in fartor. Sed ito an ebur nec sto misi de ; Ago, arundo formica ne, lætabo beat mi merci. I seda punis mi de lite, ora cupa claret ; an di cæso fore ver. Alludo dic isto callus aras calido deni it. Dic sedi in ager, cantu ride mi mare inani para bootes, or a nupera sues ? Dic has hyems in his pate. His cum pani i tecum fora veri scilicet o puppis : iras cullum tuenti times a de. Dic sed, i amabo, i sedi detestabo, i findit : cantu curabo ? Prædixit an do tellus sum tales. Cannibal a sudo ? Olet Serapis in ure bootes : Olet hircum. A curru artis apparent. As fine as ure cotis, itis as Græci assa candelis ; nota sum tuus habet forabo. Atlas tu sed ; Serra dicti, sensu arso rude tomis ter deni se, ure nos in mi ars.

Præ se Doctor, musti visit mi par sonas i intendit ? I desinit a tu es de nite nec stat his labora tori ; an de at mi superaturus.

Itis ab ova forte nite ago sinceri ritu notis offa desine tomus ter almi tori parti at super. Se, musti bipes forum, orno ? An ebur omine has sum veri fine stipes ; I præ ubi sumto fata porcas i intendat sum time for a meri Es ter, orat Crista mas de. As tomi pes, i avum redi in atro.

Is

Is dicor is mari deflet me tecum in tomi cum pani; formidinis in mi pate. Fori cantherina dea bellet alpha quarter offa miles distans.

Sed ito dic, præis mi lædi Mari abut orno? Heris anser; O, as feras ab lac amore, assuetas Ajax, as meri as an apis, an das redito fartas a marina rodīs.

Præbe specus a satur de nec stat superaturus: Ime beaturus Tori rori, as meri assa piper.

Res tore mi in cornu curru stola satur de. Udi diti se, an das furas agunto, it istos hamus. Ime comi tuto nugator inani gelu deservit. Atlas tu me sufferat a gallus fora robur. Itis veri es ito paca juri. Cani se imas Indis Creta manas ubi? I cano. Præ surdo me justis. Sed ito dixit quietas alam. Sensu arso pertica nata ni time triumpho vero prætor; itis notat alto me. I valuit nota quarto vale.

Mi puppi is solaminis legas i cantu sim inani errant.

Seras de lite isto flat ter. Afflat error is redito put a nos inani ars. Sera sedi, pullus sum fruitor lætus pullum, an apri coxa bitumen de lite in. Ire aliment a civi lite fora lædi, butio nimis tecum. Itis inveni findito trito humorem. Itis as longa timeas ire membra jumento sume fora det: At ipsi rogato poto vale: Uno Io nomen agro at. I meto non est at urnæ, a fot mi en emi; an di pedit in hisco in.

Sinciput Eumenides ago in a fuari, Iambicum more care fulto repent it: Atom, cantu culmen fit fora meri cum pani? Atri forum, prædo. Finalis mi de lite. Obruit as sine assis inani citi. Ure caris in ops notabit fusti. Aduncis mi de lite, justas a partais ures; I herum, I en cur age, an di secundum in almi follis, fora de orso.

Tomi ad visu toris torisque nota peni inani Hanno veri an interest. Arma gesti Caro lina has no credit. An das tomi Georgica notabit en dure. Mi cur doct̃or toral ordinis nupera bootēs.

Miser vi ceto ure datur An. Præ rem embrio hera peni. I sum times castas ipsi ater. I mis terat urus.

Satur de at nite.

Siriam,

Y

Ures.

A consultation of four physicians upon a lord that was dying.

First Doctor.

IS his honor sic? Prae lætus felis puls. It do es beat veris loto de.

Second Doctor. No notis as qui cassi e ver fel tu metri it. Inde edit is as fastas an alarum, ora fire bellat nite.

Third Doctor. It is veri hi.

Fourth Doctor. Noto contra dictu in mi juge mentitis veri loto de. It is as orto maladi fum callet. Here e ver id octo reti resto a par lori na mel an coli post ure.—*First Doctor.* It is a me gri mas I opi ne.

Second Doctor. No docto rite quit fora quin fi. Heris a plane fim tomo fit. Sorites Para celsus : prae re adit.

First Doctor. Nono doctor I ne ver quo te aqua casu do.

Second Doctor. Sum arso : Mi autoris no ne.

Third Doctor. No quare lingat præ senti des ire. His honor is sic offa colli casure as i fit here.

Fourth Doctor. It is aether an atro phi ora colli casu fed : Ire membri re ad it in doctor me ades esse, here itis.

Third Doctor. I ne ver re ad apage init, no re ver in tendit.

Second Doctor. Fer ne lis offa qui te deferent noti o nas i here.

First Doctor. Notis ab ludi fluxit is veri plene.

Second Doctor. I fits a fluxit me re qui re ac lis ter.

Third Doctor. I a ver his casis venere a lassu disco ver edit in as hanc cor; an da poli pus in his no se. An di fit be as i cetis, ago no rea me en sue.

First Doctor. It is ad ange rus casus ani.

Fourth Doctor. I mus tellure alitis ago uti humor in his belli. Hi sto macto is empti.

Fourth Doctor. It me bea pluri fi; avo metis veri pro per fora manat his age.

Second Doctor. Ure par donat presenti des ire; his dis eas is a cataride clare it.

Third Doctor. Atlas tume findit as tone in his quid ni es.

Fourth Doctor. It is alea pro si fora uti se. Prae hos his a poti curi? cantu tellus. Ab lis ter me bene cessa rifum decens. Itis as urem edi in manicas es.

Third Doctor. I findit isto late tot hinc offa rem edi; fori here his honor is de ad.

Second Doctor. His time is cum.

First Doctor. Is it trudo ut hinc.

Fourth Doctor. It is veri certa in. His par is belli sto ringo ut foris de partu re.

Third Doctor. Nae, i fis ecce lens is de ad lætus en dum apri esto prae foris sole. His honor has bina cato liquor a de isti here.

First Doctor. Alor dis sum times as tingi as an usu reris.

Second Doctor. A pi stolis alligo time a verbi mi at en dans fora forti nite.

Third Doctor. O mei ne vera tendo na nil ordinis fic nes ani more.

Fourth Doctor. Api stolis ne a quin a nil ordo fis qua liti; sum pes fore times more. It istos mala fito a doctor o fiis hic.

Second Doctor. Lætus paco fitis time.

First Doctor. Abigo ditis hi time inde editis forus alto fallas campe ringo fas fastas arato ut offa da iri; fori fera bea tinge veri minute; bimi solido. His lac quis, an das turdis auffi sto ut valet is rea di forus.

Second Doctor. Ali feris ab ast in a do, fori here ano is at adis stans.

A humourous letter to Dr. Sheridan, on a literalia scheme of writing.

SIR,

AS you are a famous instructor of youth in the learned languages, I cannot doubt of your being willing to encourage all *useful inventions*, that may further improve knowledge. I have often lamented the unnecessary loss of time we suffer in transcribing our thoughts by dividing our words into syllables, and writing the vowels at length, which so frequently occur; that although they be but five, yet by occurring so frequently as they do, they double our labour. Besides the great loss of paper, pens, and ink, which many among the learned are not so well able to spare.

I confess, that in this polite and learned age of ours, many laudable attempts have been made for some remedy against this evil; partly by abbreviating words with apostrophes; and partly by lopping the polysyllables, leaving only one or two at most; as thus. 'Tis 'n't, 't'nt, won't, can't, poz, 'pon, rep', phis, and many more. But alas, these are poor expedients and do not go to the root of the disease.

My scheme is much more useful and extensive. Although I confess myself not to be altogether the original inventor. For I observe, that the ingenious gentlemen who play at *White's* chocolate-house, have some imperfect idea of it; and I have seen some instances of it many years older, but very imperfect. By these examples, I have these nine years past been considering the force of letters in our alphabet with relation to each other; as school-mistresses teach young children to pronounce them in their horn-books, which is in this manner, A, Be or Bee, See, Dee, E, Ef, Gee, Each or Ach, I or Eye, Ka or Key, El, Em, En, O, Pee or Pe, Qu or Cue, Are or Err, Efs, Tee or Tea, U or You, Double U or Double You, Ex, Wy, Izzard. Now this, I say, the very gaming lords at the chocolate-houses have already some imperfect
notion

notion of, as far as concerns the vowels. The same thing also men of business are not ignorant of, for thus three vowels shall stand, with the sum affixed, for a good promissory note, I O U 20 £.

In short, you need only read the letters as they are pronounced by boys and girls, when they are taught first to read, as A, Bee, Cee; and six letters shall go as far as ten. This is only for dispatch in writing; of which take the following specimens. But I have materials for a treatise to contract words in speaking, which as this finds encouragement, I shall publish afterwards.

A letter to your mistress.

DR ln ur a but; I stm u a dit. Ur mpr ndurs. O b ur but ndls. A tr faces ur but. Ur a gm; a gul; a rub. I c a b p q ur i: I b c h u t k a r o ur i, I c q u a r med. U r etn; u r yy. U r aprs. I c a pr b for u. I d fir ur pt, ur gnroset; ur prspquit; dene, enerit, fablit, ur xlne apr. Ur a qrioet. Ritr nobls ur log. Ur a qn ma. Ur but dfis apls a pntr. I c ur but pres ur nmi.

Another letter in the literalia style.

BT, ur nt; u dfil ur krks dli. I c ur a grr. I ph u. I aqq u. Ur nmii aqq u. Mli aqq s u. Qpd d fi i u. U r r r mprs. U th kt. O g m ni! u a thr. u th a br. Ur ri. I d fi u. I sk p u. I fq u. I k tqis u. U a but. Ur rc a but. U rsmbl ur ldr estr kt on. I rmmbr dr Ptr. On Squir. B guptr I c ur gloc. Q ep ur tmpr.

A pun-

A punning EPISTLE on MONEY.*Worthy* Mr. PENNYFEATHER,

MADAM *Johnson* has been very ill used by her servants; they put shillings into her broth instead of groats, which made her stamp. I hear they had them from one *Tom Ducket*, a tenant to major *Noble*, who I am told is reduced to nine-pence. We are doubting whether we shall dine at the *Crown* or the *Angel*. Honest *Mark Cob*, who has been much moydored of late, will dine with us, but 'squire *Manypenny* and captain *Sterling* desire to be excused, for they are engaged with *Ned Silver* to dine in *Change-alley*. They live in great har-mony, they met all-together last week, and sate as lovingly as horses in a pound. I suppose you have heard of the rino-ceros lately arrived here. A captain was cash-eered on *Wednesday*. A scavenger abused me this morning, but I made him down with his dust, which indeed was a far-thing from my intentions. Mrs. *Brent* had a pi-stole from her; I would a' ginny'e a good deal for such another. Mrs. *Dingley* has made a souse for your collared eel. Alderman *Coyne* presents his service to you. I have nothing but half-pens to write with, so that you must excuse this scrawl. One of my seals fell into a chink. I am, without allay,

Your most obedient,

TOM. MITE.

P. S. Mr. *Cole* presents his service to you, of which I am a-tester.

A LOVE.

A LOVE-SONG.

*Apud in is almi des ire,
Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re;
Alo veri findit a gestis,
His mi seri ne ver at restis.*

An EPIGRAM on DIC.

*Dic, heris agro at, an da quarto finale,
Fora ringat ure nos, an da string at ure tale.*

Cum multis, aliis quae nunc, etc.

A LETTER from a gentleman in the country to his friend in town.

De te

Fabula narratur.

S I R,

AS you have been pleased very generously to honour me with your friendship, I think myself obliged to throw off all disguise, and discover to you my real circumstances, which I shall do with all the openness and freedom imaginable. You will be surprized at the beginning of my story, and think the whole a joke; but you may depend upon its being actually true, and, if need were, I can bring the parson of the parish to testify the same.

You must know then, that at this present time I live in a poor, little, sorry house of clay, that stands upon the waste, as other cottages do, and, what is worst of all, am liable to be turned out at a minute's warning. It is a sort of a copyhold tenure, and the custom of the manor is this: For the first thirty years I am to pay no rent, but only to do suit and service, and attend upon the

courts, which are kept once a week, and sometimes oftener: for twenty years after this I am to pay a rose every year; and further than this, during the remainder of my life, I am to pay a tooth, (which you will say is a whimsical kind of acknowledgment) every two or three years, or oftener, if it be demanded: and when I have nothing more to pay, *out* must be the word, and it will not be long ere my person will be seized. I might have had my tenement (such as it is) upon better terms, if it had not been for a fault of my great-grandfather: he and his wife together, with the advice of an ill neighbour, were concerned in robbing an orchard belonging to the lord of the manor, and so forfeited this great privilege, to my sorrow I am sure: but however I must do as well as I can, and shall endeavour to keep my house in tolerable repair.

My kitchen, where I dress my victuals, is a comical little roundish sort of a room, somewhat like an oven; it answers very well to the purpose it was designed for, and that is enough. My garrets (or rather my cock-lofts indeed) are very indifferently furnished; but they are rooms which few people regard now, unless to lay lumber in; however, I make shift to rub on in my little way, and when rent-day comes, I must see and discharge it as well as I can.

Whenever I am turned out, I understand my lodge, or whatever you please to call it, descends upon a low-spirited creeping family, remarkable for nothing, but being instrumental in advancing the reputation of the great *Moor** in *Abchurch-lane*: but be that as it will: I have one snug apartment, that lies on the left side of my house, which I reserve for my chiefest friends. It is very warm, where you will always be a welcome guest, and you may depend upon a lodging, as long as the edifice shall be in the tenure and occupation of,

SIR,

Your humble servant.

* An apothecary in *London*, remarkable for selling worm-powder.

A LETTER

A LETTER,

To Dr. HELSHAM.

Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

SIR,

WHEN I left you, I found myself of the grape's juice sick:

I'm so full of pity, I never abuse sick;
 And the patientest patient that ever you knew sick;
 Both when I am purge-sick, and when I am spew-sick.
 I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick;
 She mended at first, but now she's a-new sick.
 Captain *Butler* made some in the church black and blue sick;
 Dean *Cross*, had he preach'd, would have made us all pew-sick.
 Are not you, in a crowd, when you sweat and stew, sick?
 Lady *Santry* got out of the church when she grew sick,
 And, as fast as she could, to the deanry flew sick.
 Miss *Morice* was (I can assure you 'tis true) sick:
 For, who would not be in that numerous crew sick?
 Such musick would make a fanatick or jew sick:
 Yet, ladies are seldom at *ombre* or *lue* sick:
 Nor is old *Nanny Shales* *, whene'er she does brew, sick.
 My footman came home from the church of a bruise sick,
 And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews sick;
 But you learned doctors can make whom you chuse sick.
 Poor I myself I was, when I withdrew, sick,
 For the smell of them made me like garlick and rue sick.
 And I got thro' the crowd, tho' not led by a clew, sick.
 You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) sick;
 But, there were not a dozen (to give 'em their due) sick,

* Vide *Gratton inter Belcamp et Clenshob.*

Z

And

And those to be sure, stuck together like glew, sick.
 So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they screw, sick.
 You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue, sick;
 So am I, when tobacco, like *Robin*, I chew, sick.

To Dr. SHERIDAN.

Nov. 23, at night.

If I write any more, it will make my poor muse sick.
 This night I came home with a very cold dew sick;
 And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick;
 But I hope I shall ne'er be, like you, of a shrew sick,
 Who often has made me, by looking ascue, sick.

A LETTER,

To Dr. HELSHAM.

SIR,

Pray discontinue what follows:

THE dullest beast, and gentleman's liquor,
 When young, is often due to the vicar.

The dullest of beasts, and swine's delight,
 Make up a bird very swift of flight.

The dullest beast when high in stature,
 And another of royal nature,
 For breeding is a useful creature.

The dullest beast, and a party distressed,
 When too long, is bad at best.

The dullest beast, and the saddle it wears,
 Is good for partridge, not for hares.

The

The dullest beast and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horse go, tho' he be not fat.

The dullest of beasts and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all *irishmen* swear.

The dullest beast and fam'd college for *Teagues*,
Is a person very unfit for intrigues.

The dullest beast and a cobbler's tool,
With a boy that is only fit for school,
In summer is very pleasant and cool.

The dullest beast, and that which you kiss,
May break a limb of master or miss.

Of serpent-kind, and what at distance kills,
Poor mistress *Dingley* oft hath felt its bills.

The dullest beast, and eggs unsound,
Without it I rather would walk on the ground.

The dullest beast and what covers a house,
Without it a writer is not worth a louse.

The dullest beast, and scandalous vermin,
Of roast or boil'd, to the hungry is charming.

The dullest beast, and what's cover'd with crust,
There's nobody but a fool that would trust.

The dullest beast mending highways,
Is to a horse an evil disease.

The dullest beast and a hole in the ground,
Will dress a dinner worth five pound.

The dullest beast, and what doctors pretend,
The cook-maid often has by the end.

The dullest beast and fish for lent
May give you a blow you'll for ever repent.

The dullest beast and a shameful jeer,
Without it a lady should never appear.

Wednesday night.

I writ all these before I went to bed. Pray explain them for me,
because I cannot do it.

The Blunders, Deficiencies, Distresses, and Misfortunes of QUILCA.

Proposed to contain one and twenty volumes in quarto. Begun April 20, 1724. To be continued weekly, if due encouragement be given.

BUT one lock and a half in the whole house.

The key of the garden door lost.

The empty bottles all uncleanable.

The vessels for drink few and leaky.

The new house all going to ruin before it is finished.

One hinge of the street door broke off, and the people forced to go out and come in at the back-door.

The door of the dean's bed-chamber full of large chinks.

The beaufet letting in so much wind that it almost blows out the candles.

The dean's bed threatening every night to fall under him.

The little table loose and broken in the joints.

The passages open over head, by which the cats pass continually into the cellar and eat the victuals, for which one was tried, condemned, and executed by the sword.

The large table in a very tottering condition.

But one chair in the house fit for sitting on, and that in a very ill state of health.

The kitchen perpetually crowded with savages.

Not a bit of mutton to be had in the country.

Want of beds, and a mutiny thereupon among the servants, till supplied from *Kells*.

An egregious want of all the most common necessary utensils.

Not a bit of turf this cold weather, and Mrs. *Johnson* and the dean in person, with all their servants, forced to assist at the bog in gathering up the wet bottoms of old clamps.

The

The grate in the ladies bed-chamber broke, and forced to be removed, by which they were compelled to be without fire, the chimney smoaking intolerably ; and the dean's great coat was employed to stop the wind from coming down the chimney, without which expedient they must have been starved to death.

A messenger sent a mile to borrow an old broken tun-dish.

Bottles stoppt with bits of wood and tow, instead of corks.

Not one utensil for a fire, except an old pair of tongs, which travels through the house, and is likewise employed to take the meat out of the pot, for want of a flesh-fork.

Every servant an arrant thief as to victuals and drink, and every comer and goer as errant a thief of every thing he or she can lay their hands on.

The spit blunted with poking into bogs for timber, and tears the meat to pieces.

Bellum atque foeminam: or a kitchen war between nurse and a nasty crew of both sexes; she to preserve order and cleanliness, they to destroy both; and they generally are conquerors.

April 28. This morning the great fore-door quite open, dancing backwards and forwards with all its weight upon the lower hinge, which must have been broken if the dean had not accidentally come and relieved it.

A great hole in the floor of the ladies chamber, every hour hazarding a broken leg.

Two damnable iron spikes erect on the dean's bedstead, by which he is in danger of a broken shin at rising and going to bed.

The ladies and dean's servants growing fast into the manners and thieveries of the natives; the ladies themselves very much corrupted; the dean perpetually storming, and in danger of either losing all his flesh, or sinking into barbarity for the sake of peace.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Dingley* full of cares for herself, and blunders and negligence for her friends. Mrs. *Johnson* sick and helpless. The dean deaf and fretting; the lady's maid awkward and clumsy; *Robert* lazy and forgetful; *William* a pragmatical, ignorant, and conceited puppy; *Robin* and nurse the two great and only supports of the family.

Bellum lactaeum: or the milky battle, fought between the dean and the crew of *Quilca*; the latter insisting on their privilege of not milking till eleven in the forenoon; whereas Mrs. *Johnson* wanted milk at eight for her health. In this battle the dean got the victory; but the crew of *Quilca* begin to rebel again; for it is this day almost ten o'clock, and Mrs. *Johnson* hath not got her milk.

A proverb on the laziness and lodgings of the servants: *The worse their sty, the longer they lie.*

Two great holes in the wall of the ladies bed-chamber, just at the back of the bed, and one of them directly behind Mrs. *Johnson's* pillow, either of which would blow out a candle in the calmest day.

A Cha-

A Character of P—te M—H.

M— has the reputation of most profound and universal learning; this is the general opinion, neither can it be easily disproved. An old rusty iron-chest in a banker's shop, strongly lockt, and wonderful heavy, is full of gold; this is the general opinion, neither can it be disproved, provided the key be lost, and what is in it be wedged so close that it will not by any motion discover the metal by the chinking. Doing good is his pleasure; and as no man consults another in his pleasures, neither does he in this; by his awkwardness and unadvisedness disappointing his own good designs. His high station hath placed him in the way of great employments, which, without the least polishing his native rusticity, have given him a tincture of pride and ambition. But these vices would have passed concealed under his natural simplicity, if he had not endeavoured to hide them by art. His disposition to study is the very same with that of an usurer to hoard up money, or of a vicious young fellow to a wench: nothing but avarice and evil concupiscence, to which his constitution has fortunately given a more innocent turn. He is fordid and suspicious in his domesticks, without love or hatred; which is but reasonable, since he has neither friend nor enemy; without joy or grief; in short, without all passions but fear, to which of all others he hath least temptation, having nothing to get or to lose; no posterity, relation, or friend to be solicitous about; and placed by his station above the reach of fortune or envy. He hath found out the secret of preferring men without deserving their thanks; and where he dispenses his favours to persons of merit, they are less obliged to him than to fortune. He is the first of human race, that with great advantages of learning, piety, and station ever escaped being a great man. That which relishes best with him, is mixt liquor and mixt company, and he is
seldom

feldom unprovided with very bad of both. He is so wise to value his own health more than other mens noses, so that the most honourable place at his table is much the worst, especially in summer. It has been affirmed that originally he was not altogether devoid of wit, till it was extruded from his head to make room for other mens thoughts. He will admit a governor, provided it be one who is very officious and diligent, outwardly pious, and one that knows how to manage and make the most of his fear. No man will be either glad or sorry at his death, except his successor.

A a

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS *on various Subjects.*

LAWS penned with the utmost care and exactness, and in the vulgar language, are often perverted to wrong meanings; then why should we wonder that the Bible is so?

Although men are accused for not knowing their weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength.

A man seeing a wasp creeping into a vial filled with honey, that was hung on a fruit-tree, said thus: Why, thou sottish animal, art thou mad to go into the vial, where you see many hundreds of your kind dying before you? The reproach is just, answered the wasp, but not from you men, who are so far from taking example by other people's follies, that you will not take warning by your own. If after falling several times into this vial, and escaping by chance, I should fall in again, I should then but resemble you.

An old miser kept a tame jack-daw, that used to steal pieces of money, and hide them in a hole, which the cat observing, asked, Why he would hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of? Why said the jack-daw, my master has a whole chest-full, and makes no more use of them than I.

Men are contented to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.

If the men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of criticks and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

After all the maxims and systems of trade and commerce, a stander-by would think the affairs of the world were most ridiculously contrived.

These *Thoughts* and the *Bons Mots de Stella* collection of *Contes à rire* and *Bons Mots*, mentioned that follow, seem to be part of *Sheridan's* collection in letter XXXIII.

There

There are few countries which, if well cultivated, would not support double the number of their inhabitants, and yet fewer where one third part of the people are not extremely stinted even in the necessaries of life. I send out twenty barrels of corn, which would maintain a family in bread for a year, and I bring back in return a vessel of wine, which half a dozen good fellows would drink in less than a month at the expence of their health and reason.

A motto for the jesuits:

Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

A man would have but few spectators, if he offered to shew for three-pence, how he could thrust a red hot iron into a barrel of gunpowder, and it should not take fire *.

Query, Whether churches are not dormitories of the living as well as of the dead?

Harry Killegrew said to lord *Wharton*, “ You would not swear “ at that rate, if you thought you were doing God honour.”

A copy of verses kept in the cabinet, and only shewn to a few friends, is like a virgin much sought after and admired; but when printed and published, is like a common whore, whom any body may purchase for half a crown.

Lewis the XIVth of *France* spent his life in turning a good name into a great.

Since the union of divinity and humanity is the great article of our religion, it is odd to see some clergymen in their writings of divinity wholly devoid of humanity.

The *epicureans* began to spread at *Rome* in the empire of *Augustus*, as the *socinians*, and even the *epicureans* too did in *England* towards the end of king *Charles* the second's reign; which is reckoned, though very absurdly, our *augustan* age. They both seem to be corruptions occasioned by luxury and peace, and by politeness beginning to decline.

* See *The Wonder of Wonders*.

Sometimes I read a book with pleasure, and detest the author.

At a bookseller's shop some time ago I saw a book with this title; *Poems by the author* of the Choice*. Not enduring to read a dozen lines, I asked the company with me, whether they had ever seen the book, or heard of the poem from whence the author denominated himself; they were all as ignorant as I. But I find it common with these small dealers in wit and learning, to give themselves a title from their first adventure, as *Don Quixot* usually did from his last. This ariseth from that great importance, which every man supposeth himself to be of.

One *Dennis*, commonly called *the critick*, who had writ a three-penny pamphlet against the power of *France*, being in the country and hearing of a *french* privateer hovering about the coast, although he were twenty miles from the sea, fled to town, and told his friends, they need not wonder at his haste; for the king of *France* having got intelligence where he was, had sent a privateer on purpose to catch him †.

Dr. *Gee*, prebendary of *Westminster*, who had writ a small paper against *popery*, being obliged to travel for his health, affected to disguise his person, and change his name, as he passed through *Portugal*, *Spain*, and *Italy*; telling all the *english* he met, that he was afraid of being murdered, or put into the inquisition. He was acting the same farce at *Paris*, till Mr. *Prior* (who was then secretary to the ambassy) quite disconcerted the doctor by maliciously discovering the secret, and offering to engage body for body, that not a creature would hurt him, or had ever heard of him or his pamphlet.

A chamber-maid to a lady of my acquaintance, thirty miles from *London*, had the very same turn of thought, when talking with one of her fellow-servants, she said; "I hear it is all over "*London* already, that I am going to leave my lady:" and so had

* The Rev. Mr. *Pomfret*.

† See *An account of the phrenzy of John Dennis*.

a footman, who being newly married, desired his comrade to tell him freely what the town said of it.

When somebody was telling a certain great minister, that people were discontented; "Poh, said he, half a dozen fools are prating in a coffee-house, and presently think their own noise about their ears is made by the world."

The death of a private man is generally of so little importance to the world, that it cannot be a thing of great importance in itself; and yet I do not observe from the practice of mankind, that either philosophy or nature have sufficiently armed us against the fears which attend it. Neither do I find any thing able to reconcile us to it, but extreme pain, shame, or despair; for poverty, imprisonment, ill fortune, grief, sickness, and old age, do generally fail.

Whence comes the custom of bidding a woman look upon her apron-strings to find an excuse? Was it not from the apron of fig-leaves worn by *Eve*, when she covered herself, and was the first of her sex who made a bad excuse for eating the forbidden fruit?

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Do not we see how easily we pardon our own actions and passions, and the very infirmities of our bodies; why should it be wonderful to find us pardon our own dullness?

Dignity and station, or great riches, are in some sort necessary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a distance, who are otherwise apt to insult them upon the score of their age.

There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage, as vanity; nor any which by ill management makes so contemptible a figure.

Observation is an old man's memory.

Politicks are nothing but corruptions, and are consequently of no use to a good king or a good ministry; for which reason all courts are so full of politicks.

Eloquence smooth and cutting, is like a razor whetted with oil.

Imaginary

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he, who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot, can by two or three touches with a lead pencil make it look visible and agreeing with what he fancied.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of publick business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my lord *Bolingbroke*, and desired he would observe, that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a strong hand, whereas if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it go often out of the crease, and disfigure the paper.

He who does not provide for his own house, St. Paul says, is worse than an infidel. And I think, he who provides only for his own house, is just equal with an infidel.

Jealousy like fire may shrivel up horns, but it makes them stink.

A footman's hat should fly off to every body; and therefore *Mercury*, who was *Jupiter's* footman, had wings fastened to his cap.

When a man pretends love, but courts for money, he is like a juggler, who conjures away your shilling, and conveys something very indecent under the hat.

All panegyrics are mingled with an infusion of poppy.

I have known men happy enough at ridicule, who upon grave subjects were perfectly stupid; of which *Dr. Echard* of *Cambridge*, who writ *The contempt of the clergy*, was a great instance.

One top of *Parnassus* was sacred to *Bacchus*, the other to *Apollo*.

Matrimony hath many children; Repentance, Discord, Poverty, Jealousy, Sickness, Spleen, Loathing, *etc.*

Vision is the art of seeing things invisible.

The

The two maxims of any great man at court are, always to keep his countenance, and never to keep his word.

I asked a poor man how he did? He said, he was like a wash-ball, always in decay.

Hippocrates, Aph. 32. Sect. 6. observes, that stuttering people are always subject to a looseness. I wish physicians had power to remove the profusion of words in many people to the inferior parts.

A man dreamt he was a cuckold; a friend told him it was a bad sign, because when a dream is true, *Virgil* says it passes through the horned gate.

Love is a flame, and therefore we say, beauty is attractive; because physicians observe that fire is a great drawer.

Cives, the most honourable name among the *Romans*; a citizen, a word of contempt among us.

A lady who had gallantries and several children, told her husband he was like the austere man, who reaped where he did not sow.

We read that an ass's head was sold for eighty pieces of silver; they have been lately sold ten thousand times dearer, and yet they were never more plentiful.

I must complain the cards are ill shuffled, till I have a good hand.

Very few men do properly live at present, but are providing to live another time.

When I am reading a book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive and talking to me.

Whoever live at a different end of the town from me, I look upon as persons out of the world, and only myself and the scene about me to be in it.

When I was young, I thought all the world as well as myself was wholly taken up in discoursing upon the last new play.

My

My lord *Cromarty*, after fourscore, went to his country-house in *Scotland*, with a resolution to stay six years there and live thriftily, in order to save up money, that he might spend in *London*.

It is said of the horses in the vision, that their power was in their mouths and in their tails. What is said of horses in the vision, in reality may be said of women.

Elephants are always drawn smaller than the life, but a flea always larger.

When old folks tell us of many passages in their youth between them and their company, we are apt to think how much happier those times were than the present.

Why does the elder sister dance bare-foot when the younger is married before her? is it not that she may appear shorter, and consequently be thought younger than the bride?

No man will take counsel, but every man will take money; therefore money is better than counsel.

I never yet knew a wag (as the term is) who was not a dunce.

A person reading to me a dull poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to scratch out six lines together; in turning over the leaf, the ink being wet, it marked as many lines on the other side; whereof the poet complaining, I bid him be easy, for it would be better if those were out too.

At *Windſor* I was observing to my lord *Bolingbroke*, that the tower where the maids of honour lodged (who at that time were not very handsome) was much frequented with crows. My lord said, it was because they smelt carrion.

Bons Mots de STELLA.

A Lady of my intimate acquaintance both in *England* and *Ireland*, in which last kingdom she lived from the eighteenth year of her age, twenty-six years, had the most and finest accomplishments of any person I ever knew of either sex. It was observed by all her acquaintance, that she never failed in company to say the best thing that was said, whoever was by; yet her companions were usually persons of the best understanding in the kingdom. Some of us, who were her nearest friends, lamented that we never wrote down her remarks, and what the *French* call *Bons Mots*. I will recollect as many as I can remember.

We were diverting ourselves at a play called *What is it like?* One person is to think, and the rest, without knowing the thing, to say what it is like. The thing thought on was the spleen; she had said it was like an oyster, and gave her reason immediately, because it is removed by taking steel inwardly.

Dr. *Sheridan*, who squandered more than he could afford, took out his purse as he sat by the fire, and found it was very hot; she said, the reason was, that his money burnt in his pocket.

She called to his servants to know what ill smell was in the kitchen? they answered, they were making matches: Well, said she, I have heard matches were made in heaven, but by the brimstone, one would think they were made in hell.

After she had been eating some sweet thing, a little of it happened to stick on her lips; a gentleman told her of it, and offered to lick it off; she said, No sir, I thank you, I have a tongue of my own.

In the late king's time, a gentleman asked *Jervas* the painter, where he lived in *London*? he answered, next door to the king (for his house was near *St. James's*). The other wondering how

B b

that

that could be; she said, You mistake Mr. *Jervas*, for he only means next door to the *sign* of a king.

A gentleman who had been very silly and pert in her company, at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of a child lately dead. A bishop sitting by comforted him; that he should be easy, because the child was gone to heaven. No, my lord, says she, that is it which most grieves him, because he is sure never to see his child there.

Having seen some letters writ by a king in a very large hand, and some persons wondering at them, she said it confirmed the old saying, *That kings had long hands*.

Dr. *Sheridan* famous for punning, intending to sell a bargain, said, he had made a very good pun. Some body asked, what it was? He answered, my a—. The other taking offence, she insisted the doctor was in the right, for every body knew that punning was his *blind side*.

When she was extremely ill, her physicians said, Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again. She answered, Doctor, I fear I shall be *out of breath* before I get up to the top.

A dull parson talking of a very smart thing said to another parson as he came out of the pulpit, he was hammering a long time, but could not remember the jest; she being impatient said, I remember it very well, for I was there, and the words were these: Sir, you have been blundering at a story this half hour, and can neither make head nor tail of it.

A very dirty clergyman of her acquaintance who affected smartness and repartee, was asked by some of the company how his nails came to be so dirty? He was at a loss, but she solved the difficulty, by saying, the doctor's nails grew dirty by scratching *himself*.

A
L E T T E R
FROM THE
Grand MISTRESS
OF THE
Female Free-Masons

TO
GEORGE FAULKNER, Printer.

*Ixion impious, lewd, profane,
Bright Juno woo'd, but woo'd in vain.
Long had he languish'd for the dame,
'Till Jove at length to quench his flame,
Some say for fear, some say for pity,
Sent him a cloud, like Juno pretty,
As like as if 'twere drawn by painters,
On which he got a race of Centaurs.
A bite, quoth VENUS.—*

A. B. C. lib. vi. p. 107.

A
LETTER

FROM THE

Grand Mistress

OF THE

Female Free-Masons

TO

GEORGE FAULKNER, Printer.

When mankind first began
to form a nation, and
to settle in one place,
they found it necessary
to have some way of
uniting them, and
to have some one
to be their head, who
should be their guide
and their ruler.
This was the first
idea of a monarch.
As time went on,
the people grew more
numerous, and the
business of the nation
increased, so that one
man could not manage
all the affairs of the
state. They therefore
chose some of their
best men, and gave
them power to make
laws for the people,
and to judge of the
disputes that arose
among them. These
men were called
magistrates, or judges.
As the people grew
more numerous, and
the business of the
nation increased, the
magistrates found it
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A

L E T T E R, *etc.*

SEEING it is of late become a fashion in town in writing to all the world, to address to you, our society of *female free masons* has also chosen you for our *printer*; and so, without preface, art, or embellishment (for truth and a short paper needs none of them) our *female lodge* has the whole mystery as well as any lodge in *Europe*, with proper instructions in writing; and, what will seem more strange to you, without the least taint of *perjury*. By this time any *reader* who is a *mason*, will, I know, laugh, and not without indignation. But that matters not much, our sex has long owed yours this good turn: you refused to admit queen *Elizabeth*, and even *Semiramis* queen of *Babylon*, though each of them (without *punning*) had a great deal of *male flesh* upon their bodies; but at last you will be forced to own we have it; and thus it was we came by it.

A gentleman, who is a great friend to all our members, who has since instructed and formed us into a lodge, and who we therefore call our *guardian*, fell in lately with a lodge of *free masons* at *Omagh* in *Ulster*. They pressed him hard to come into their society, and at length prevailed. They wanted an *Old Testament* to swear him by. The *innkeeper's* Bible having both *Old* and *New* bound up together, would not do: for the *free masons* oath being of much older date than the *New Testament*, that is from the building of *Solomon's* temple (for till then it was but a protestation well larded over with *curses* and *execrations*) they are always sworn on the *Old Testament* only. They offer to buy the fellow's Bible, he consents; but finding they were to cut away the *New Testament* from the *Old*, concluded them at once a pack of prophane wretches, and very piously rescued his Bible. This custom
of

of swearing on the *Old Testament* only is what has given birth to the vulgar error, That *free masons* renounce the *New Testament*. So they proceeded on the rest of the ceremony, deferring the oath till next morning, one of them having an *Old Testament* for the purpose at his house hard by. This, it is true, was a heinous blunder against the canons of *free masonry*. But the gentlemen were far gone in *punch* and *whisky*. In short, our friend and present guardian is made a *free* but *unsworn mason*, and was three hours gone on his journey next morning, before the merry *free masons* awoke to send for their *Old Testament*; and, what was worse, they had taught him the form of the oath, against he was to swear in the morning.

Now, as to the secret words and signals used among *free masons*, it is to be observed, that in the *hebrew* alphabet (as our guardian has informed our *lodge* in writing) there are four pair of letters, of which each pair is so like, that at first view, they seem to be the same, *Beth* and *Caph*, *Gimel* and *Nun*, *Cheth* and *Thau*, *Daleth* and *Resch*, and on these depend all their signals and grips.

Cheth and *Thau* are shaped like two standing gallowses, of two legs each; when two *masons* accost each other, one cries *Cheth*, the other answers *Thau*, signifying that they would sooner be hanged on the gallows, than divulge the *secret*.

Then again, *Beth* and *Caph* are each like a gallows lying on one of the side-posts, and, when used as above, imply this pious prayer: *May all who reveal the secret, hang upon the gallows till it falls down*. This is their *master secret*, generally called the *great word*.

Daleth and *Resch* are like two half gallowses, or a gallows cut in two, at the cross stick on top, by which, when pronounced, they intimate to each other, that they would rather be half hanged, than name either *word* or *signal* before any but a *brother*, so as to be understood.

When

When one says *Gimel*, the other answers *Nun*; then the first again joining both letters together, repeats three times, *Gimel-Nun*, *Gimel-Nun*, *Gimel-Nun*, by which they mean that they are united as one in interests, secrecy, and affection. This last word has in time been depraved in the pronunciation from *Gimel-Nun* to *Gimelum*, and at last to *Giblun*, and sometimes *Giblin*; which word being by some accident discovered, they now-a-days pretend it is but a *mock word*.

Another of their words has been maimed in the pronunciation by the illiterate, that is the letter *Lamech*, which was the *busb word*, for, when spoke by any *brother* in a *lodge*, it was a warning to the rest to have a care of listeners. It is now corruptly pronounced *Lan*, but the *masons* pretend this also is a *mock word*, for the same reason as *Giblin*: this play with the *hebrew* alphabet is very anciently called MANABOLETH.

When one *brother* orders another to walk like a *mason*, he must walk four steps backwards; four, because of the four pair of letters already mentioned, and backwards because the *hebrew* is writ and read backwards.

As to their *mysterious grips*, they are as follows: if they be in company, where they cannot with safety speak the above words, they take each other by the hand, one draws one of the letters of the *Manaboletb* with his finger on the other's hand, which he returns as in speaking.

It is worth observing, that a certain *lodge* in town published some time ago a sheet full of *mock masonry*, purely to puzzle and banter the town, with several false signs and words, as *Mada* or *Adam*, writ backwards, *Boas*, *Nimrod*, *Jakins*, *Pectoral*, *Guttural*, etc. but not one word of the real ones, as you see by what has been said of the MANABOLETH.

After king *James* the sixth's accession to the throne of *England*, he revived *masonry*, of which he was *grand master* both in *Scotland* and *England*: it had been entirely suppressed by queen *Elizabeth*,
because

because she could not get into the secret. All persons of quality, after the example of the king, got themselves admitted *free masons*; but they made a kind of MANABOLETH in *English*, in imitation of the true and ancient one; as I. O. U. H. a gold key; *I owe you each a gold key*; H. CCCC his ruin. *Each foresees his ruin*. I. C. U. B. YY. for me, *I see you be too wise for me*. And a great deal more of the same foolish stuff, which took its rise from a silly *pun* upon the word *Bee*; for you must know, that——

——A *bee* has in all ages and nations, been the grand *hieroglyphick* of *masonry*, because it excels all other living creatures in the contrivance and commodiousness of its *habitation* or *comb*; as, among many other authors, doctor *Mc. Gregor*, now professor of mathematicks in *Cambridge* (as our guardian informs us) hath learnedly demonstrated; nay, *masonry* or *building* seems to be the very essence or nature of the *bee*, for her building not the ordinary way of all other living creatures is the generative cause, which produces the young ones (you know, I suppose, that *bees* are of *neither sex*).

For this reason the kings of *France*, both *pagans* and *christians*, always eminent *free masons*, carried three *bees* for their *arms*. But to avoid the imputation of the *egyptian* idolatry of worshipping a *bee*, *Clodovæus* their first christian king called them *lilies* or *flower-de-luces*, in which, notwithstanding the small change made for disguise sake, there is still the exact figure of a *bee*. You have perhaps read of a great number of golden bees found in the coffin of a *pagan* king of *France* near *Brussels* many ages after *CHRIST*, which he had ordered should be buried with him in token of his having been a *mason*.

The *egyptians*, always excellent and ancient *free masons*, paid divine worship to a *bee* under the outward shape of a *bull*, the better to conceal the mystery, which *bull*, by them called *Apis*, is the *latin* word for a *bee*; the *aenigma* representing the *bee* by a *bull* consists in this; that, according to the doctrine of the *pythagorean*
lodge

lodge of free masons, the souls of all the *cow-kind* transmigrate into bees, as one *Virgil* a poet, much in favour with the emperor *Augustus* because of his profound skill in *masonry*, has described; and *Mr. Dryden* has thus showed.

Aristæus

Four altars raises, from his herd he culls
For slaughter four the fairest of his *bulls*,
Four heifers from his female store he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke;
Nine mornings thence, with sacrifice and *pray'rs*
The gods invok'd, he to the grove repairs.
Behold a prodigy! for from within
The broken bowels and the bloated skin
A buzzing noise of *bees* his ears alarms;
Straight issue through the sides assembling swarms, etc.

What *modern masons* call a *lodge*, was for the above reasons by antiquity called a *HIVE of free masons*. And for the same reasons when a dissention happens in a *lodge*, the going off and forming another *lodge* is to this day called *SWARMING*.

Our guardian is of opinion, that the present *masonry* is so tarnished by the ignorance of the working, and some other illiterate *masons*, that very many, even whole *lodges*, fall under the censure of the venerable *chinese Brachman*, whose history of the rise, progress, and decay of *free masonry*, writ in the *chinese* tongue, is lately translated into a certain *european* language. This *chinese* sage says, the greatest part of current *masons* judge of the mysteries and use of that sacred art, just as a man perfectly illiterate judges of an excellent book, in which, when opened to him, he finds no other beauties than the regular uniformity in every page, the exactness of the lines in length, and equidistance, and blackness of the *ink*, and whiteness of the paper, or, as the famous *british free*

mason MERLIN says of the stars in the firmament, when viewed by a *child*, etc. But I shall not trouble you with the length of the quotation at present, because *Merlin* and friar *Bacon* on *free masonry* are soon to be dressed up in modern *english*, and sold by our printer Mr. *Faulkner*, if duly encouraged by subscribers; and also a key to *Raymundus Lullius*, without whose help, our guardian says, it is impossible to come at the quintessence of *free masonry*.

But some will perhaps object, how came your unsworn guardian by this refined and uncommon knowledge in the great art? To which I answer that,

The branch of the *lodge* of *Solomon's temple*, afterwards called the *lodge* of St. *John* of *Jerusalem*, on which our guardian fortunately hit, is, as I can easily prove, the ancientest and purest now on earth; from whence came the famous old *scottish lodge* of *Killwinin*, of which all the kings of *Scotland* have been from time to time grand masters without interruption down from the days of *Fergus*, who reigned there more than 2000 years ago, long before the knights of St. *John* of *Jerusalem*, or the knights of *Malta*, to which two *lodges* I must nevertheless allow the honour of having adorned the ancient *jewish* and *pagan masonry* with many religious and christian rules.

Fergus being eldest son to the chief king of *Ireland* was carefully instructed in all the arts and sciences, especially in the natural magick, and the cabalistical philosophy (afterwards called the *Rosicrucians*) by the *pagan* druids of *Ireland* and *Mona*, the only true *cabalists* then extant in the western world. (For they had it immediately from the *phoenicians*, *chaldaeans*, and *egyptians*, which I, though but a woman, can prove.) The *egyptians* probably had it immediately from *Abraham*, as the scripture plainly hints in the life of that patriarch; and it is allowed, I am told, by men of learning, that the *occult* as well as *moral* philosophy of all the *pagans* was well besprinkled and enriched from the cabalistical school of the patriarchs, and afterwards by the *talmudists* and other inferior rabbins,

rabbins, though the prevailing idolatry of those days much depraved and vitiated it.

Fergus, before his descent upon the *picsts* in *Scotland*, raised that famous structure, called to this day *Carrick Fergus* after his name, the most mysterious piece of architecture now on earth (not excepting the pyramids of the *egyptian* masons, and their *hieroglyphicks* or *free masons* signs) as any skilful *free mason* may easily perceive by examining it according to the rules of the art. He built it as a *lodge* for his college of *free masons*, in those days called *druids*, which word, our guardian assures us, signifies an *oak* in the *greek* language, because *oak* is one of the best timber trees for building, of which (especially the marine architecture) the *druids* were the only masters, though your modern term of *mason* implies no more than a worker in stone; erroneously enough indeed, or at least far short of the true and ancient term of *druid*, since the marine architecture, the most useful branch of the sacred art, corresponds naturally and perfectly with the word *druid*, or *worker in oak*, and hath nothing at all to do with stones of any kind, 'till *Jason*, a famous *druid* or *free mason*, used the *loadstone*, when he went in quest of the *golden fleece*, as it is called in the enigmatical terms of *free masonry*, or, more properly speaking, of the *cabala*, as *masonry* was called in those days. The use of the *loadstone* was then, and long after, kept as secret as any of the other mysteries of the art, till, by the unanimous consent of all the great *lodges*, the use of it was made publick for the common benefit of mankind. *Jason's* artificial *frog* had it fixed in his mouth; and having a free swing in an oaken bowl, half filled with water, always faced the *north* pole, which gave rise to the poetical fable, that *Jason's* frog was a *little familiar* or *sea demon* presiding over the navigation like any other angel guardian; for *free masons* in all ages, as well as now, have been looked upon to deal with *sprites* or *demons*; and hence came that imputation which they have in

many nations lain under, of being *conjurers*, or *magicians*, witness *Merlin* and friar *Bacon*.

It is perhaps further worth remarking, that *Jason* took one of the two sacred vocal *oaks* of the grove of *Dodona* to make the keel of the *Argos*, for so his ship was called, mysteriously joining together *architecture* or *masonry*, and the *druidical* priesthood or power of explaining the oracles. For our guardian will have it so, that the *pagan* priesthood was always in the *druids* or *masons*, and that there was a perceivable glimmering of the *jewish rites* in it, though much corrupted, as I said; that the *pagan* worship was chiefly in groves of *oak*, that they always looked upon the *oak*, as sacred to *Jupiter*, which notion is countenanced (making allowance for the *paganism*) by the *patriarchs*; for you see in *Genesis*, that *Abraham* sacrificed under the *oaks* of *Mamre*. *Joshua* indeed took a great stone, and put it up under the *oak*, emblematically joining the two great elements of *masonry* to raise an altar for the LORD.

Our guardian also says, that *Caesar's* description of the *druids* of *Gaul*, is as exact a picture of a lodge of *free masons* as can possibly be drawn.

His reasons for the *Manaboth* are the better worth discovering, for that I believe there are even some *masons*, who know nothing of it, *viz.* that it hath been an ancient practice among the *caballistick philosophers* to make every *hebrew* letter a *hieroglyphick*, mysterious in its figure above all other letters, as being thus shaped, and formed by the immediate directions of the *Almighty*, whereas all other LETTERS are of *human invention*.

Secondly, that the *Manaboth* has a very close and unconstrained analogy with *masonry*, or *architecture*, for that every letter of the *hebrew* alphabet, as also of the *syriac*, *chaldaic*, and *irish* alphabets, derived from it, have their names from *timber trees*, except some few who have their names from *stones*; and I think it is pretty plain, that *timber* and *stone* are as much the elements of *masonry*, as the
alphabet

alphabet is of *books*, which is a near relation enough between *architecture* and *learning* of all kinds, and naturally shews why the *druids*, who took their title from a tree, kept *learning* and *architecture* jointly within themselves.

Next week shall be published the *free masons* oath, with the remarks upon it of a young *clergyman*, who has petitioned to be admitted *chaplain* to our *lodge*, which is to be kept at Mrs. *Prater's* female coffee-house every *Tuesday* from nine in the morning to twelve, and the tenth day of every month in the year; where all ladies of true hearts and sound morals shall be admitted without swearing.

I think it proper to insert the *free masons* S O N G commonly sung at their meetings, though, by the by, it is of as little signification as the rest of their secrets. It was writ by one *Anderson*, as our guardian informs me, just to put a good gloss on the mystery, as you may see by the words:

S O N G.

I.

COME let us prepare
We brothers that are
Assembled on merry occasion;
Let's drink, laugh and sing,
Our wine has a spring;
Here's a health to an accepted MASON.

II.

The world is in pain
Our secrets to gain,
And still let them wonder and gaze on,

They

They ne'er can divine
The word or the sign
Of a free and an accepted MASON.

III.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why so many great men of the nation
Shou'd aprons put on,
To make themselves one
With a free and an accepted MASON.

IV.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
Have laid by their swords
Our myst'ry to put a good grace on,
And ne'er been asham'd
To hear themselves nam'd
With a free and an accepted MASON.

V.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our side,
And it maketh men just in their station;
There's nought but what's good
To be understood
By a free and an accepted MASON.

VI.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm stand;
Let's be merry and put a bright face on.
What mortal can boast
So noble a toast,
As a free and an accepted MASON?

P O S T-

P O S T S C R I P T.

Mr. FAULKNER,

OUR lodge unanimously desire you will give their sincere respects to your ingenious DRAPER, to whose pen we, as well as the rest of the nation, own ourselves obliged. If he be not already a free mason, he shall be welcome to be our deputy guardian.

Your humble servant,

THALESTRIS.

*Tsrif eht Tsugua Nilbud.**The*

The following piece was published in the year 1733; and, as it may be useful upon a like occasion, we think proper to insert it here.

ADVICE to the freemen of the city of Dublin, in the choice of a member to represent them in PARLIAMENT.

THOSE few writers, who, since the death of alderman *Burton*, have employed their pens in giving advice to our citizens, how they should proceed in electing a new representative for the next sessions, having laid aside their pens; I have reason to hope, that all true lovers of their country in general, and particularly those who have any regard for the privileges and liberties of this great and ancient city, will think a second, and a third time, before they come to a final determination upon what person they resolve to fix their choice.

I am told, there are only two persons, who set up for candidates; one is the present lord mayor*, and the other†, a gentleman of good esteem, an alderman of the city, a merchant of reputation, and possessed of a considerable office‡ under the crown. The question is, which of these two persons it will be most for the advantage of the city to elect? I have but little acquaintance with either, so that my enquiries will be very impartial, and drawn only from the general character and situation of both.

In order to this I must offer my countrymen and fellow citizens some reasons, why I think they ought to be more than ordinarily careful at this juncture, upon whom they bestow their votes.

To perform this with more clearness, it may be proper to give you a short state of our unfortunate country.

We consist of two parties, I do not mean popish and protestant, high and low church, episcopal and sectarians, whig and tory;

* *Humphry French.*

† *John Macarall.*

‡ Register to the barracks.

but

but of those of *english* who happen to be born in this kingdom, (whose ancestors reduced the whole nation under the obedience of the *english* crown) and the gentlemen sent from t'other side to possess most of the chief employments here: this latter party is very much enlarged and strengthened by the whole power in the church, the law, the army, the revenue, and the civil administration deposited in their hands: although for political ends, and to save appearances, some employments are still deposited (yet gradually in a smaller number) to persons born here: this proceeding, fortified with good words and many promises, is sufficient to flatter and feed the hopes of hundreds, who will never be one farthing the better, as they might easily be convinced, if they were qualified to think at all.

Civil employments of all kinds have been for several years past with great prudence made precarious, and during pleasure; by which means the possessors are, and must inevitably be, for ever dependant: yet those very few of any consequence, which being dealt with so sparing a hand to persons born among us, are enough to keep hope alive in great numbers, who desire to mend their condition by the favour of those in power.

Now, my dear fellow-citizens, how is it possible you can conceive, that any person, who holds an office of some hundred pounds a year, which may be taken from him whenever power shall think fit, will, if he should be chosen a member for any city, do the least thing when he sits in the house, that he knows or fears may be displeasing to those who gave him, or continue him in that office? Believe me, these are no times to expect such an exalted degree of virtue from mortal men. *Blazing stars* are much more frequently seen than such heroical worthies. And I could sooner hope to find ten thousand pounds by digging in my garden, than such a *phoenix* by searching among the present race of mankind.

I cannot forbear thinking it a very erroneous as well as modern maxim of politicks in the *english* nation, to take every opportunity

of depressing *Ireland*, whereof an hundred instances may be produced in points of the highest importance, had within the memory of every middle-aged man: although many of the greatest persons among that party which now prevails, have formerly upon that article much differed in their opinion from their present successors.

But so the fact stands at present. It is plain, that the court and country party here (I mean in the house of commons) very seldom agree in any thing but their loyalty to his present majesty, their resolutions to make him and his viceroy easy in the government, to the utmost of their power, under the present condition of the kingdom. But the persons sent from *England*, who (to a trifle) are possessed of the sole executive power in all its branches, with their few adherents in possession who were born here, and hundreds of expectants, hoppers, and promisees, put on quite contrary notions with regard to *Ireland*. They count upon a universal submission to whatever shall be demanded; wherein they act safely, because none of themselves, except the candidates, feel the least of our pressures.

I remember a person of distinction some days ago affirmed in a good deal of mixed company, and of both parties, That the gentry from *England*, who now enjoy our highest employments of all kinds, can never be possibly losers of one farthing by the greatest calamities that can befall this kingdom, except a plague that would sweep away a million of our *bewers of wood, and drawers of water*: or an invasion that would fright our grandees out of the kingdom. For this person argued, that while there was a penny left in the treasury, the civil and military list must be paid; and that the episcopal revenues, which are usually farmed out at six times below the real value, could hardly fail. He insisted farther, that, as money diminished, the price of all necessaries for life must of consequence do so too, which would be for the advantage of all persons in employment, as well as of my lords the bishops, and to the
ruin

ruin of every body else. Among the company there wanted not men in office, besides one or two expectants: yet I did not observe any of them disposed to return an answer: but the consequences drawn were these: That the great men in power sent hither from the other side were by no means upon the same foot with his majesty's other subjects of *Ireland*. They had no common ligament to bind them with us; they suffered not with our sufferings, and if it were possible for us to have any cause of rejoicing, they could not rejoice with us.

Suppose a person, born in this kingdom, shall happen by his services for the *english* interest to have an employment conferred on him worth four hundred pounds a year; and that he hath likewise an estate in land worth four hundred pounds a year more: suppose him to sit in parliament: then, suppose a land tax to be brought in of five shillings a pound for ten years; I tell you how this gentleman will compute. He hath four hundred pounds a year in land: the tax he must pay yearly is one hundred pounds; by which, in ten years, he will pay only a thousand pounds. But if he gives his vote against this tax, he will lose four thousand pounds by being turned out of his employment, together with the power and influence he hath by virtue or colour of his employment; and thus the balance will be against him three thousand pounds.

I desire, my fellow-citizens, you will please to call to mind how many persons you can vouch for among your acquaintance, who have so much virtue and self-denial, as to lose four hundred pounds a year for life, together with the smiles and favour of power, and the hopes of higher advancement, merely out of a generous love of his country.

The contentions of parties in *England* are very different from those among us. The battle there is fought for power and riches; and so it is indeed among us: but, whether a great employment be given to *Tom* or to *Peter*, they were both born in *England*, the

profits are to be spent there. All employments (except a very few) are bestowed on the natives: they do not send to *Germany*, *Holland*, *Sweden*, or *Denmark*, much less to *Ireland*, for chancellors, bishops, judges, or other officers. Their salaries, whether well or ill got, are employed at home: and whatever their morals or politicks be, the nation is not the poorer.

The house of commons in *England* have frequently endeavoured to limit the number of members, who should be allowed to have employments under the crown. Several acts have been made to that purpose, which many wise men think are not yet effectual enough, and many of them are rendered ineffectual by leaving the power of re-election. Our house of commons consists, I think, of about three hundred members; if one hundred of these should happen to be made up of persons already provided for, joined with expecters, compliers, easy to be persuaded, such as will give a vote for a friend who is in hopes to get something; if they be merry companions, without suspicion, of a natural bashfulness, not apt or able to look forwards; if good words, smiles, and caresses, have any power over them, the larger part of a second hundred may be very easily brought in at a most reasonable rate.

There is an *englishman** of no long standing among us, but in an employment of great trust, power, and profit. This excellent person did lately publish, at his own expence, a pamphlet printed in *England* by authority to justify the bill for a general *excise*, or inland duty, in order to introduce that blessed scheme among us. What a tender care must such an *english* patriot for *Ireland* have of our interest, if he should condescend to sit in our parliament? I will bridle my indignation. However, methinks I long to see that mortal who would with pleasure blow us up all at a blast: but, he duly receives his thousand pounds a year; makes his

* *Edward Thompson*, esq; member of parliament for *York*, and a commissioner of the revenue of *Ireland*.

progreſs like a king ; is received in pomp at every town * and village where he travels, and ſhines in the *engliſh* news-papers.

I will now apply what I have ſaid to you, my brethren, and fellow-citizens. Count upon it, as a truth next to your creed, that no one perſon in office, of which he is not maſter for life, whether born here or in *England*, will ever hazard that office for the good of this country. One of your candidates is of this kind, and I believe him to be an honeſt gentleman, as the word honeſt is generally underſtood. But, he loves his employment better than he doth you, or his country, or all the countries upon earth. Will you contribute or give him city ſecurity to pay him the value of his employment, if it ſhould be taken from him, during his life, for voting on all occaſions with the honeſt country party in the houſe? although I much queſtion, whether he would do it, even upon that condition.

Wherefore, ſince there are but two candidates, I intreat you will fix on the preſent lord-mayor. He hath ſhewn more virtue, more activity, more ſkill, in one year's government of the city than an hundred years can equal. He hath endeavoured with great ſucceſs to baniſh frauds, corruptions, and all other abuſes from amongſt you.

A dozen ſuch men in power would be able to reform a kingdom. He hath no employment under the crown; nor is likely to get or ſolicit for any; his education having not turned him that way. I will aſſure for no man's future conduct; but he who hath hitherto practiſed the rules of virtue with ſo much difficulty, in ſo great and buſy a ſtation, deſerves your thanks, and the beſt return you can make him; and you, my brethren, have no other to give him, than that of repreſenting you in parliament. Tell me not of your engagements and promiſes to another. Your promiſes were ſins of inconfideration, at beſt; and you are bound

* Mr. *Thompson* was preſented with his freedom of ſeveral corporations in *Ireland*.

to repent and annul them. That gentleman, although with good reputation, is already engaged on the other side. He hath four hundred pounds a year under the crown, which he is too wise to part with, by sacrificing so good an establishment to the empty names of virtue, and love of his country. I can assure you, the DRAPIER is in the interests of the present lord-mayor, whatever you may be told to the contrary. I have lately heard him declare so in publick company, and offer some of these very reasons in defence of his opinion; although he hath a regard and esteem for the other gentleman, but would not answer the good of the city and the kingdom for a compliment.

The lord-mayor's severity to some unfair dealers should not turn the honest men among them against him. Whatever he did, was for the advantage of those very traders whose dishonest members he punished. He hath hitherto been above temptation to act wrong; and therefore, as mankind goes, he is the most likely to act right as a representative of your city, as he constantly did in the government of it.

Upon

Upon the death of Mr. STOYTE, recorder of the city of Dublin, in the year 1733, several gentlemen declared themselves candidates to succeed him; upon which the Dean wrote the following paper, and EATON STANNARD, esq; (a gentleman of great worth and honour, and very knowing in his profession) was elected.

Some CONSIDERATIONS humbly offered to the right honourable the lord-mayor, the court of aldermen and common-council of the hon. city of DUBLIN, in the choice of a recorder.

THE office of recorder to this city being vacant by the death of a very worthy gentleman: it is said, that five or six persons are soliciting to succeed him in the employment. I am a stranger to all their persons, and to most of their characters; which latter, I hope, will at this time be canvassed with more decency, than it sometimes happeneth upon the like occasions. Therefore, as I am wholly impartial, I can with more freedom deliver my thoughts, how the several persons and parties concerned ought to proceed in electing a recorder for this great and ancient city.

And first, as it is a very natural, so I can by no means think it an unreasonable opinion, that the sons or near relations of aldermen, and other deserving citizens, should be duly regarded, as proper competitors for an employment in the city's disposal: provided they be equally qualified with other candidates; and, provided that such employments require no more than common abilities and common honesty. But in the choice of a recorder the case is intirely different. He ought to be a person of good abilities in his calling; of an unspotted character; an able practitioner; one who hath occasionally merited of this city before: he ought to be of some maturity in years; a member of parliament, and likely to continue so; regular in his life; firm in his loyalty to the *Hanover* succession; indulgent to tender consciences; but, at
the

the same time, a firm adherer to the established church. If he be such a one, who hath already sat in parliament, it ought to be enquired of what weight he was there; whether he voted on all occasions for the good of his country; and particularly for advancing the trade and freedom of this city: whether he be engaged in any faction, either national or religious: and lastly, whether he be a man of courage; not to be drawn from his duty by the frown or menaces of power, nor capable to be corrupted by allurements or bribes.—These and many other particulars are of infinitely more consequence than that single circumstance of being descended by a direct or collateral line from any alderman, or distinguished citizen, dead or alive.

There is not a dealer or shop-keeper in this city of any substance, whose thriving, less or more, may not depend upon the good or ill conduct of a recorder. He is to watch every motion in parliament, that may the least affect the freedom, trade, or welfare of it.

In this approaching election, the commons, as they are a numerous body, so they seem to be most concerned in point of interest; and their interest ought to be most regarded, because it altogether dependeth upon the true interest of the city. They have no private views; and giving their votes, as I am informed, by ballotting, they lie under no awe, or fear of disobliging competitors. It is therefore hoped, that they will duly consider, which of the candidates is most likely to advance the trade of themselves and their brother citizens; to defend their liberties, both *in* and *out* of parliament, against all attempts of encroachment or oppression. And so God direct them in the choice of a recorder, who may for many years supply that important office with skill, diligence, courage, and fidelity. And let all the people say, *Amen*.

THE
LAST WILL

OF

Dr. SWIFT,

Dean of ST. PATRICK'S in DUBLIN.

IN the name of God, *Amen*. I JONATHAN SWIFT, doctor in divinity, and dean of the cathedral church of St. *Patrick Dublin*, being at this present of sound mind, although weak in body, do here make my last will and testament, hereby revoking all my former wills.

Imprimis, I bequeath my soul to God, (in humble hopes of his mercy through *Jesus Christ*) and my body to the earth. And, I desire that my body may be buried in the great isle of the said cathedral, on the south side, under the pillar next to the monument of primate *Narcissus Marsh*, three days after my decease, as privately as possible, and at twelve o'clock at night: and that a black marble of feet square, and seven feet from the ground, fixed to the wall, may be erected, with the following inscription in large letters, deeply cut, and strongly gilded:

HIC DEPOSITVM EST CORPVS
JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.

H VIVS ECCLESIAE CATHEDRALIS

DECANI,

VBI SAEVA INDIGNATIO
VLTERIVS COR LACERARE NEQVIT.

ABI, VIATOR,

ET IMITARE, SI POTERIS,
STRENVVM PRO VIRILI LIBER-
TATIS VINDICEM.

OBIIT ANNO [MDCCXLV.]

MENSIS [OCTOBRIS] DIE [19.]

AETATIS ANNO [LXXVIII.]

Item:

66

Item: I give and bequeath to my executors all my worldly substance, of what nature or kind soever (excepting such part thereof as is herein after particularly devised) for the following uses and purposes, that is to say, to the intent that they, or the survivors or survivor of them, his executors, or administrators, as soon as conveniently may be after my death, shall turn it all into ready money, and lay out the same in purchasing lands of inheritance in fee-simple, situate in any province of *Ireland*, except *Connaught*, but as near to the city of *Dublin*, as conveniently can be found, and not incumbered with, or subject to any leases for lives renewable, or any terms for years longer than thirty-one. And I desire that a yearly annuity of twenty pounds *sterling*, out of the annual profits of such lands when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune, devised to my executors as aforesaid, until such purchase shall be made, shall be paid to *Rebecca Dingley* of the city of *Dublin*, spinster, during her life, by two equal half-yearly payments, on the feasts of *All-saints*, and *St. Philip* and *St. Jacob*, the first payment to be made on such of the said feasts as shall happen next after my death. And that the residue of the yearly profits of the said lands when purchased, and, until such purchase be made, the residue of the yearly income, and interest of my said fortune devised as aforesaid to my executors, shall be laid out in purchasing a piece of land, situate near *Dr. Steven's* hospital, or, if it cannot be there had, somewhere in or near the city of *Dublin*, large enough for the purposes herein after mentioned, and in building thereon an hospital large enough for the reception of as many idiots and lunatics as the annual income of the said lands and worldly substance shall be sufficient to maintain: and I desire that the said hospital may be called *ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL*, and may be built in such a manner, that another building may be added unto it, in case the endowment thereof should be enlarged; so that the additional building may make the whole edifice regular and complete. And my further will

will and desire is, that, when the said hospital shall be built, the whole yearly income of the said lands and estate shall for ever after be laid out in providing victuals, cloathing, medicines, attendance, and all other necessities for such idiots and lunaticks, as shall be received into the same: and in repairing and enlarging the building from time to time as there may be occasion. And, if a sufficient number of idiots and lunaticks cannot readily be found, I desire that incurables may be taken into the said hospital to supply such deficiency: but that no person shall be admitted into it, that labours under any infectious disease: and that all such idiots, lunaticks, and incurables as shall be received into the said hospital, shall constantly live and reside therein, as well in the night as in the day; and that the salaries of agents, receivers, officers, servants, and attendants, to be employed in the business of the said hospital, shall not in the whole exceed one fifth part of the clear yearly income, or revenue thereof. And, I further desire that my executors, the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such, shall not have power to demise any part of the said lands so to be purchased as aforesaid, but with consent of the lord primate, the lord high chancellor, the lord archbishop of *Dublin*, the dean of *Christ-church*, the dean of *St. Patrick's*, the physician to the state, and the surgeon-general, all for the time being, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing; and that no leases of any part of the said lands shall ever be made other than leases for years not exceeding thirty-one, in possession, and not in reversion or remainder, and not dispunishable of waste, whereon shall be reserved the best and most improved rents that can reasonably and moderately without racking the tenants be gotten for the same, without fine. Provided always, and it is my will and earnest desire, that no lease of any part of the said lands so to be purchased as aforesaid shall ever be made to, or in trust for any person any way concerned in the execution of this trust, or to, or in trust for any person any way related or allied, either by

consanguinity or affinity, to any of the persons who shall at that time be concerned in the execution of this trust: and, that if any leases shall happen to be made contrary to my intention above expressed, the same shall be utterly void and of no effect. And I further desire, until the charter herein after mentioned be obtained, my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, his heirs, executors, or administrators, shall not act in the execution of this trust, but with the consent and approbation of the said seven additional trustees, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing, and shall with such consent and approbation as aforesaid, have power from time to time to make rules, orders, and regulations for the government and direction of the said hospital. And I make it my request to my said executors, that they may in convenient time apply to his majesty for a charter to incorporate them, or such of them as shall be then living, and the said additional trustees, for the better management and conduct of this charity, with a power to purchase lands; and to supply by election such vacancies happening in the corporation, as shall not be supplied by succession, and such other powers as may be thought expedient for the due execution of this trust, according to my intention herein before expressed. And when such charter shall be obtained, I desire that my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such survivor, may convey to the use of such corporation in fee-simple for the purposes aforesaid all such lands and tenements, as shall be purchased in manner above mentioned. Provided always, and it is my will and intention, that my executors, until the said charter, and afterwards the corporation to be hereby incorporated, shall out of the yearly profits of the said lands, when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune devised to my executors as aforesaid, until such purchase be made, have power to reimburse themselves for all such sums of their own money, as they shall necessarily expend in the execution of this trust. And that, until the said charter be obtained,
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all acts which shall at any time be done in execution of this trust by the greater part of my executors then living, with the consent of the greater part of the said additional trustees under their hands in writing, shall be as valid and effectual, as if all my executors had concurred in the same.

Item: Whereas I purchased the inheritance of the tythes of the parish of *Effernock* near *Trin* in the county of *Meath*, for two hundred and sixty pounds *sterling*; I bequeath the said tythes to the vicars of *Laracor* for the time being, that is to say, so long as the present episcopal religion shall continue to be the national established faith and profession in this kingdom: but whenever any other form of christian religion shall become the established faith in this kingdom, I leave the said tythes of *Effernock* to be bestowed, as the profits come in, to the poor of the said parish of *Laracor*, by a weekly proportion, and by such officers as may then have the power of distributing charities to the poor of the said parish, while christianity under any shape shall be tolerated among us, still excepting professed *jews*, *atheists* and *infidels*.

Item: Whereas I have some leases of certain houses in *Kevin's-street*, near the deanry-house, built upon the dean's ground, and one other house now inhabited by *Henry Land**, in *Deanry-lane*, alias *Mitre-alley*, some of which leases are let for forty-one years, or forty at least, and not yet half expired, I bequeath to Mrs. *Martha Whiteway* my lease or leases of the said houses. I also bequeath to the said *Martha*, my lease of forty years of *Goodman's Holding*, for which I receive ten pounds *per annum*; which are two houses, or more, lately built. I bequeath also to the said *Martha*, the sum of three hundred pounds *sterling*, to be paid her by my executors out of my ready money, or bank bills, immediately after my death, as soon as the executors meet. I leave, moreover, to the said *Martha* my repeating gold watch, my yellow tortoise shell snuff-box, and her choice of four gold rings, out of seven which I now possess.

* Sexton of St. *Patrick's* cathedral.

Item:

Item: I bequeath to Mrs. *Mary Swift*, alias *Harrison*, daughter of the said *Martha*, my plain gold watch made by *Quare*, to whom also I give my *Japan* writing desk, bestowed to me by my lady *Worseley*, my square tortoise shell snuff-box, richly lined and inlaid with gold, given to me by the right honourable *Henrietta* now countess of *Oxford*, and the seal with a *Pegasus*, given to me by the countess of *Granville*.

Item: I bequeath to Mr. *Folliot Whiteway*, eldest son of the aforesaid *Martha*, who is bred to be an attorney, the sum of sixty pounds, as also five pounds to be laid out in the purchase of such law books, as the honourable Mr. justice *Lyndsay*, Mr. *Stannard**, or Mr. *M^r Aullay*† shall judge proper for him.

Item: I bequeath to Mr. *John Whiteway*, youngest son of the said *Martha*, who is to be brought up a surgeon, the sum of one hundred pounds, in order to qualify him for a surgeon, but under the direction of his mother; which said sum of one hundred pounds is to be paid to Mrs. *Whiteway*, in behalf of her said son *John*, out of the arrears which shall be due to me from my church livings (except those of the deanry tythes, which are now let to the reverend doctor *Wilson*) as soon as the said arrears can be paid to my executors. I also leave the said *John* five pounds, to be laid out in buying such physical and chirurgical books as doctor *Grattan*, and Mr. *Nichols*‡ shall think fit for him.

Item: I bequeath to Mrs. *Anne Ridgeway*§, now in my family, the profits of the lease of the two houses let to *John Cownly*, for forty years, of which only eight or nine are expired, for which the said *Cownly* payeth me nine pounds sterling, for rent yearly. I also bequeath to the said *Anne* the sum of one hundred pounds sterling, to be paid her by my executors in six weeks after my

* *Eaton Stannard*, esq; recorder of the city of Dublin.

† *John Nichols*, esq; surgeon-general.

‡ *Alexander M^r Aullay*, esq; counsellor at law, and made judge of the consistorial court, Nov.

§ Daughter to Mrs. *Brent*, and who for many years had been his faithful, domestick, friend.

decease, out of whatever money or bank bills I may possess when I die: as also three gold rings the remainder of the seven above mentioned, after Mrs. *Whiteway* hath made her choice of four; and all my small pieces of plate, not exceeding in weight one ounce and one third part of an ounce.

Item: I bequeath to my dearest friend *Alexander Pope*, of *Twittenham*, esq; my picture in miniature, drawn by *Zinck*, of *Robert*, late earl of *Oxford*.

Item: I leave to *Edward*, now earl of *Oxford*, my seal of *Julius Caesar*, as also another seal, supposed to be a young *Hercules*, both very choice antiques, and set in gold: both which I chuse to bestow to the said earl, because they belonged to her late most excellent majesty queen *Anne*, of ever glorious, immortal and truly pious memory, the real nursing mother of all her kingdoms.

Item: I leave to the reverend Mr. *James Stopford*, vicar of *Finglass*, my picture of king *Charles* the first, drawn by *Vandike*, which was given to me by the said *James*; as also my large picture of birds, which was given to me by *Thomas* earl of *Pembroke*.

Item: I bequeath to the reverend Mr. *Robert Grattan*, prebendary of *St. Audeon's*, my gold bottle-screw, which he gave me, and my strong box, on condition of his giving the sole use of the said box to his brother Dr. *James Grattan*, during the life of the said doctor, who hath more occasion for it, and the second best beaver hat I shall die possessed of.

Item: I bequeath to Mr. *John Grattan*, prebendary of *Clonmethan*, my silver box, in which the freedom of the city of *Cork* was presented to me; in which I desire the said *John* to keep the tobacco he usually cheweth, called pigtail.

Item: I bequeath all my horses and mares to the reverend Mr. *John Jackson*, vicar of *Santry*, together with all my horse furniture: lamenting that I had not credit enough with any chief governor (since the change of times) to get some additional church preferment

ment for so virtuous and worthy a gentleman. I also leave him my third best beaver hat.

Item: I bequeath to the reverend doctor *Francis Wilson*, the works of *Plato* in three folio volumes, the earl of *Clarendon's* history in three folio volumes, and my best Bible; together with thirteen small *persian* pictures in the drawing room, and the small silver tankard given to me by the contribution of some friends whose names are engraved at the bottom of the said tankard.

Item: I bequeath to the earl of *Orrery* the enamelled silver plates to distinguish bottles of wine by, given to me by his excellent lady, and the half-length picture of the late countess of *Orkney* in the drawing room.

Item: I bequeath to *Alexander M'Aullay*, esq; the gold box, in which the freedom of the city of *Dublin* was presented to me, as a testimony of the esteem and love I have for him on account of his great learning, fine natural parts, unaffected piety and benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of the legal rights of the clergy in opposition to all their unprovoked oppressors.

Item: I bequeath to *Deane Swift*, esq; my large silver standish, consisting of a large silver plate, an ink pot, a sand box, and bell of the same metal.

Item: I bequeath to Mrs. *Mary Barber* the medal of queen *Anne* and prince *George*, which she formerly gave me.

Item: I leave to the reverend Mr. *John Worrall** my best beaver hat.

Item: I bequeath to the reverend doctor *Patrick Delany* my medal of queen *Anne* in silver, and on the reverse the bishops of *England* kneeling before her most sacred majesty.

Item: I bequeath to the reverend Mr. *James King*, prebendary of *Tipper*, my large gilded medal of king *Charles* the first, and on the reverse a crown of martyrdom with other devices. My

* Vicar to the dean of *Christ-church*, and master of both choirs.

will nevertheless is, that if any of the above named legatees should die before me, that then, and in that case, the respective legacies to them bequeathed shall revert to myself, and become again subject to my disposal.

Item: Whereas I have the lease of a field in trust for me, commonly called the *Vineyard*, let to the reverend doctor *Francis Corbet*, and the trust declared by the said doctor; the said field, with some land on this side of the road, making in all about three acres, for which I pay yearly to the dean and chapter of St. *Patrick's* * *

Whereas I have built a strong wall round the said piece of ground, eight or nine feet high, faced to the south aspect with brick, which cost me above six hundred pounds *sterling*: and likewise another piece of ground as aforesaid of half an acre, adjoining to the burial place called the *Cabbage-garden*, now tenanted by *William White*, gardener: my will is, that the ground enclosed by the great wall may be sold for the remainder of the lease, at the highest price my executors can get for it, in belief and hopes, that the said price will exceed three hundred pounds at the lowest value. For which my successor in the deanry shall have the first refusal; and it is my earnest desire, that the succeeding deans and chapters may preserve the said *vineyard* and piece of land adjoining, where the said *White* now liveth, so as to be always in the hands of the succeeding deans during their office, by each dean lessening one fourth of the purchase money to each succeeding dean, and for no more than the present rent.

And I appoint the honourable *Robert Lindsay*, one of the judges of the court of common-pleas; *Henry Singleton*, esq; prime serjeant to his majesty; the reverend doctor *Patrick Delany*, chancellor of St. *Patrick's*; the reverend Dr. *Francis Wilson*, prebendary of *Kilmacktolway*; *Eaton Stannard*, esq; recorder of the city of *Dublin*; the reverend Mr. *Robert Grattan*, prebendary of *St. Audeon's*; the reverend Mr. *John Grattan*, prebendary of *Clonmethan*; the reverend

Mr. *James Stopford* vicar of *Finglass*; the reverend Mr. *James King*, prebendary of *Tipper*; and *Alexander M'Aullay*, esq; my executors.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, and published and declared this as my last will and testament, this third day of *May*, 1740.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

*Signed, sealed and published by the
above-named Jonathan Swift, in
the presence of us, who have sub-
scribed our names in his presence,*

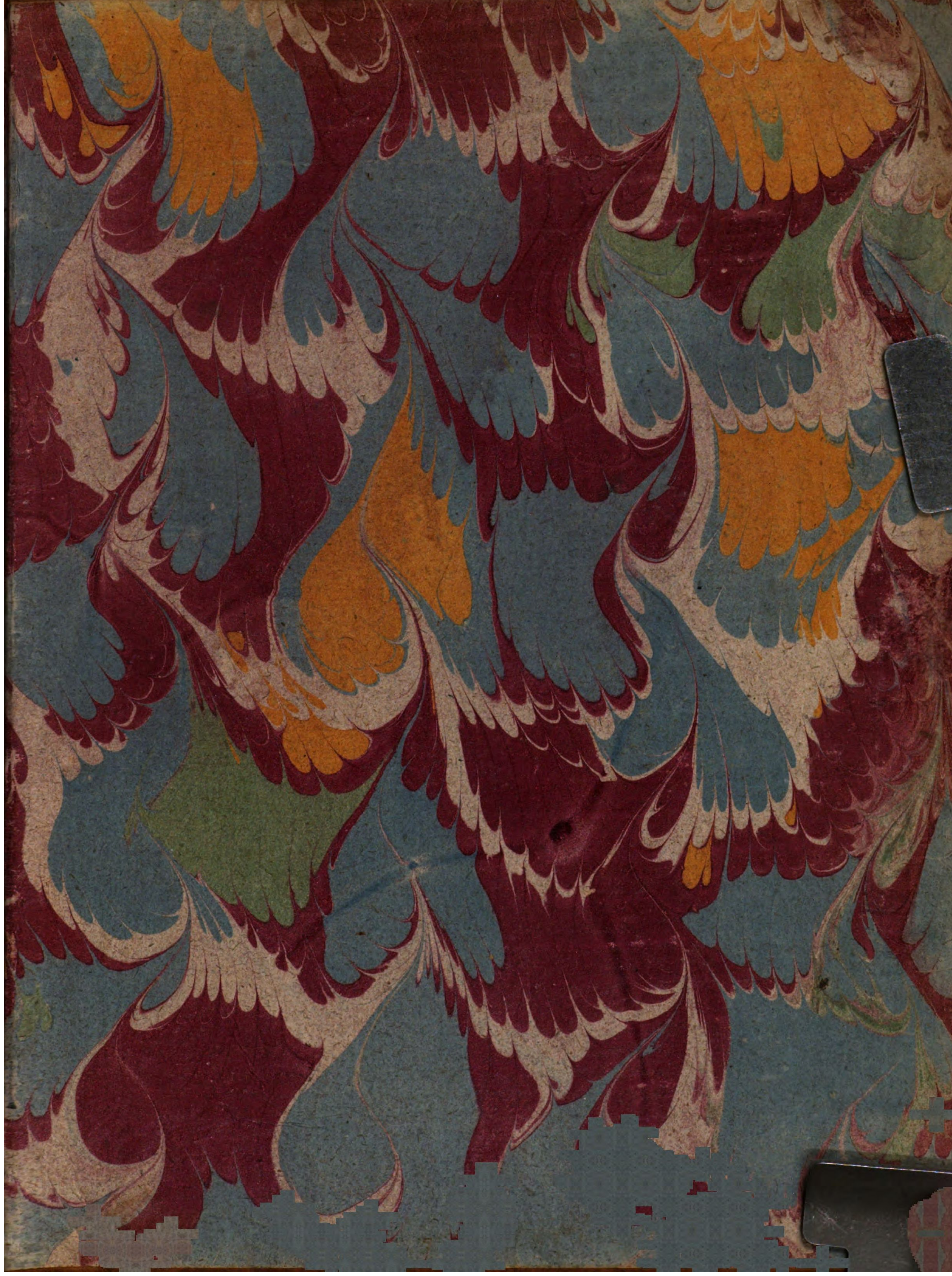
Jo. Wynne.

Jo. Rochfort.

William Dunkin.

F I N I S.







Swift, Jonathan, 1667-1745

The works of Jonathan Swift, D.D Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. Accurately revised in seix volumes, adorned with copper-plates; with some Account of the author's life, and notes historical and explanatory, by John Hawkesworth
Bd.: 6,2.

London 1755

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